

THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

L O N D O N :

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THE
THIRTY-FIFTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
BLACKMORE AND FENTON.

VOL. XXXV.

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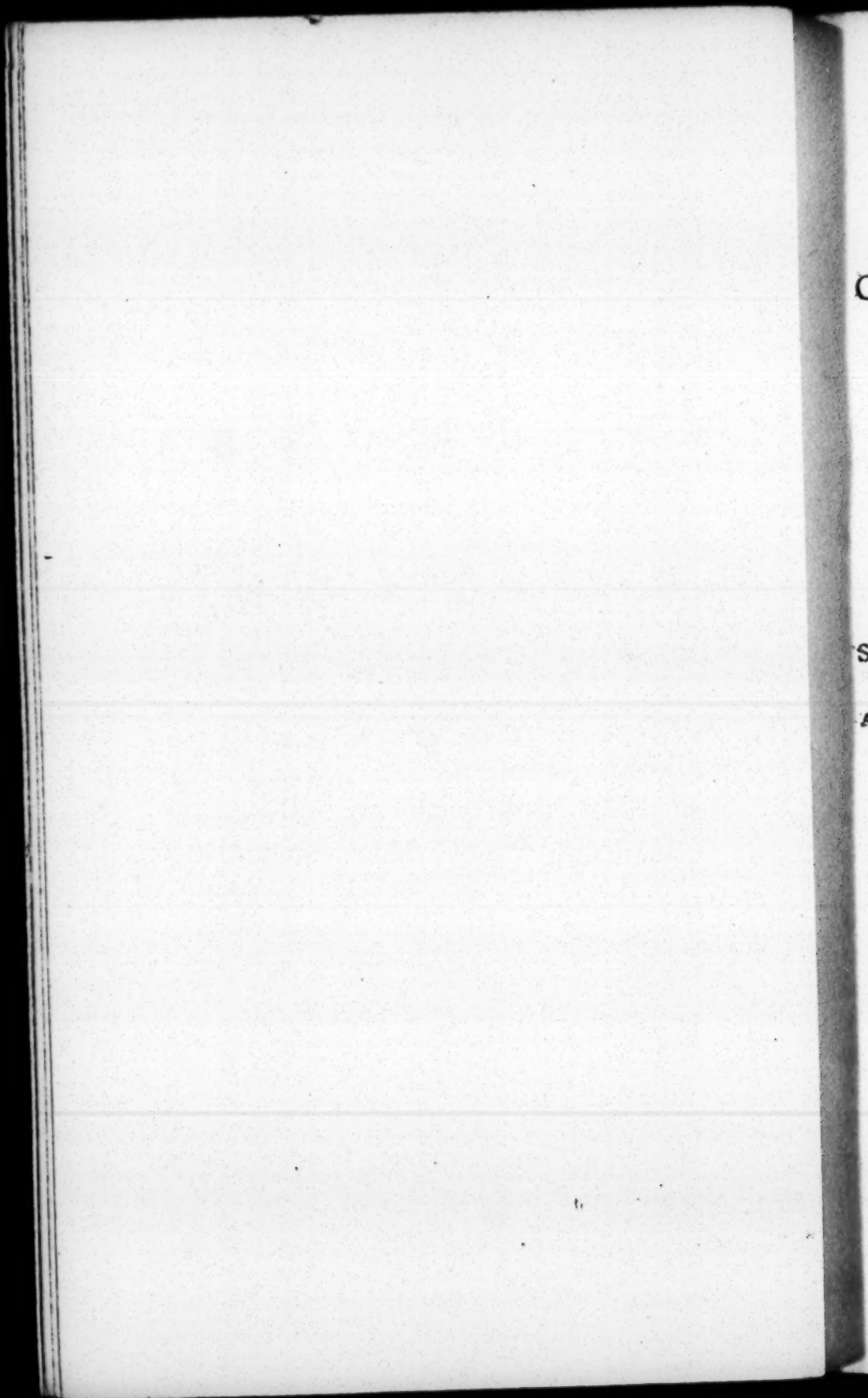
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B L A C K M O R E ' S

C R E A T I O N.

* * "The Poems of Dr. WATTS were, by my
"recommendation, inserted in this collection; the
"readers of which are to impute to me whatever
"pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of
"BLACKMORE, WATTS, POMFRET, and YALDEN."

Dr. JOHNSON.



C R E A T I O N;

A

PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

B Y

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KNT. M.D.

AND FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN
LONDON.

“ Principio cœlum, ac terras camposque liquentes,
“ Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
“ Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
“ Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.
“ Inde hominum, pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
“ Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.”

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P R E F A C E.

IT has been the opinion of many persons of great sense and learning, that the knowledge of a God, as well as some other self-evident and uncontested notions, is born with us, and exists antecedent to any perception or operation of the mind. They express themselves on this subject in metaphorical terms, altogether unbecoming philosophical and judicious inquiries, while they assert, that the knowledge of a God is interwoven with our constitution, that it is written, engraven, stamped, and imprinted in clear and discernible characters on the heart ; in which manner of speech they affect to follow the great orator of the Romans.

By these unartful phrases they can mean nothing but this, that the proposition, *THERE IS A GOD*, is actually existent in the mind, as soon as the mind has its being ; and is not at first acquired, though it may be afterwards confirmed, by any act of reason, by any argument or demonstration. I must confess my inability to conceive this inbred knowledge, these original independent ideas, that owe not their being to the operation of the understanding, but are, I know not how, congenite and co-existent with it.

For how a man can be said to have knowledge before he knows, how ideas can exist in the mind without and before perception, I must own is too difficult for me to comprehend. That a man is born with a faculty or capacity to know, though as yet without any actual knowledge; and that, as the eye has a native disposition and aptitude to perceive the light, when fitly offered, though as yet it never exercised any act of vision, and had no innate images in the womb; so the mind is endued with a power and faculty to know and perceive the truth of this proposition, *THERE IS A GOD*, as soon as it shall be represented to it; all this is clear and intelligible; but any thing more is, as I have said, above my reach. In this opinion, which I had many years ago entertained, I was afterwards confirmed by the famous author of the *Essay on Human Understanding*. Nor can I see that, by this doctrine, the argument for the existence of a Deity, drawn from the general assent of all nations (excepting perhaps some few, who are so barbarous that they approach very near the condition of brute animals), is at all invalidated. For supposing there is no inbred knowledge of a God; yet if mankind generally assent to it, whether their belief proceeds from their reflection on themselves, or on the visible creation about them, it will be certainly true, that the existence of a Deity carries with it the clearest and most uncontrollable evidence; since mankind so readily and so universally perceive and embrace it. It deserves consideration, that St. Paul upon this argument does not appeal to
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the light within, or to any characters of the Divine Being originally engraven on the heart, but deduces the cause from the effect, and from the creation infers the Creator.

It is very probable that those who believe an innate idea of a Divine Being, unproduced by any operation of the mind, were led by this to another opinion, namely, that there never was in the world a real Atheist in belief and speculation, how many soever there may have been in life and practice. But, upon due examination, this opinion, I imagine, will not abide the test; which I shall endeavour to make evident.

But, before I enter upon this subject, it seems proper to take notice of the apology, which several persons of great learning and candour have made for many famous men, and great philosophers, unjustly accused of impiety.

Whoever shall set about to mend the world, and reform men's notions, as well as their manners, will certainly be the mark of much scandal and reproach; and will effectually be convinced, that it is too possible the greatest lovers and benefactors of mankind may be represented by the multitude, whose opinions they contradict, as the worst of men. The hardy undertakers, who express their zeal to rectify the sentiments of a prejudiced people in matters of religion, who labour to stem the tide of popular error, and strike at the foundations of any ancient, established superstition, must themselves expect to be treated as pragmatistical and insolent innovators, disturbers of the public peace,

and the great enemies of religion. The observation of all ages confirms this truth ; and, if any man who is doubtful of it would try the experiment, I make no question he will very soon be thoroughly convinced.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Anaxagoras, though he was the first philosopher who plainly asserted an Eternal Mind by whose power the world was made, for opposing the public worship at Athens, whose refined wits were plunged in the most senseless idolatry, and particularly for denying the divinity of the Sun, should be condemned for irreligion, and treason against the Gods ; and be heavily fined and banished the city. It is no wonder, after so sharp a persecution of this zealous reformer, that Socrates, the next successor but one to Anaxagoras, and the last of the Ionic school, for opposing their scandalous rabble of deities, and asserting one Divine Being, should be condemned for Atheism, and put to death, by blind superstition and implacable bigotry.

Some have been condemned by their antagonists for impiety, who maintain positions, which those from whom they dissent imagine have a tendency to the disbelief of a Deity. But this is a manifest violation of justice, as well as candour, to impute to any man the remote consequences of his opinion, which he himself disclaims and detests, and who, if he saw the connection of his principles with such conclusions, would readily renounce them. No man can be reasonably charged with more opinions than he owns ; and if this justice were observed in polemical discourses,

BLACKMORE'S CREATION. 9

as well of theology as philosophy, many persons had escaped those hard names, and terrible censures, which their angry antagonists have thought fit to fix upon them. No one, therefore, is to be reputed an Atheist, or an enemy to religion, upon the account of any erroneous opinion, from which another may by a long chain of sequels draw that conclusion; much less for holding any doctrines in philosophy, which the common people are not able to examine or comprehend, who, when they meddle with speculations, of which they are unqualified to judge, will be as apt to censure a philosopher for an Atheist, as an astronomer for a magician.

I would fain too in this place make some apology for the great numbers of loose and vicious men, who laugh at religion, and seem in their conversation to disclaim the belief of a Deity. I do not mean an apology for their practice, but their opinion. I hope these unhappy persons, at least the greatest part, who have given up the reins to their passions and exorbitant appetites, are, rather than Atheists, a careless and stupid sort of creatures, who, either out of a supine temper, or for fear of being disturbed with remorse in their unwarrantable enjoyments, never soberly consider with themselves, or exercise their reason on things of the highest importance. These persons never examine the arguments that enforce the belief of a Deity, and the obligations of religion: but take the word of their ingenious friends, or some atheistical pretender to philosophy, who assures them there is no God, and therefore

fore no religion. And notwithstanding all Atheists have leave given them by their principles to become libertines, yet it is not true that all libertines are Atheists. Some plainly assert their belief of a God; and others, who deny his existence, yet do not deny it upon any principles, any scheme of philosophy which they have framed, and by which they account for the existence and duration of the world, in the beautiful order in which we see it, without the aid of a Divine Eternal Mind.

But there are two sorts of men, who, without injustice, have been called Atheists; those who frankly and in plain terms have denied the being of a God; and those who, though they asserted his being, denied those attributes and perfections, which the idea of a God includes; and so, while they acknowledged the name, subverted the thing. These are as real Atheists as the former, but less sincere. If any man should declare he believes a Deity, but affirms that this Deity is of human shape, and not eternal; that he derives his being from the fortuitous concurrence and complication of atoms; or, though he allowed him to be eternal, should maintain, that he shewed no wisdom, design, or prudence, in the formation, and no care or providence in the government of the world; that he never reflects on any thing exterior to his own being, nor interests himself in human affairs; does not know, or does not attend to, any of our actions: such a person is, indeed, and in effect, as much an Atheist as the former. For though he owns the appellation, yet his description is

destructive of the idea of a God. I do not affirm, that the idea of a God implies the relation of a Creator : but, since in the demonstration of the existence of a God we argue from the effect to the cause, and proceed from the contemplation of the creature to the knowledge of the Creator, it is evident we cannot know there is a God, but we must know him to be the Maker, and, if the Maker, then the Governor and Benefactor of the world. Could there be a God, who is entirely regardless of things without him, who is perfectly unconcerned with the direction and government of the world, is altogether indifferent whether we worship or affront him, and is neither pleased nor displeased with any of our actions ; he would certainly to us be the same as no God. The log in the fable would be altogether as venerable a Deity ; for if he has no concern with us, it is plain, we have none with him : if we are not subject to any laws he has made for us, we can never be obedient, or disobedient, nor can we need forgiveness, or expect reward. If we are not the subjects of his care and protection, we can owe him no love or gratitude ; if he either does not hear, or disregards our prayers, how impertinent is it to build temples, and to worship at his altars ! In my opinion, such notions of a Deity, which lay the axe to the root of all religion, and make all the expressions of it idle and ridiculous ; which destroy the distinction of good and bad, all morality of our actions, and remove all the grounds and reasons of fear of punishment, and hope of reward ; will justly denominate a man an Atheist,

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Atheist,

Atheist, though he ever so much disclaims that ignominious title.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, and the philosophers who succeeded him, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Diogenes Apollionates, Anaxagoras, and Archelaus, are censured by Aristotle as disbelievers of a Deity; the reason he gives is, that these philosophers, in treating of the principles of the world, never introduce the Deity as the efficient cause. But if it be considered, that natural science was then in its infancy, and that those primitive philosophers only undertook to account for the material principle out of which the world was made, which one asserted to be water, one fire, another air; though this may prove that they formed but a lame and unfinished scheme of philosophy, yet it does not evince, that they denied the being of a God, or that they did not believe him to be the efficient cause of all things. It is indeed a convincing evidence that their philosophy was imperfect, as at first it might well be; but from their silence or omission of him in their systems, when they designed to treat only of the material causes of things, it is unreasonable to affirm that they denied his being: and it is certain Anaxagoras taught, that, besides matter, it was absolutely necessary to assert a Divine Mind, the Contriver and Maker of the world; and for this religious principle, as we said before, he was at Athens an illustrious confessor.

After the death of Socrates, the Ionic school was soon divided into various sects and philosophical parties: of the Cyrenaic school, Theodorus and Dion Boristhenites,

Boristhenites, were reputed Atheists, contemners of the Gods, and deriders of religion. Yet since it does not appear, that they had formed any impious scheme of philosophy, or maintained their irreligion by any pretended principles of reason, it is not improbable that these men were rather abandoned libertines, without consideration and reflection, than speculative and philosophical Atheists.

The Italic school, to its great dishonour, was more fertile in impiety, and produced a greater number of these irreligious philosophers. The masters, who succeeded their famous founder Pythagoras, soon degenerated from his noble and pious principles, and not only corrupted the purity of his doctrine, but became downright apostates, renouncing the belief of a God, and subverting the foundations of religion. Leucippus, Democritus, Diagoras, and Protagoras, were justly reckoned in this rank; who asserted, that the world was made by the casual combination of atoms, without any assistance or direction of a Divine Mind. They taught their followers this doctrine, supported it with arguments, and so were Atheists on pretended principles of reason. But among all the ancient obdurate Atheists, and inveterate enemies of religion, no one seems more sincere, or more implacable, than Epicurus.

And though this person was perhaps of as dull an understanding, of as unrefined thought, and as little sagacity and penetration, as any man who was ever complimented with the name of a philosopher; yet several great wits, and men of distinguished learning, in this
last

last age, have been pleased to give the world high encomiums of his capacity and superior attainments.

After a long night of ignorance had overspread the face of Europe, many wise men, from a generous love of truth, resolved to exercise their reason, and free themselves from prejudice, and a servile veneration of great names, and prevailing authority ; and, growing impatient of tyrannical impositions, as well in philosophy as religion, to their great honour, separated both from the church of Rome, and the school of Aristotle. These patriots of the commonwealth of learning combined to reform the corruptions, and redress the grievances, of philosophy ; to pull down the Peripatetic monarchy, and set up a free and independent state of science ; and, being fully convinced of the weakness and unreasonableness of Aristotle's system, which consisted chiefly of words without any determined meaning, and of idle metaphysical definitions, of which many were false, and many unintelligible ; they in this case had recourse to the Corpuscularian hypothesis, and revived the obsolete and exploded system of Epicurus.

Many of these noble leaders, who had declared against the Peripatetic usurpation, and asserted the rights and liberties of human understanding, called in this philosopher, for want of a better, to depose Aristotle. And though a general revolution did not follow, yet the defection from the prince of science, as he was once esteemed, was very great. When these first reformers of Aristotle's school had espoused the interest of Epicurus, and introduced his doctrines, that

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his hypothesis might be received with the less opposition, they thought it necessary to remove the ignominious character of impiety, under which their philosopher had long lain. And it is indeed very natural for a man, who has embraced another's notions and principles, to believe well of his master, and to stand up in the defence of his reputation. The learned Gassendus is eminent above all others for the warm zeal he has expressed, and the great pains he has taken, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, and clear his character from the imputation of irreligion.

After the unhappy fate of Anaxagoras and the great Socrates, it is no wonder that the philosophers, who succeeded should grow more cautious in propagating their opinions, for fear of provoking the magistrate, and making themselves obnoxious to the laws of their country: and, if any had formed irreligious schemes, it is to be supposed, they would take care to guard, as well as they could, against the punishment to be inflicted on all who denied the Gods, and derided the established worship. An Atheist cannot be supposed to be fond of suffering, when pain and death are what he chiefly abhors: and therefore Epicurus, who, if Cicero and Plutarch knew his opinion, was a downright professed Atheist, has not in terms denied, but indeed asserted, the being of the Gods; and speaks honourably of them, so far as regards the excellence of their nature, and their happiness. But when he describes his Gods, and gives them a human face and limbs, and says they are neither incorporeal nor corporeal,

poreal, but as it were corporeal; while he excludes them from any hand in making, or care in guiding and governing, the world, and undertakes to shew that all things were brought about by mere chance, without any help or direction of the Gods, who are altogether unconcerned with human affairs, and regardless of our actions; he must laugh in himself, and be supposed to have formed this ridiculous idea of a Divine Being, merely to escape the character of an impious philosopher. For though he owns the name of a God, by his description he entirely destroys the Divine Nature. Nor do I think, that Aristotle can be defended from the charge of Atheism; for while he affirms, that the world, as to its formation, as well as its progression and duration, is independent on the Gods, and owes nothing to their power, wisdom, or providence, he utterly subverts all pretence to religion and divine worship, and comes at last into the dregs of the Epicurean scheme: this, I believe, I have plainly proved in the following poem.

As to the modern Atheists, Vaninus, Hobbes, and Spinoza; I have spoken of them in their turn, and shall not anticipate what is said hereafter.

I have been determined to employ some of my leisure hours in writing on this subject, by the melancholy reflection I have often made on the growth of prophane-ness, and the prevailing power of loose and irreligious principles in this nation.

It is a mortifying consideration to all who love mankind, and wish well to their country, that this opinion has of late years, above the example of past ages, spread

spread its contagious influence so far and wide, that now, emboldened by the power and number of its assertors, it becomes insolent and formidable. Those impious maxims, which a small party in the last age, when inflamed with wine, vented in private, are now the entertainment of the coffee-house, publicly professed, and in many companies spoken of in cool blood, as the ordinary subjects of conversation.

All ages have brought forth some monsters, some professors and patrons of irreligion; monsters in respect of their scarceness, as well as deformity; but the amazing abundance of these odious productions is, I believe, peculiar to this fertile age. I am apt to think, that most who were reckoned Atheists in former reigns were rather unbridled libertines, than irreligious in principle: but now we are so far advanced, that the infection has seized the mind; the Atheist in practice is become one in speculation, and looseness of manners improved to intellectual impiety.

Many (which is without example) express an ardent zeal for prophaneness, are grown bigots in Atheism, and with great industry and application propagate their principles, form parties, and concert measures to carry on with vigour the cause of irreligion. They caress, and are very fond of, those who boldly declare for impiety, and mock all religion as cheat and imposture. These are wits, men of sense, of large and free thoughts, and cannot fail of being men in fashion. And as the renegades and deserters of heaven, who renounce their God for the favour of men, and choose

to grow popular at the dearest rate, are by many protected and applauded : so there are places where a man, that has the assurance to own the belief of a Deity and a future state, would be exposed and laughed out of countenance. Hence many are tempted to conceal their notions of religion, for fear of blasting their reputation, and of being neglected and despised by those from whose favour they expect profit or promotion.

Immediately after the Restoration, the people, intoxicated with the pleasures of peace, and influenced by the example of a loose court, as well as from their great aversion to the former fanatical strictness and severity of conversation, which they detested as hypocrisy, indulged themselves in sensual liberties, and by degrees sunk deep into luxury and vice. Then it was that some irreligious men, taking advantage of this growing dissolution of manners, began to propagate their detestable notions, and sow the seeds of prophaneness and impiety, which sprung up apace, and flourished in proportion to the growth of immorality. Thus vice and irreligion, mutually assisting each other, extended their power by daily encroachments ; and the solid temper and firmness of mind, which the people once possessed, being slackened and dissolved by the power of riot and forbidden pleasure, their judgment soon became vitiated ; which corruption of taste has ever since gradually increased, as the confederate powers of vice and prophaneness have spread their infection, and gained upon religion.

While

While loose principles and impious opinions pervert the judgment, a petulant humour, that inclines men to give an air of levity and ridicule to all their discourses, and turn every thing to mirth and raillery, does in proportion get ground; this being esteemed the most successful method to weaken the power and authority of religion in the minds of men.

I would not here be understood as if I condemned the qualifications of wit and pleasantry, but only the misapplication of them. I shall always retain a great value for ingenious men, provided they do not abuse and prostitute their talents to the worst purposes; I mean the deriding all sobriety of manners, and turning into jest the principles which constitute our duty here, and assure our happiness hereafter. But can any man who reveres a God, and loves his country, stand by unconcerned, while loose and prophane wits shew so much zeal and diligence in propagating maxims, which tend so directly to the dishonour of the one, and the ruin of the other?

Should Atheism and corruption of manners, those inseparable companions, which, as causes and effects, mutually introduce and support each other, prevail much farther; should impious notions in any age hereafter generally infect the highest, as well as the inferior ranks of men; what confusion of affairs must ensue! It would be impossible to find men of principle to fill the places of trust and honour, or patrons to promote them: merit would incapacitate and disqualify for the favour of great men, and a religious

character would be an invincible obstruction to advancement ; there would be no persons of rank to encourage men of worth, and bring neglected virtue into fashion. On the contrary, the contemners of heaven and deriders of piety would be caressed, applauded, and promoted ; the disposers of preferment would confer all on those who embrace their opinions : and what a terrible temptation would this be to our youth, to accommodate their notions to those of the men in power, when they shall see that their favour is not otherwise to be procured !

Is it not highly probable that, in such an age, clubs and cabals would be formed of scoffers and buffoons, to laugh religion out of countenance, and make the professors of it the object of public scorn and contempt ?

Besides, it is natural to believe that Magistrates in a commonwealth, generally composed of Atheists, would likewise proceed to violence, and persecute those whom they could not persuade to embrace their notions, as much as any sect of religion has ever done. For it is not religion, but corrupted human nature, that pushes men on to compulsive methods of obliging their adversaries to renounce their own, and assert the opinions of men in power. It is from the factious temper of a party, not the spirit of piety ; it is from pride and an impatience of contradiction, or from lust of dominion, or a violent desire of engrossing the places of honour and profit, that men endeavour, by cruel and coercive methods, to silence their opponents, and sup-

press

prefs their competitors. And if it will be allowed that human passions will always exert themselves with uniformity, and therefore still produce the like effects; if we may foretel what Atheists when in power are like to do, from what they have done, as far as they had ability; we may be assured, when they do not want power, they will never want a will to employ violence, to extinguish the notions of piety, and the hateful heresy of religion. It would not be strange if Atheistical tests in such a state of affairs should be formed and imposed, to keep men of dangerous principles out of all posts of power and profit; and all that believed the being of a God, and the rewards and punishments of another life, should be looked on as disaffected to the government, and the disturbers of the public peace.

And if such notions of impiety, and such a degenerate constitution of manners, should ever prevail in this unhappy nation, any man, without the gift of prophecy, and, indeed, with a very moderate penetration, may foresee, that the public will then be exposed to inevitable ruin.

But before the interests of virtue and religion are reduced to so deplorable a state, it is to be hoped this once wise and sober nation will awaken from its lethargy; that, notwithstanding the present popularity of vice, levity, and impiety, it may one day recover its relish of solid knowledge and real merit; that buffoons themselves may one day be exposed, the laughers in their turn become ridiculous, and an Atheistical

scoffer be as much out of credit, as a sober and religious man is at present: virtue, seriousness, and a due reverence of sacred and divine things, may revive among us; and it is the duty and interest of every man that loves his country, and wishes well to mankind, to make his utmost efforts to bring about such a happy revolution. This would the sooner be effected, if the virtuous part of ingenious men (for virtue has still a party) would not supinely stand by, and see the honour and interest of religion exposed and insulted; but, instead of an abject, unactive despondence, would unite their endeavours, with vigour and resolution, against the common enemies of God and their country. It is great pity, that in so noble a cause any should show such poorness of spirit, as to be ashamed of asserting their religion, and stemming the tide of impiety, for fear of becoming the entertainment of scoffing libertines.

I know the gentlemen of Atheistical notions pretend to refined parts, and pass themselves upon the world for wits of the first rank: yet in debate they decline argument, and rather trust to the decision of raillery. But if it were possible for these gentlemen to apply themselves in good earnest to the reasons alleged in proof of a Divine Being, in a manner that becomes an inquiry of such consequence, I should believe their conviction were not to be despaired of.

But there is little appearance that they will be ever prevailed on to consider this matter with deliberate and unprejudiced thought; and, therefore, I am not
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so sanguine to think, that any arguments I can bring, though ever so clear and demonstrative, are likely to make any impression upon a veteran Atheist. I have, nevertheless, thought it a seasonable service to endeavour to stop the contagion, and, as far as I am able, to preserve those who are not yet infected.

I would entreat these to distinguish between raillery and argument, and not believe that mirth ought to determine in so weighty a case; that they would not admit of principles of the utmost concern without examination, and take impiety upon content; that they would appeal from the buffoon and the mocker, to the impartial decision of right reason, and debate this matter with the gravity that becomes the importance of the subject.

But, since the gentlemen who own no obligations of religion for the rule of behaviour, set up in its stead a spurious principle, which they call honour, and a greatness of mind, that will not descend to a mean or base action; let them reflect, whether that term, as they use it, is not an empty sound without any determined meaning. If honour lays a man under any obligation to perform or forbear any action, then, it is evident, honour is a law or rule, and the transgression of it makes us guilty and obnoxious to punishment: and if it be a law, it must be the declaration of some legislator's will; for this is the definition of a law that regulates the manners of a moral agent. Now, I ask a man of honour, who denies religion, what, or whose law he breaks, if he deviates from what he imagines

gines a point of honour? It is plain there can be no transgression, where there is no law; no irregularity where there is no rule; nor can a man do a base or dishonourable thing, if he lies under no obligation to the contrary. Honour, therefore, abstracted from the notion of religion, which enjoins it, is an idle chimera, which can have little power over any man that does not believe a Divine Legislator, whose authority must enforce it.

It is the same with friendship and gratitude, which are principles that the Atheist will often commend. But how is any man bound to be grateful, or to be a friend? Should he act a contrary part, and be treacherous and ungrateful, what guilt has he contracted? Has he offended against any law? or can he become guilty, without the breach of any? If you say he has broken any law, tell us the law, and by whom it was made. If the laws of the Supreme Being are set aside, we can lie under no regulation, but have an unbounded liberty over all our actions; we may, without the least fault or dishonour, break our oaths, subvert the government, betray our friends, assassinate our parents; in short, commit all kinds of the most detestable crimes without remorse; for, not being controlled by any obligation, we may do whatever our passions or our interests prompt us to, without being accountable to any tribunal for the least transgression.

If it be said, we are obliged by the laws of our country; I answer, that, as to the actions we are speak-
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ing of, such as a man of honour, a great and generous mind, a friend, a grateful person, is supposed to think himself obliged to, these are such as are not regulated by municipal laws, and therefore men are at liberty whether they will act by what they call a principle of honour or not, and can justly incur no censure or reproach, should they have no regard to that pompous and sounding word; for if their actions are not morally determined either by human or divine laws, they may very justly, and honourably too, act with unlimited freedom in these matters. Besides, whoever believes himself free from the obligations of divine precepts, cannot look on himself as bound by any human laws. He may indeed, from the apprehension of punishment, forbear an action thus forbidden, and it is his interest so to do: but, if he thinks no divine authority makes it his duty to submit to the magistrate, and obey the laws of his country, he is at liberty, as to any guilt, whether he will obey or no. If he ventures the punishment, he escapes the sin. If an Atheist swears fidelity to his prince, what controlling power is he under, which affects the mind, not to betray him, if he thinks it fit and safe to do it? If he lets his parents, or his patron, or his friend perish, what iniquity is he accountable for?

The existence of a God has been already cleared, and abundantly demonstrated, by many pious and learned authors; whence this attempt may be censured as impertinent and unnecessary. But all those excellent performances being writ in prose, and the greatest part
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in the learned languages, or at least in a scholastic manner, are ill-accommodated to great numbers not of a learned education; and many who have more knowledge, and greater genius, will not undergo the trouble of reading and considering the arguments expressed in a manner to them obscure, dry, and disagreeable. I have therefore formed a poem on this great and important subject, that I might give it the advantages peculiar to poetry, and adapt it more to the general apprehension and capacity of mankind. The harmony of numbers engages many to read and retain what they would neglect if written in prose; and I persuade myself the Epicurean philosophy had not lived so long, nor been so much esteemed, had it not been kept alive and propagated by the famous poem of Lucretius.

I have chosen to demonstrate the existence of a God from the marks of wisdom, design, contrivance, and the choice of ends and means, which appear in the universe. Out of the various arguments that evince the truth of this proposition, "There is a God," I have selected this as the most evident and intelligible.

I may with reason presume, that I shall not incur any censure for not employing new arguments to prove the being of a God; none but what have been produced before by many writers, even from the eldest days of philosophy. It was never objected to Lucretius, that, in his applauded poem, he has not invented a new system of philosophy, but only recited in poetical numbers the ancient doctrines of Democritus and Epicurus.

Epicurus. Nor can it with reason be supposed, that the arguments by which he supports their opinions were not long before in the schools of Greece. Nor have modern writers on this subject invented, but pursued the demonstration of a God, from the evident appearance of contrivance and wisdom in the visible world, which they have done with more clearness and strength, than those who went before them. And while these have attempted to evince the existence of a God only from the contemplation of corporeal nature, I have carried the argument on to the actions of living, sensitive, and intelligent beings, so far as we are acquainted with them; believing that brighter and more noble strokes of wisdom and design appear in the principles of life, sensation, and reason, than in all the compass of the material world.

I have endeavoured to give the subject yet greater degrees of perspicuity, more variety of argument, as well as easy and familiar expression, that, the style being more pleasing, and the demonstration more readily apprehended, it may leave a deeper impression, and its effects and usefulness may become more extensive. In order to this, I have rarely used any term of art, or any phrase peculiar to the writing and conversation of learned men. I have attempted, as Monsieur Fontenelle has done with great success in his *Plurality of Worlds*, to bring philosophy out of the secret recesses of the schools, and strip it of its uncouth and mysterious dress, that it may become agreeable, and admitted to a general conversation.

I take

I take it for granted, that no judicious reader will expect, in the philosophical and argumentative parts of this poem, the ornaments of poetical eloquence. In this case, where metaphor and description are not admitted lest they should darken and enfeeble the argument, if the reasoning be close, strong, and easily apprehended; if there be an elegant simplicity, purity, and propriety of words, and a just order and connection of the parts, mutually supporting and enlightening one another, there will be all the perfection which the style can demand.

I may safely conclude, that no man will expect that in this poem I should borrow any embellishments from the exploded and obsolete theology of the ancient idolaters of Greece or Rome; that I should address any rapturous invocations to their idle deities, or adorn the style with allusions to their fabulous actions. I have more than once publicly declared my opinion, that a Christian poet cannot but appear monstrous and ridiculous in a Pagan dress; that though it should be granted, that the heathen religion might be allowed a place in light and loose songs, mock heroic, and the lower lyric compositions; yet, in Christian poems of the sublime and greater kind, the mixture of the Pagan theology must, by all who are masters of reflection and good sense, be condemned, if not as impious, at least as impertinent and absurd. And this is a truth so clear and evident, that I make no doubt it will by degrees force its way, and prevail over the contrary practice. Should Britons recover their virtue, and reform

reform their taste, they would no more bear the heathen religion in verse, than in prose. Christian poets, as well as Christian preachers, the business of both being to instruct the people, though the last only are wholly appropriated to it, should endeavour to confirm and spread their own true religion. If a divine should begin his sermon with a solemn prayer to Bacchus, or Apollo, to Mars, or Venus, what would the people think of their preacher? And is it not as really, though not equally, absurd, for a poet in a great and serious poem, wherein he celebrates some wonderful and happy event of Divine Providence, or magnifies the illustrious instrument that was honoured to bring the event about, to address his prayer to false deities, and cry for help to the abominations of the heathen?

The design of this poem is to demonstrate the self-existence of an Eternal Mind from the created and dependent existence of the universe, and to confute the hypothesis of the Epicureans and the Fatalists, under whom all the patrons of impiety, ancient or modern, of whatsoever denomination, may be ranged. The first of whom affirm the world was in time caused by chance; and the other that it existed from eternity without a cause. It is true, as before mentioned, both these acknowledged the existence of Gods; but, by their absurd and ridiculous description of them, it is plain they had nothing else in view, but to avoid the obnoxious character of Atheistical philosophers.

This likewise has been often objected to the Deists of the present times, that at least a great part of them
only

only conceal their notions under that name, while they are really to be numbered among the Atheists. I have before expressed my reasons, why I cannot embrace this opinion. It is true, indeed, that most of the Deists maintain a particular friendship with the Atheists, are pleased with their loose and impious conversation, and appear very tender of their credit and esteem. They are charitable in crying up their shining qualities, and in concealing, excusing, or lessening, their immoral actions; while at the same time they shew an affectation in exposing the faults and follies of the Christians, especially those who are the most strict and regular in their manners, and appear to be most in earnest. It is likewise remarkable, that these gentlemen express no zeal for the extirpation of irreligious principles: they have never, as far as I know, written any thing against them; nor are they pleased in company to declare their detestation of such impious maxims, or to produce arguments to confute them; while at the same time they take great pains, and show a warm zeal, to weaken the belief of the Christian religion, and to expose the pretended errors of its different professors; which seems, indeed, strange, since he that owns a God and his providence, should in reason look upon those who believe neither to be infinitely more opposite to him, than those who agree with him in the belief of a God, and differ only in the point of revealed religion.

Besides, it is observable that the present Deists have not drawn and published any scheme of religion, or

catalogues of the duties they are obliged to perform, or whence such obligations arise. They do not tell us, that they look on man as an accountable creature; nor, if they do, for what, and to whom, or when, that account is to be made, and what rewards and punishments will attend it. I do not affirm they have no such scheme in their thoughts; but, since they will not let us know their creed, and in the mean time deride and triumph over that of the Christians, I cannot defend them from those who say they are justly to be suspected.

And that the Deist may clear himself from the suspicion of being an Atheist, or at least a friend and favourer of their principles; I could wish he would in public assert and demonstrate the being of a God and his providence, and declare his abhorrence of the principles of those who disbelieve them.

It would likewise give great satisfaction, and remove the objections of those that charge them with direct irreligion, if they would please to give some account of their belief: Whether they look upon God as one who governs mankind by laws to be discovered by the light of reason, which restrain our inclinations and determine our duty; that they would tell us what those laws are, and what sanctions do enforce them; and until this be done, they cannot well discharge themselves from the suspicion before-mentioned.

And here I would address myself to the irreligious gentlemen of the age: and I desire them not to take up prejudices against the existence of a God, and run
away

away with impious maxims, until they have exercised their consideration, and made an impartial inquiry into the grounds and reasons that support the belief of a Divine Eternal Being. In order to such a reasonable examination, it is but just and decent they should be in earnest, and hear the arguments we offer with temper and patience; that they should inure themselves to think, and weigh the force of those arguments, as becomes sincere inquirers after truth. The being of a God, and the duties that result from that principle, are subjects of the greatest excellence and dignity in themselves, and of the greatest concern and importance to mankind; and, therefore, should never be treated in mirth and ridicule. Generals of armies and counsellors of state, senators, and judges, in the great and weighty affairs that come before them, do not put on the air of jesters and buffoons, and, instead of grave and solemn debates, aim at nothing but sallies of wit, and treat their subjects and one another only with raillery and derision: yet the business proposed to the consideration of the persons I speak to is, in every respect, infinitely superior to any of theirs before-mentioned.

Are they sure there is no God, and therefore no religion? If they are not, what a terrible risque do they run! If their reasons amount only to a probability, the contrary opinion may be true, and that *may be* is enough to give them the most frightful apprehensions, and disturb them amidst all the pleasures they enjoy. But if they say they are assured, and past doubt, there

is no God ; let them consider, confidence in an opinion is not always the effect of certainty and demonstration. Their predecessors, the Atheists of former ages, were as certain, that is, as confident, they reasoned right, as they can be. They cannot pretend to clearer light, and greater assurance of the truth of their maxims, than Epicurus and Lucretius did ; or insult their adversaries with greater contempt than those have done : yet these men themselves, at least many of them, allow those philosophers were grossly mistaken, and will by no means trust to the Epicurean scheme, as the foundation of their opinions. If these great masters, notwithstanding their unexampled confidence, have been mistaken, why may not their successors be so ?

If they set up Aristotle's scheme, and think they secure their principles by making the world to be eternal, and all effects and events the result of such a fatal necessity, and an indissoluble concatenation of causes, as render it impossible, that things that are should not be, or that they should be otherwise than they are ; let them consider, that the greatest assertors of impiety, I mean Democritus, Leucippus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, opposed this as an idle and incoherent system ; and that indeed it is so, shall be after demonstrated : and should not this shake their confidence, that all their friends in the Epicurean schools, who were sufficiently delivered from the prejudices of education and superstitious impressions, could not see the least probability in the scheme of the Fatalists, on

which these gentlemen are pleased to rely in a matter of the highest importance ?

Will they confide in Mr. Hobbes ? has that philosopher said any thing new ? does he bring any stronger forces into the field than the Epicureans did before him ? will they derive their certainty from Spinoza ? can such an obscure, perplexed, unintelligible author create such certainty, as leaves no doubt or distrust ? If he is indeed to be understood, what does he allege more than the ancient Fatalists have done, that should amount to demonstration ?

Besides, if, as they pretend, they are established beyond possibility of deception in the truth of their maxims, why are they so very fond of those authors, that set up any new doctrine ? and why do they embrace with so much pleasure their new schemes of irreligion ? They are very glad to hear of any great genius, that can invent fresh arguments to strengthen their opinions ; and does not this betray a secret diffidence, that demands further light and confirmation ?

But further ; since these gentlemen shew so much industry in propagating their opinions, and are so fond of making proselytes to Atheism ; since they affect a zeal in countenancing, applauding, and preferring, those whom they have delivered from religious prejudices, and reformed and refined with their free, large, and generous principles ; how comes it to pass, that they neglect to inform and improve their nearest relations ? Are they careful to instruct their wives and daughters, that they need not revere the imaginary phantom of a

God; that religion is the creature of a timorous and superstitious mind, or of crafty priests, and cunning politicians; that therefore they are free from all restraints of virtue and conscience, and may prostitute their persons in the most licentious manner, without any remorse, or uneasy reflection; that it is idle to fear any divine punishment hereafter; and as to the shame and dishonour that may attend the liberties they take, in case they become public, that scandal proceeds from the gross mistakes of people perverted with religion, and misguided by a belief of a Divine Being, and of rewards and punishments in an imaginary life after this?

Do they take pains to inform their eldest sons, that they owe them no gratitude or obedience; that they may use an uncontrolled freedom in indulging all their appetites, passions, and inclinations; that, if they are willing to possess their father's honour and estate, they may, by poison or the poniard, take away his life; and, if they are careful to avoid the punishment of the magistrate, by their secret conduct, they may be fully satisfied of the innocence of the action; and as they have done themselves much good, so they have done their father no injury, and therefore may enjoy in perfect tranquillity the fruits of their parricide? Whatever they may affirm among their loose friends, I cannot conceive they can be guilty of so much folly, as to propagate these opinions in their own families, and instruct their wives and children in the boundless liberties, which, by the principles of Atheism, are their

undoubted right ; for in all actions, where religion does not interpose and restrain us, we are perfectly, as has been said, free to act as we think best for our profit and pleasure.

Besides, to what a deplorable condition would mankind be reduced, should these opinions be universally embraced ! If so many kings and potentates, who yet profess their belief of a God, and of rewards and punishments in a life to come, do, notwithstanding, from boundless ambition and a cruel temper, oppress their subjects at home, and ravage and destroy their neighbours abroad, should think themselves free from all divine obligations, and therefore too from the restraints of oaths and solemn contracts ; these fences and securities removed, what a deluge of calamities would break in upon the world ! what oppression, what violence, what rapine, what devastation, would finish the ruin of human nature ! for, if mighty princes are satisfied that it is impossible for them to do any wrong, what bounds are left to insatiable avarice and exorbitant thirst of power ! if monarchs may, without the least guilt, violate their treaties, break their vows, betray their friends, and sacrifice their truth and honour at pleasure to their passions, or their interest, what trust, what confidence, could be supported between neighbour potentates ! and without this what confusion and distraction must of necessity ensue !

On the other hand, if subjects were universally Atheists, and looked on themselves as under no divine obligation to pay any duty or obedience to the supreme

magistrate ;

magistrate; if they believed that, when they took their oaths of allegiance, they swore by nothing, and invoked a power not in being; that therefore those oaths oblige them no longer than they think it safe, and for their interest, to break them; should such principles obtain, would not the thrones of princes be most precarious? would not ambition, revenge, resentment, or interest continually excite some or other to betray or assault the lives of their sovereigns? and why should they be blamed by the Atheist for doing it? why are traitors, assassins, haters of their princes, and enemies to their country, branded with the odious names of ruffians and villains, if they lie under no obligations to act otherwise than they do?

Should conspirators, who assassinate their lawful sovereign, have the good fortune to make their escape, I ask the Atheist, if he has in the least an ill opinion of them for being engaged in such an execrable undertaking? If he says he has not, then the point is gained, and an Atheist is what I have represented. If he says he has, I next ask him, why? Let him tell me in what their guilt consists? Is it in the breach of any divine law? That cannot be, for he owns none. Is it the transgression of any human law? Tell me what obligation he is under to obey any human law, if no divine law enforces such obedience. Does their guilt consist in the breach of their duty to their prince and their oaths of allegiance? Still the same question recurs, what duty can a subject owe to a prince which divine laws do not constitute and determine? and how can an oath

of allegiance bind but by virtue of some divine command, that obliges us not to violate our vows?

By this it appears that an Atheist must be the worst of subjects; that his principles subvert the thrones of princes, and undermine the foundations of government and society, on which the happiness of mankind so much depends; and therefore it is not possible to conceive how there can be a greater disturber of the public peace, or a greater enemy to his prince and country, than a professed Atheist, who propagates with zeal his destructive opinions.

I have proved, in the following poem, that no hypothesis hitherto invented in favour of impiety has the least strength or solidity, no not the least appearance of truth to recommend it. A man must be deserted of Heaven, and inflexibly hardened, that cannot, or rather will not, see the unreasonableness of irreligious principles. I demand only a candid temper in the reader, and a mind pleased with truth, and delivered from the prejudices of atheistical conversation.

A

SUMMARY ACCOUNT

OF THE FOLLOWING

P O E M,

AND OF WHAT IS CONTAINED IN EACH BOOK.

THE design of this work is to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind.

The arguments used for this end are taken from the various marks of wisdom and artful contrivance, which are evident to observation in the several parts of the material world, and the faculties of the human soul.

The first book contains the proof of a Deity, from the instances of design and choice, which occur in the structure and qualities of the earth and sea.

The second pursues the proof of the same proposition, THERE IS A GOD, from the celestial motions, and more fully from the appearances in the solar system, and the air.

In the third, the objections which are brought by Atheistical philosophers against the hypothesis established in the two preceding books are answered.

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In the fourth, is laid down the hypothesiſ of the Atomists or Epicureans, and other irreligious philosophers, and confuted.

In the fifth, the doctrine of the Fatalists, or Aristotelians, who make the world to be eternal, is considered and subverted.

In the sixth, the argument of the two first books is resumed, and the existence of God demonstrated from the prudence and art discovered in the several parts of the body of man.

In the seventh, the same demonstration is carried on from the contemplation of the instincts in brute animals, and the faculties and operations of the soul of man. The book concludes with a recapitulation of what has been treated of, and a Hymn to the Creator of the World.

C R E A T I O N.

B O O K I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The proposition. The invocation. The existence of a God demonstrated, from the marks of wisdom, choice, and art, which appear in the visible world, and infer an intelligent and free cause. This evinced from the contemplation, I. Of the earth. 1. Its situation. 2. The cohesion of its parts, not to be solved by any hypothesis yet produced. 3. Its stability. 4. Its structure, or the order of its parts. 5. Its motion diurnal and annual, or else the motion of the sun in both those respects. The cause of these motions not yet accounted for by any philosopher. 6. Its outside or face; the beauties and conveniencies of it; its mountains, lakes, and rivers. II. The existence of a God proved from the marks and impressions of prudence and design, which appear in the sea. 1. In its formation. 2. The proportion of its parts in respect of the earthy. 3. Its situation. 4. The contexture of its parts. 5. Its brackish or briny quality. 6. Its flux and reflux.

NO more of courts, of triumphs, or of arms,
 No more of valour's force, or beauty's charms;
 The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain,
 I leave unfung, the flocks, the amorous swain,
 The pleasures of the land, and terrors of the main.

}
 How

How abject, how inglorious 'tis to lie
 Groveling in dust and darkness, when on high
 Empires immense, and rolling worlds of light,
 To range their heavenly scenes, the Muse invite!
 I meditate to soar above the skies,
 To heights unknown, through ways untry'd to rise:
 I would th' Eternal from his works assert,
 And sing the wonders of creating art.

While I this unexampled task essay,
 Pass awful gulphs, and beat my painful way;
 Celestial Dove! divine assistance bring,
 Sustain me on thy strong-extended wing,
 That I may reach th' Almighty's sacred throne,
 And make his causeless power, the cause of all things

Thou dost the full extent of nature see, [known.
 And the wide realms of vast immensity:
 Eternal Wisdom thou dost comprehend,
 Rise to her heights, and to her depths descend:
 The Father's secret counsels thou canst tell,
 Who in his bosom didst for ever dwell.
 Thou on the deep's dark face, immortal Dove!
 Thou with almighty energy didst move
 On the wild waves, incumbent didst display
 Thy genial wings, and hatch primæval day.
 Order from thee, from thee distinction came,
 And all the beauties of the wondrous frame.
 Hence stamp'd on nature we perfection find,
 Fair as th' idea in the Eternal Mind.

See, through this vast extended theatre
 Of skill divine what shining marks appear!

Creating power is all around exprest,
 The God discover'd, and his care confest.
 Nature's high birth her heavenly beauties show;
 By every feature we the parent know.
 10 Th' expanded spheres, amazing to the sight! 40
 Magnificent with stars and globes of light,
 The glorious orbs, which Heaven's bright host compose,
 Th' imprison'd sea, that restless ebbs and flows,
 The fluctuating fields of liquid air,
 15 With all the curious meteors hovering there, 45
 And the wide regions of the land, proclaim
 The Power Divine, that rais'd the mighty frame.

What things soe'er are to an end referr'd,
 And in their motions still that end regard,
 Always the fitness of the means respect, 50
 These as conducive choose, and those reject,
 Must by a judgment foreign and unknown
 Be guided to their end, or by their own;
 For to design an end, and to pursue
 25 That end by means, and have it still in view, 55
 Demands a conscious, wise, reflecting cause,
 Which freely moves, and acts by reason's laws;
 That can deliberate, means elect, and find
 Their due connection with the end design'd.
 30 And since the world's wide frame does not include 60
 A cause with such capacities endued;
 Some other cause o'er nature must preside,
 Which gave her birth, and does her motions guide.
 And here behold the cause, which God we name,
 35 The source of beings, and the mind supreme; 65
 Whose

44 BLACKMORE'S POEMS.

Whose perfect wisdom, and whose prudent care,
With one confederate voice unnumber'd worlds declare.

See, how the earth has gain'd that very place,
Which of all others in the boundless space,
Is most convenient, and will best conduce

70

To the wise ends requir'd for nature's use.
You, who the Mind and Cause Supreme deny,
Nor on his aid to form the world rely,
Must grant, had perfect wisdom been employ'd
To find, through all th' interminable void,
A seat most proper, and which best became

75

The earth and sea, it must have been the same.
Now who can this surprising fact conceive,
Who this event fortuitous believe,
That the brute earth, unguided, should embrace

80

The only useful, only proper place
Of all the millions in the empty space?

}

Could stupid atoms with impetuous speed
By different roads and adverse ways proceed;
From regions opposite begin their flight,
That here they might rencounter, here unite?
What charms could these terrestrial vagrants see
In this one point of all immensity,
That all th' enamour'd troops should thither flow?
Did they its useful situation know?

90

And, when the squadrons with a swift career
Had reach'd that point, why did they settle there,
When nothing check'd their flight but gulphs of air;
Since Epicurus and his scholars say
That unobstructed matter flies away,
Ranges the void, and knows not where to stay?

95

}

If

If you, sagacious sons of art, pretend
That by their native force they did descend,
And ceas'd to move, when they had gain'd their end; }
That native force till you enlighten'd know, 100

Can its mysterious spring disclose, and show
How 'tis exerted, how it does impel,
Your uninstruative words no doubts dispel.
We ask you, whence does motive vigour flow?
You say, the nature of the thing is so. 105
But how does this relieve th' inquirer's pain?
Or how the dark impulsive power explain?

The Atomists, who skill mechanic teach,
Who boast their clearer sight, and deeper reach,
Assert their atoms took that happy feat, 110
Determin'd thither by their inbred weight;
That downward through the spacious void they strove
To that one point, from all the parts above.

Grant this position true, though up and down
Are to a space not limited unknown; 115
But since they say our earth from morn to morn
On its own axis is oblig'd to turn;

That swift rotation must disperse in air
All things, which on the rapid orb appear:
And if no power that motion should control, 120
It must disjoint and dissipate the whole.

'Tis by experience uncontested found,
Bodies orbicular, when whirling round,
Still shake off all things on their surface plac'd,
And to a distance from the centre cast. 125

If ponderous atoms are so much in love
With this one point, that all will thither move,
Give

Give them the situation they desire;
 But let us then, ye sages, next inquire,
 What cause of their cohesion can you find? 130
 What props support, what chains the fabrick bind?
 Why do not beasts that move, or stones that lie
 Loose on the field, through distant regions fly?
 Or why do fragments, from a mountain rent,
 Tend to the earth with such a swift descent? 135

Those who ascribe this one determin'd course
 Of ponderous things to gravitating force,
 Refer us to a quality occult,
 To senseless words, for which while they insult
 With just contempt the famous Stagyrice, 140
 Their schools should bless the world with clearer light.
 Some, the round earth's cohesion to secure,
 For that hard task employ magnetic power.
 Remark, say they, the globe; with wonder own
 Its nature, like the fam'd attractive stone. 145
 This has its axis, so th' observer tells,
 Meridians, poles, æquator, parallels.
 To the terrestrial poles by constant fate
 Th' obsequious poles themselves accommodate,
 And, when of this position dispossess, 150
 They move, and strive, nor ever will they rest,
 Till their lov'd situation they regain,
 Where pleas'd they settle, and unmov'd remain.
 And should you, so experience does decide,
 Into small parts the wondrous stone divide, 155
 Ten thousand of minutest size express
 The same propension, which the large possess.

Hence

Hence all the globe ('tis said) we may conclude
With this prevailing energy endued :

That this attractive, this surprising stone 160
Has no peculiar virtue of its own ;
Nothing but what is common to the whole,
To fides, to axis, and to either pole.

The mighty magnet from the centre darts
This strong, though subtle force, through all the parts ;
Its active rays, ejaculated thence,
Irradiate all the wide circumference.

While every part is in proportion blest,
And of its due attractive power possest ;

While adverse ways the adverse atoms draw 170

With the same strength, by nature's constant law
Balanc'd and fixt ; they can no longer move ;
Through gulphs immense no more unguided rove.

If cords are pull'd two adverse ways, we find
The more we draw them, they the faster bind. 175

So when with equal vigour Nature strains
This way and that these fine mechanic chains,
They fix the earth, they part to part unite,
Preserve their structure, and prevent their flight.

Pressure, they say, and weight, we must disown, 180
As things occult, by no ideas known,

And on the earth's magnetic power depend
To fix its seat, its union to defend.

Let us this fam'd hypothesis survey,
And with attentive thought remark the way, 185 }
How earth's attractive parts their force display.
The mass, 'tis said, from its wide bosom pours
Torrents of atoms, and eternal showers

Of

Of fine magnetic darts, of matter made
 So subtle, marble they with ease pervade : 190
 Refin'd, and (next to incorporeal) thin,
 Not by Aufonian glasses to be seen.
 These emanations take their constant flight
 Swift from the earth, as from the sun the light ;
 To a determin'd distance they ascend, 195
 And there inflect their course, and downward tend.

What can insult unequal Reason more,
 Than this magnetic, this mysterious power ?
 That cords and chains, beyond conception small,
 Should gird and bind so fast this mighty ball ! 200
 That active rays should spring from every part,
 And, though so subtle, should such force exert !
 That the light legions should be sent abroad,
 Range all the air, and traverse every road !
 To stated limits should excursions make, 205
 Then backward of themselves their journey take ;
 Should in their way to solid bodies cling,
 And home to earth the captive matter bring ;
 Where all things on its surface spread are bound
 By their coercive vigour to the ground ! 210
 Can this be done without a Guide Divine ?
 Should we to this hypothesis incline, }
 Say, does not here conspicuous Wisdom shine ?
 Who can enough magnetic force admire ?
 Does it not counsel and design require 215
 To give the earth this wondrous energy,
 In such a measure, such a just degree,
 That it should still perform its destin'd task,
 As nature's ends and various uses ask ?

For,

For, should our globe have had a greater share 220
 Of this strong force, by which the parts cohere,
 Things had been bound by such a powerful chain,
 That all would fix'd and motionless remain;
 All men, like statues, on the earth would stand,
 Nor would they move the foot, or stretch the hand;
 Birds would not range the skies, nor beasts the woods,
 Nor could the fish divide the stiffen'd floods.
 Again, had this strange energy been less,
 Defect had been as fatal as excess.

For want of cement strong enough to bind 230
 The structure fast, huge ribs of rock, disjoin'd
 Without an earthquake, from their base would start,
 And hills unhing'd from their deep roots depart.
 And, while our orb perform'd its daily race,
 All beings, found upon its ample face, 235
 Would, by that motion dissipated, fly
 Whirl'd from the globe, and scatter through the sky:
 They must, obedient to mechanic laws,
 Assemble where the stronger magnet draws;
 Whether the sun that stronger magnet proves, 240
 Or else some planet's orb that nearer moves.

Who can unfold the cause that does recall
 Magnetic rays, and make them backward fall?
 If these effluvia, which do upward tend,
 Because less heavy than the air, ascend; 245
 Why do they ever from their height retreat,
 And why return to seek their central seat?
 From the same cause, ye sons of art, declare
 Can they by turns descend, and rise in air?

Prodigious 'tis, that one attractive ray
 Should this way bend, the next an adverse way ;
 For, should th' unseen magnetic jets descend
 All the same way, they could not gain their end ;
 They could not draw and bind the fabrick fast,
 Unless alike they every part embrac'd.

250

How does Cartesius all his sinews strain,
 How much he labours, and how much in vain,
 The earth's attractive vigour to explain !
 This bold contriver thus his thoughts conveys :
 Incessant streams of thin magnetic rays
 Gush from their fountains with impetuous force,
 In either pole, then take an adverse course :
 Those from the southern pole the northern seek ;
 The southern those that from the northern break :
 In either pole these rays emitted meet
 Small pores provided, for their figures fit ;
 Still to and fro they circulating pass,
 Hold all the frame, and firmly bind the mass.
 Thus he the parts of earth from flight restrains,
 And girds it fast by fine imagin'd chains.

255

260

265

270

But oh ! how dark is human reason found !
 How vain the man with wit and learning crown'd !
 How feeble all his strength when he essays
 To trace dark Nature, and detect her ways ;
 Unless he calls its Author to his aid,
 Who every secret spring of motion laid,
 Who over all his wondrous works presides,
 And to their useful ends their causes guides !
 These paths in vain are by inquirers trod ;
 There's no philosophy without a God.

275

280

Admir'd

250 Admir'd Cartesius, let the curious know,
 If your magnetic atoms always flow
 From pole to pole, what form'd their double source,
 What spurr'd, what gave them their inflected course?
 Tell, what could drill and perforate the poles, 285
 255 And to th' attractive rays adapt their holes?
 } A race so long what prompts them to pursue?
 } Have the blind troops th' important end in view?
 } How are they sure they in the poles shall meet
 Pores of a figure to their figure fit? 290
 260 Are they with such sagacity endued
 To know, if this their journey be pursued,
 They shall the earth's constructure closely bind,
 And to the centre keep the parts confin'd?
 : Let us review this whole magnetic scheme, 295
 265 Till wiser heads a wiser model frame.
 For its formation let fit atoms start,
 To one determin'd point, from every part.
 Encountering there from regions opposite,
 They clash, and interrupt each other's flight; 300
 270 And, rendezvousing with an adverse course,
 Produce an equal poise, by equal force:
 ! For while the parts by laws magnetic act,
 And are at once attracted, and attract;
 While match'd in strength they keep the doubtful field,
 275 And neither overcome, and neither yield,
 To happy purpose they their vigour spend;
 For these contentions in the balance end,
 Which must in liquid air the globe suspend. }
 Besides materials which are brute and blind, 310
 280 Did not this work require a Knowing Mind,
 mir'd

Who for the task should fit detachments choose
 From all the atoms, which their host diffuse
 Through the wide regions of the boundless space,
 And for their rendezvous appoint the place? 315
 Who should command, by his almighty nod,
 These chosen troops, unconscious of the road,
 And unacquainted with th' appointed end,
 Their marches to begin, and thither tend;
 Direct them all to take the nearest way, 320
 Whence none of all th' unnumber'd millions stray;
 Make them advance with such an equal pace,
 From all the adverse regions of the space,
 That they at once should reach the destin'd place; }
 Should muster there, and round the centre swarm,
 And draw together in a globous form?

Grant, that by mutual opposition made
 Of adverse parts, their mutual flight is staid;
 That thus the whole is in a balance laid;
 Does it not all mechanic heads confound, 330
 That troops of atoms, from all parts around,
 Of equal number, and of equal force,
 Should to this single point direct their course;
 That so the counter-pressure every way,
 Of equal vigour, might their motions stay, 335 }
 And, by a steady poise, the whole in quiet lay?

Besides, the structure of the earth regard:
 For firmness how is all its frame prepar'd!
 With what amazing skill is the vast building rear'd!
 Metals and veins of solid stone are found 340
 The chief materials which the globe compound.

See, how the hills, which high in air ascend,
From pole to pole their lofty lines extend.

These strong unshaken mounds resist the shocks
Of tides and seas tempestuous, while the rocks, 345
That secret in a long continued vein

Pass through the earth, the ponderous pile sustain :
These mighty girders, which the fabrick bind,
These ribs robust and vast, in order join'd ;

These subterranean walls, dispos'd with art, 350
Such strength, and such stability impart,
That storms above, and earthquakes under ground,
Break not the pillars, nor the work confound.

Give to the earth a form orbicular,
Let it be pois'd, and hung in ambient air ; 355
Give it the situation to the sun

Such as is only fit ; when this is done,
Suppose it still remain'd a lazy heap ;
From what we grant, you no advantage reap.

You either must the earth from rest disturb, 360
Or roll around the heavens the solar orb.

Else what a dreadful face will nature wear !
How horrid will these lonesome seats appear !

This ne'er would see one kind refreshing ray ;
That would be ruin'd, but a different way, 365 }
Condemn'd to light, and curs'd with endless day : }

A cold Icelandic desert one would grow ;
One, like Sicilian furnaces, would glow.

That nature may this fatal error shun,
Move, which will please you best, the earth or sun. 370

But, say, from what great builder's magazines
You'll engines fetch, what strong, what vast machines

Will you employ to give this motion birth,
 And whirl so swiftly round the sun or earth ?
 Yet, learned heads, by what mechanic laws
 Will you of either orb this motion cause ? 375
 Why do they move ? why in a circle ? why
 With such a measure of velocity ?
 Say, why the earth—if not the earth, the sun
 Does through his winding road the zodiack run ? 380
 Why do revolving orbs their tracks sublime
 So constant keep, that since the birth of time
 They never vary'd their accustom'd place,
 Nor lost a minute in so long a race ?
 But hold ! perhaps I rudely press too far ; 385
 You are not vers'd in reasoning so severe.
 To a first question your reply's at hand ;
 Ask but a second, and you speechless stand.
 You swim at top, and on the surface strive,
 But to the depths of nature never dive : 390
 For if you did, instructed you'd explore
 Divine contrivance, and a God adore.
 Yet sons of art one curious piece devise,
 From whose constructure motion shall arise.
 Machines, to all philosophers 'tis known, 395
 Move by a foreign impulse, not their own.
 Then let Gassendus choose what frame he please,
 By which to turn the heavenly orbs with ease ;
 Those orbs must rest, till by th' exerted force
 Of some first mover they begin their course : 400
 Mere disposition, mere mechanic art,
 Can never motion to the globes impart ;

And

And, if they could, the marks of wise design
 In that contrivance would conspicuous shine.
 These questions still recur : we still demand, 415
 What moves them first, and puts them off at hand ?
 What makes them this one way their race direct, }
 While they a thousand other ways reject ? }
 Why do they never once their course inflect ? }
 Why do they roll with such an equal pace, 410
 And to a moment still perform their race ?
 Why earth or sun diurnal stages keep ?
 In spiral tracks why through the zodiac creep ?
 Who can account for this, unless they say
 These orbs th' Eternal Mind's command obey, 415
 Who bade them move, did all their motions guide,
 To each its destin'd province did divide ;
 Which to complete, he gave them motive power,
 That shall, as long as he does will, endure ?
 Thus we the frame of nature have express ; 420
 Now view the earth in finish'd beauty dress ;
 The various scenes, which various charms display,
 Through all th' extended theatre survey.
 See how sublime th' uplifted mountains rise,
 And with their pointed heads invade the skies ! 425
 How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
 Distinguish states, and sever'd realms defend !
 How ambient shores confine the restless deep,
 And in their ancient bounds the billows keep !
 The hollow vales their smiling pride unfold ; 430
 What rich abundance do their bosoms hold !
 Regard their lovely verdure, ravish'd view
 The party-colour'd flowers of various hue.

Not Eastern monarchs, on their nuptial day,
 In dazzling gold and purple shine so gay 435
 As the bright natives of th' unlabour'd field,
 Unvers'd in spinning, and in looms unskill'd.
 See, how the ripening fruits the gardens crown,
 Imbibe the sun, and make his light their own!
 See the sweet brooks in silver mazes creep, 440
 Enrich the meadows, and supply the deep;
 While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
 And vital moisture, where they pass, bestow!
 Admire the narrow stream, and spreading lake,
 The proud aspiring grove, and humble brake: 445
 How do the forests and the woods delight!
 How the sweet glades and openings charm the sight!
 Observe the pleasant lawn and airy plain,
 The fertile furrows rich with various grain;
 How useful all! how all conspire to grace 450
 Th' extended earth, and beautify her face!

Now, see, with how much art the parts are made;
 With how much wisdom are the strata laid,
 Of different weight, and of a different kind,
 Of fundry forms, for fundry ends design'd! 455
 Here in their beds the finish'd minerals rest,
 There the rich wombs the seeds of gold digest.
 Here in fit moulds, to Indian nations known,
 Are cast the several kinds of precious stone;
 The diamond here, by mighty monarchs worn, 460
 Fair as the star that beautifies the morn;
 And, splendid by the sun's embody'd ray,
 The rubies there their crimson light display;

There

There marble's various colour'd veins are spread ;

Here of bitumen unctuous stores are bred.

465

What skill on all its surface is bestow'd,

To make the earth for man a fit abode !

The upper moulds, with active spirits stor'd,

And rich in verdant progeny, afford

The flowery pasture, and the shady wood,

470

To men their physick, and to beasts their food.

Proceed yet farther, and a prospect take

Of the swift stream, and of the standing lake.

Had not the deep been form'd, that might contain

All the collected treasures of the main,

475

The earth had still o'erwhelm'd with water flood,

To man an uninhabitable flood.

Yet had not part as kindly staid behind,

In the wide cisterns of the lakes confin'd ;

Did not the springs and rivers drench the land,

480

Our globe would grow a wilderness of sand ;

The plants and groves, the tame and savage beast,

And man, their lord, would die with drought oppress.

Now, as you see, the floating element

Part loose in streams, part in the ocean pent,

485

So wisely is dispos'd, as may conduce

To man's delight, or necessary use.

See how the mountains in the midst divide

The noblest regions, that from either side

The streams, which to the hills their currents owe,

May every way along the valley flow,

And verdant wealth on all the soil bestow !

So Atlas and the mountains of the moon,

From north to south, in lofty ridges run

Through

Through Afric realms, whence falling waters lave 495
 Th' inferior regions with a winding wave.
 They various rivers give to various foil,
 Niger to Guinea, and to Ægypt Nile.
 So from the towering Alps on different sides,
 Dissolving snows descend in numerous tides, 500
 Which in the vale beneath their parties join
 To form the Rhone, the Danube, and the Rhine.
 So Caucasus, aspiring Taurus so,
 And fam'd Imaüs, ever white with snow,
 Through eastern climes their lofty lines extend, 505
 And this and that way ample currents send.
 A thousand rivers make their crooked way,
 And disemogue their floods into the sea;
 Whence should they ne'er by secret roads retire,
 And to the hills, from whence they came, aspire; 510
 They by their constant streams would so increase
 The watery stores, and raise so high the seas,
 That the wide hollow would not long contain
 Th' unequal treasures of the swelling main;
 Scorning the mounds which now its tide withstand, 515
 The sea would pass the shores, and drown the land.

Tell, by what paths, what subterranean ways,
 Back to the fountain's head the sea conveys
 The reflux rivers, and the land repays? }
 Tell, what superior, what controlling cause 520
 Makes waters, in contempt of nature's laws,
 Climb up, and gain th' aspiring mountains height,
 Swift and forgetful of their native weight?

What

What happy works, what engines under-ground,
 What instruments of curious art are found, 525
 Which must with everlasting labour play,
 Back to their springs the rivers to convey,
 And keep their correspondence with the sea? }

Perhaps you'll say, their streams the rivers owe
 In part to rain, in part to melting snow; 530

And that th' attracted watery vapours rise
 From lakes and seas, and fill the lower skies :
 These when condens'd the airy region pours
 On the dry earth in rain, or gentle showers ;
 Th' insinuating drops sink through the sand, 535

And pass the porous strainers of the land ;
 Which fresh supplies of watery riches bring
 To every river's head, to each exhausted spring ;
 The streams are thus, their losses to repair,
 Back to their source transmitted to the air ; 540

The waters still their circling course maintain,
 Flow down in rivers, and return in rain ;
 And on the soil with heat immoderate dry'd,
 To which the rain's pure treasures are deny'd,
 The mountains more sublime in æther rise, 545

Transfix the clouds, and tower amidst the skies ;
 The snowy fleeces, which their heads involve,
 Still stay in part, and still in part dissolve ;

Torrents and loud impetuous cataracts
 Through roads abrupt, and rude unfashion'd tracts, 550
 Roll down the lofty mountain's channell'd sides,
 And to the vale convey their foaming tides ;
 At length, to make their various currents one,
 The congregated floods together run ;

These

These confluent streams make some great river's head,
 By stores still melting and descending fed;
 Thus from th' aspiring mountains of the moon
 Dissolving treasures rush in torrents down,
 Which pass the sun-burnt realms and sandy soil,
 And bless th' Ægyptian nation with their Nile; 560
 Then whoso'er his secret rise would know,
 Must climb the hills, and trace his head in snow;
 And through the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone,
 All ample rivers of our milder zone,
 While they advance along the flats and plains, 565
 Spread by the showers augmented, and the rains;
 Yet these their source and first beginning owe
 To stores, that from the Alpine mountains flow;
 Hence, when the snows in winter cease to weep,
 And undissolv'd their flaky texture keep, 570
 The banks with ease their humble streams contain,
 Which swell in summer, and those banks disdain.
 Be this account allow'd, say, do not here
 Th' impressions of consummate art appear?

In every spacious realm a rising ground, 575
 Observers tell, is in the middle found;
 That all the streams, which flow from either side,
 May through the valleys unobstructed glide.
 What various kingdoms does the Danube lave,
 Before the Euxine sea receives its wave! 580
 How many nations of the sun-burnt soil
 Fam'd Niger bless! how many drink the Nile!
 Through what vast regions near the rising sun
 Does Indus, Ganges, and Hydaspes, run!

What

head, What happy empires, wide Euphrates, teem, 585
And pregnant grow by thy prolific stream !

How many spacious countries does the Rhine,
In winding banks, and mazes serpentine,
Traverse, before he splits in Belgia's plain,
And lost in sand creeps to the German main ! 590

560 Floods which through Indian realms their course pursue,
That Mexico enrich, and wash Peru,
With their unwearied streams yet farther pass,
Before they reach the sea, and end their race.

And since the rivers and the floods demand, 595
For their descent, a prone and sinking land,
Does not this due deelvity declare
A wise Director's providential care ?

See, how the streams advancing to the main
Through crooked channels draw their crystal train ! 600
570 While lingering thus they in meanders glide,
They scatter verdant life on either side.

The valleys smile, and with their flowery face
And wealthy births confess the floods embrace.
But this great blessing would in part be lost, 605
575 Nor would the meads their blooming plenty boast ;
Did uncheck'd rivers draw their fluid train
In lines direct, and rapid seek the main.

The sea does next demand our view ; and there
No less the marks of perfect skill appear. 610

580 When first the atoms to the congress came,
And by their concourse form'd the mighty frame,
What did the liquid to th' assembly call,
To give their aid to form the ponderous ball ?

First,

First, tell us, why did any come? next, why
 In such a disproportion to the dry? 615
 Why were the moist in number so outdone,
 That to a thousand dry, they are but one?
 When they united, and together clung,
 When undistinguish'd in one heap they hung, 620
 How was the union broke, the knot unty'd?
 What did th' entangled elements divide?
 Why did the moist disjoin'd, without respect
 To their less weight, the lowest seat elect?
 Could they dispense to lie below the land, 625
 With nature's law, and unrepeal'd command;
 Which gives to lighter things the greatest height,
 And seats inferior to superior weight?
 Did they foresee, unless they lay so low,
 The restless flood the land would overflow, 630
 By which the delug'd earth would useless grow?
 What, but a conscious agent, could provide
 The spacious hollow, where the waves reside?
 Where, barr'd with rock, and fenc'd with hills, the deep
 Does in its womb the floating treasures keep; 635
 And all the raging regiments restrain
 In stated limits, that the swelling main
 May not in triumph o'er the frontier ride,
 And through the land licentious spread its tide?
 What other cause the frame could so contrive, 640
 That, when tempestuous winds the ocean drive,
 They cannot break the tye, nor disunite
 The waves, which roll connected in their flight?

615 Their bands, though slack, no dissolution fear,
 Th' unsever'd parts the greatest pressure bear, 645 }
 Though loose, and fit to flow, they still cohere.
 This apt, this wise contexture of the sea,
 Makes it the ships driv'n by the winds obey;
 620 Whence hardy merchants sail from shore to shore,
 Bring Indian spices home, and Guinea's ore. 650
 When you with liquid stores have fill'd the deep,
 What does the flood from putrefaction keep?
 Should it lie stagnant in its ample seat,
 625 The sun would through it spread destructive heat.
 The wise Contriver, on his end intent, 655
 Careful this fatal error to prevent,
 And keep the waters from corruption free,
 Mixt them with salt, and season'd all the sea.
 30 } What other cause could this effect produce?
 The brackish tincture through the main diffuse? 660
 You, who to solar beams this task assign,
 To scald the waves, and turn the tide to brine,
 Reflect, that all the fluid stores, which sleep
 635 in the remotest caverns of the deep,
 Have of the briny force a greater share 665
 Than those above, that meet the ambient air.
 Others, but oh how much in vain! erect
 Mountains of salt, the ocean to infect.
 640 Who, vers'd in nature, can describe the land,
 Or fix the place on which those mountains stand? 670
 Why have those rocks so long unwasted stood,
 Since, lavish of their stock, they through the flood
 Have, ages past, their melting crystal spread,
 And with their spoils the liquid regions fed?

Yet

Yet more, the wise Contriver did provide, 675
 To keep the sea from stagnating the tide;
 Which now we see advance, and now subside.
 If you exclude this great Directing Mind,
 Declare what cause of this effect you find.
 You who this globe round its own axis drive, 680
 From that rotation this event derive:
 You say, the sea, which with unequal pace
 Attends the earth in this its rapid race,
 Does with its waves fall backward to the west,
 And, thence repell'd, advances to the east: 685
 While this revolving motion does endure,
 The deep must reel, and rush from shore to shore:
 Thus to the setting, and the rising sun,
 Alternate tides in stated order run.
 Th' experiments you bring us, to explain 690
 This notion, are impertinent and vain:
 An orb or ball round its own axis whirl,
 Will not the motion to a distance hurl,
 Whatever dust or sand you on it place,
 And drops of water from its convex face? 695
 If this rotation does the seas affect,
 The rapid motion rather would eject
 The stores the low capacious caves contain,
 And from its ample basin cast the main;
 Aloft in air would make the ocean fly, 700
 And dash its scatter'd waves against the sky.

If you, to solve th' appearance, have recourse
 To the bright sun's or moon's impulsive force;
 Do you, who call for demonstration, tell
 How distant orbs th' obedient flood impel? 705

675 } This strong mysterious influence explain,
 } By which, to swell the waves, they press the main.
 } But if you choose magnetic power, and say
 } Those bodies by attraction move the sea;
 } Till with new light you make this secret known, 710
 680 } And tell us how 'tis by attraction done,
 } You leave the mind in darkness still involv'd,
 } Nor have you, like philosophers, resolv'd
 } The doubts, which we to reasoning men refer,
 } But with a cant of words abuse the ear. 715
 685 } Those who assert the lunar orb presides
 } O'er humid bodies, and the ocean guides;
 } Whose waves obsequious ebb, or swelling run,
 } With the declining or increasing moon;
 } With reason seem her empire to maintain, 720
 690 } As mistress of the rivers and the main.
 } Perhaps her active influences cause
 } Th' alternate flood, and give the billow laws;
 } The waters seem her orders to obey,
 } And ebb and flow, determin'd by her sway. 725
 695 } Grant that the deep this foreign sovereign owns,
 } That mov'd by her it this and that way runs.
 } Say, by what force she makes the ocean swell;
 } Does she attract the waters, or impel?
 } How does she rule the rolling waves, and guide 730
 700 } By fixt and constant laws the restless tide?
 } Why does she dart her force to that degree,
 } As gives so just a motion to the sea,
 } That it should flow no more, no more retire,
 } Than nature's various useful ends require? 735

A Mind Supreme you therefore must approve,
 Whose high command caus'd matter first to move:
 Who still preserves its course, and, with respect
 To his wise ends, all motions does direct.
 He to the silver moon this province gave, 749
 And fixt her empire o'er the briny wave;
 Endued her with such just degrees of power,
 As might his aims and wise designs procure,
 Might agitate and work the troubled deep,
 And rolling waters from corruption keep, 745
 But not impel them o'er their bounds of sand,
 Nor force the wasteful deluge o'er the land.

C R E A T I O N.

B O O K II.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Introduction. The numerous and important blessings of religion. The existence of a God demonstrated, from the wisdom and design which appear in the motions of the heavenly orbs; but more particularly in the solar system. I. In the situation of the sun, and its due distance from the earth. The fatal consequences of its having been placed otherwise than it is. II. In its diurnal motion, whence the change of day and night proceeds: then in its annual motion, whence arise the different degrees of heat and cold. The confinement of the sun between the tropicks, not to be accounted for by any philosophical hypothesis. The difficulties of the same, if the earth moves, and the sun rests. The spring of the sun's motion, not to be explained by any irreligious philosophy. The contemplation of the solar light, and the uses made of it for the end proposed. The appearances in the solar system not to be solved, but by asserting a God. The systems of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, considered. The solar system described, and compared with the fixed stars, which are supposed centres of the like systems. Reflections on that comparison. The hypothesis of Epicurus, in relation to the motion of

the sun. Wisdom and design discovered in the air;
 in its useful structure, its elasticity, its various me-
 teors; the wind, the rain, thunder, and lightning.
 A short contemplation of the vegetable kind.

CARUS, by hardy Epicurus taught,
 From Greece to Rome his impious system brought;
 Then war with heaven he did insulting wage,
 And breath'd against the gods immortal rage:
 See, he exclaims, the source of all our woe!
 Our fears and sufferings from religion flow.

We grant, a train of mischiefs oft' proceeds
 From superstitious rites and penal creeds;
 But view religion in her native charms,
 Dispersing blessings with indulgent arms;
 From her fair eyes what heavenly rays are spread!
 What blooming joys smile round her blissful head!

Offspring divine; by thee we bless the cause,
 Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws;
 His independent being we adore,
 Extol his goodness, and revere his power;
 Our wondering eyes his high perfections view,
 The lofty contemplation we pursue,
 Till ravish'd we the great idea find,
 Shining in bright impressions on our mind.

Inspir'd by thee, guest of celestial race,
 With generous love, we human-kind embrace;
 We provocations unprovok'd receive,
 Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive;

Prote

Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cause, 25

Nor deviate from the line unerring justice draws.

Thy lustre, blest effulgence, can dispel

The clouds of error, and the gloom of hell ;

Can to the soul impart ethereal light,

Give life divine and intellectual sight : 30

Before our ravish'd eyes thy beams display

The opening scenes of bliss, and endless day ;

By which incited, we with ardour rise,

Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies.

Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe, 35

Dismiss their tortures, and indulgent grow.

Ambitious conquerors in their mad career,

Check'd by thy voice, lay down the sword and spear.

The boldest champions of impiety,

Scornful of Heaven, subdu'd or won by thee, 40 }

Before thy hallow'd altars bend the knee ;

Loose wits, made wise, a public good become,

The sons of pride an humble mien assume ;

The profligate in morals grows severe,

Defrauders just, and sycophants sincere. 45

With amorous language, and bewitching smiles,

Attractive airs, and all the lover's wiles,

The fair Egyptian Jacob's son caress'd,

Hung on his neck, and languish'd on his breast ;

Courted with freedom now the beauteous slave, 50

Now flattering sued, and threatening now did rave ;

But not the various eloquence of love,

Nor power enrag'd, could his fix'd virtue move.

See, aw'd by Heaven, the blooming Hebrew flies

Her artful tongue, and more persuasive eyes ; 55

And, springing from her disappointed arms,
Prefers a dungeon to forbidden charms.

Stedfast in virtue's and his country's cause,
Th' illustrious founder of the Jewish laws,
Who, taught by Heaven, at genuine greatness aim'd,
With worthy pride imperial blood disclaim'd;
Th' alluring hopes of Pharoah's throne resign'd,
And the vain pleasures of a court declin'd;
Pleas'd with obscure recess, to ease the pains
Of Jacob's race, and break their servile chains; 65
Such generous minds are form'd where blest Religion

Ye friends of Epicurus, look around, [reigns.]
All nature view with marks of prudence crown'd:
Mind the wise ends, which proper means promote;
See how the different parts for different use are wrought;
Contemplate all this conduct and design,
Then own and praise th' Artificer Divine.

Regard the orb sublime, in æther borne,
Which the blue regions of the skies adorn;
Compar'd with whose extent this low-hung ball, 75
Shrunk to a point, is despicably small:
Their number, counting those th' unaided eye
Can see, or by invented tubes descry,
With those which in the adverse hemisphere,
Or near each pole to lands remote appear;
The widest stretch of human thought exceeds,
And in th' attentive mind amazement breeds;
While these so numerous, and so vast of size,
In various ways roll through the trackless skies;
Through crossing roads perplex and intricate, 85
Perform their stages, and their rounds repeat;

None by collision from their course are driven,
 No shocks, no conflicts, break the peace of heaven;
 No shatter'd globes, no glowing fragments fall,
 No worlds o'erturn'd crush this terrestrial ball; 90
 In beauteous order all the orbs advance,
 And in their mazy complicated dance,
 Not in one part of all the pathless sky,
 Did any ever halt, or step awry.

When twice ten thousand men depriv'd of sight, 95
 To some wide vale direct their footsteps right;
 Shall there a various figur'd dance essay,
 Move by just steps, and measur'd time obey;
 Shall croses each other with unerring feet,
 Never mistake their place, and never meet: 100
 Nor shall in many years the least decline

From the same ground, and the same winding line:
 Then may in various roads the orbs above,
 Without a guide, in perfect concord move;
 Then beauty, order, and harmonious laws, 105
 May not require a wise Directing Cause.

See how th' indulgent father of the day
 At such due distance does his beams display,
 That he his heat may give to sea and land,
 In just degrees, as all their wants demand! 110

But had he, in th' unmeasurable space
 Of æther, chosen a remoter place;
 For instance, pleas'd with that superior seat
 Where Saturn, or where Jove, their course repeat;
 Or had he happen'd farther yet to lie, 115
 In the more distant quarters of the sky;

How sad, how wild, how exquisite a scene
 Of desolation, had this planet been !
 A wasteful, cold, untrodden wilderness,
 The gloomy haunts of horror and distress :
 Instead of woods, which crown the mountain's head,
 And the gay honours of the verdant mead ;
 Instead of golden fruits, the garden's pride,
 By genial show'rs and solar heat supply'd ;
 Icelandic cold, and Hyperborean snows,
 Eternal frost, with ice that never flows,
 Unsufferable winter, had defac'd
 Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waste :
 No mild indulgent gales would gently bear,
 On their soft wings, sweet vapours through the air, 130
 The balmy spoils of plants and fragrant flowers,
 Of aromatic groves, and myrtle bowers,
 Whose odoriferous exhalations fan
 The flame of life, and recreate beast and man ;
 But storms, ev'n worse than vex Norwegian waves, 135
 That breed in Scythia's hills, or Lapland caves,
 Would through this bleak terrestrial desert blow,
 Glaze it with ice, or overwhelm it o'er with snow.

Or had the sun, by like unhappy fate,
 Elected to the earth a nearer seat, 140
 His beams had cleft the hill, the valley dry'd,
 Exhal'd the lake, and drain'd the briny tide :
 A heat superior far to that which broils
 Bornéo, or Sumatra, Indian isles ;
 Than that which ripens Guinea's golden ore, 145
 Or burns the Lybian hind, or tans the Moor ;

Had laid all nature waste, and turn'd the land
To hills of cinders, and to vales of sand ;
No beasts could then have rang'd the leafless wood,
Nor finny nations cut the boiling flood : 150
Birds had not beat the airy road, the swains
No flocks had tended on the russet plains.

Thus, had the sun's bright orb been more remote,
The cold had kill'd ; and, if more near, the drought.

Next see, Lucretian fages, see the sun 155
His course diurnal and his annual run.

How in his glorious race he moves along,
Gay as a bridegroom, as a giant strong :
How his unvary'd labour he repeats,

Returns at morning, and at eve retreats ; 160
And by the distribution of his light,

Now gives to man the day, and now the night ;
Night, when the drowsy swain and traveller cease
Their daily toil, and soothe their limbs with ease ;

When all the weary sons of woe restrain 165 }
Their yielding cares with slumber's silken chain,
Solace sad grief, and lull reluctant pain.

And while the sun, ne'er covetous of rest,
Flies with such rapid speed from east to west,
In tracks oblique he through the zodiac rolls, 170
Between the northern and the southern poles :
From which revolving progress through the skies,
The needful seasons of the year arise.

And as he now advances, now retreats,
Whence winter colds proceed, and summer heats, 175
He qualifies and cheers the air by turns,
Which winter freezes, and which summer burns.

Thus

Thus his kind rays the two extremes reduce,
 And keep a temper fit for nature's use.
 The frost and drought, by this alternate power, 180
 The earth's prolific energy restore.
 The lives of man and beast demand the change;
 Hence fowls the air, and fish the ocean, range.
 Of heat and cold this just successive reign,
 Which does the balance of the year maintain; 185
 The gardener's hope and farmer's patience props,
 Gives vernal verdure, and autumnal crops.

Should but the sun his duty once forget,
 Nor from the north, nor from the south retreat:
 Should not the beams revive, and sooth the soil, 190
 Mellow the furrow for the ploughman's toil;
 A teeming vigour should they not diffuse,
 Ferment the glebe, and genial spirits loose,
 Which lay imprison'd in the stiffen'd ground,
 Congeal'd with cold, in frosty fetters bound; 195
 Unfruitful Earth her wretched fate would mourn,
 No grafs would clothe the plains, no fruit the trees adorn.

But did the lingering orb much longer stay,
 Unmindful of his course, and crooked way;
 The earth, of dews defrauded, would detest 200
 The fatal favour of th' effulgent guest;
 To distant worlds implore him to repair,
 And free from noxious beams the sultry air;
 His rays productive now of wealth and joy,
 Would then the pasture and the hills annoy, 205
 And with too great indulgence would destroy:
 In vain the labouring hind would till the land,
 Turn up the glebe, and sow his seed in sand;

The meads would crack, in want of binding dews,
 The channels would th' exhaling river lose : 210
 While in their haunts wild beasts expiring lie,
 The panting herds would on the pasture die.
 But now the sun at neither tropick stays
 A longer time than his alternate rays
 In such proportion heat and lustre give, 215
 As do not ruin nature, but revive.

When the bright orb, to solace southern seats,
 Inverts his course, and from the north retreats ;
 As he advances, his indulgent beam
 Makes the glad earth with fresh conceptions teem ; 220
 Restores their leafy honours to the woods,
 Flowers to the banks, and freedom to the floods ;
 Unbinds the turf, exhilarates the plain,
 Brings back his labour, and recruits the swain ;
 Through all the soil a genial ferment spreads, 225
 Regenerates the plants, and new adorns the meads.
 The birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
 At nature's verdant restoration sing, }
 And with melodious lay salute the spring. }

The heats of summer benefits produce 230
 Of equal number, and of equal use :
 The sprouting births, and beauteous vernal bloom,
 By warmer rays to ripe perfection come ;
 Th' austere and ponderous juices they sublime, }
 Make them ascend the porous soil, and climb 235 }
 The orange-tree, the citron, and the lime ;
 Which, drunk in plenty by the thirsty root,
 Break forth in painted flowers, and golden fruit :
 They

They explicate the leaves, and ripen food
 For the silk-labourers of the mulberry wood ; 248
 And the sweet liquor on the cane bestow,
 From which prepar'd the luscious sugars flow ;
 With generous juice enrich the spreading vine,
 And in the grape digest the sprightly wine.
 The fragrant trees, which grow by Indian floods, 245
 And in Arabia's aromatic woods,
 Owe all their spices to the summer's heat,
 Their gummy tears, and odoriferous sweat.
 Now the bright sun compacts the precious stone,
 Imparting radiant lustre, like his own : 250
 He tinctures rubies with their rosy hue,
 And on the sapphire spreads a heavenly blue ;
 For the proud monarch's dazzling crown prepares
 Rich orient pearl, and adamantine stars.

Next autumn, when the sun's withdrawing ray 255
 The night enlarges, and contracts the day,
 To crown his labour, to the farmer yields
 The yellow treasures of his fruitful fields ;
 Ripens the harvest for the crooked steel
 (While bending stalks the rural weapon feel) ; 260
 The fragrant fruit for the nice palate fits,
 And to the press the swelling grape submits.

At length, forsaken by the solar rays,
 See, drooping Nature sickens and decays ;
 While Winter all his snowy stores displays, 265
 In hoary triumph unmolested reigns
 O'er barren hills, and bleak untrodden plains ;
 Hardens the glebe, the shady grove deforms,
 Fetters the floods, and shakes the air with storms.

Now

Now active spirits are restrain'd with cold, 270

And prisons, cramp'd with ice, the genial captives hold.

The meads their flowery pride no longer wear,

And trees extend their naked arms in air ;

The frozen furrow, and the fallow field,

Nor to the spade, nor to the harrow, yield. 275

Yet in their turn the snows and frosts produce
Various effects, and of important use.

Th' intemperate heats of summer are controll'd

By winter's rigour, and inclement cold,

Which checks contagious spawn, and noxious steams,

The fatal offspring of immoderate beams ;

Th' exhausted air with vital nitre fills,

Infection stops, and deaths in embryo kills ;

Constrains the glebe, keeps back the hurtful weed,

And fits the furrow for the vernal seed. 285

The spirits now, as said, imprison'd stay,

Which else, by warmer sun-beams drawn away,

Would roam in air, and dissipated stray. }

Thus are the winter frosts to nature kind,

Frosts, which reduce excessive heats, and bind 290

Prolific ferments in resistless chains,

Whence parent earth her fruitfulness maintains.

To compass all these happy ends, the sun

In winding tracts does through the zodiac run.

You, who so much are vers'd in causes, tell, 295

What from the tropicks can the sun repel ?

What vigorous arm, what repercussive blow,

Bandies the mighty globe still to and fro,

Yet with such conduct, such unerring art,

He never did the trackless road desert ? 300

Why

Why does he never in his spiral race
 The tropicks or the polar circles pass?
 What gulphs, what mounds, what terrors can control
 The rushing orb, and make him backward roll?
 Why should he halt at either station? why
 Not forward run in unobstructive sky?
 Can he not pass an astronomic line?
 Or does he dread th' imaginary sign;
 That he should ne'er advance to either pole,
 Nor farther yet in liquid æther roll,
 Till he has gain'd some unfrequented place,
 Lost to the world in vast unmeasur'd space?

If to the old you the new schools prefer,
 And to the fam'd Copernicus adhere;
 If you esteem that supposition best,
 Which moves the earth, and leaves the sun at rest;
 With a new veil your ignorance you hide,
 Still is the knot as hard to be untied;
 You change your scheme, but the old doubts remain,
 And still you leave th' inquiring mind in pain.

This problem, as philosophers, resolve:
 What makes the globe from west to east revolve?
 What is the strong impulsive cause declare,
 Which rolls the ponderous orb so swift in air?
 To your vain answer will you have recourse,
 And tell us 'tis ingenite, active force,
 Mobility, or native power to move,
 Words which mean nothing, and can nothing prove?
 That moving power, that force innate explain,
 Or your grave answers are absurd and vain:

We no solution of our question find ;
Your words bewilder, not direct the mind.

If you, this rapid motion to procure,
For the hard task employ magnetic power,
Whether that power you at the centre place, 335

Or in the middle regions of the mass,
Or else, as some philosophers assert,
You give an equal share to every part,
Have you by this the cause of motion shown ?

After explaining, is it not unknown ? 340

Since you pretend, by reason's strictest laws,
Of an effect to manifest the cause ;

Nature, of wonders so immense a field,
Can none more strange, none more mysterious yield,
None that eludes sagacious reason more 345

Than this obscure, inexplicable power.
Since you the spring of motion cannot show,
Be just, and faultless ignorance allow ;
Say, 'tis obedience to th' Almighty nod,
That 'tis the will, the power, the hand of God. 350

Philosophers of spreading fame are found,
Who by th' attraction of the orbs around
Would move the earth, and make its course obey
The sun's and moon's inevitable sway.

Some from the pressure and impelling force 355

Of heavenly bodies would derive its course ;
Whilst in the dark and difficult dispute
All are by turns confuted, and confute ;
Each can subvert th' opponent's scheme, but none

Has strength of reason to support his own. 360

The

The mind employ'd in search of secret things,
 To find out motion's cause and hidden springs,
 Through all th' ethereal regions mounts on high,
 Views all the spheres, and ranges all the sky;
 Searches the orbs, and penetrates the air 365
 With unsuccessful toil, and fruitless care;
 Till, stopp'd by awful heights, and gulphs immense
 Of Wisdom, and of vast Omnipotence,
 She trembling stands, and does in wonder gaze,
 Lost in the wide inextricable maze. 370

See, how the sun does on the middle shine,
 And round the globe describe th' æquator line;
 By which wise means he can the whole survey
 With a direct, or with a slanting ray,
 In the succession of a night and day. 375
 Had the north pole been fixt beneath the sun,
 To southern realms the day had been unknown:
 If the south pole had gain'd that nearer seat,
 The northern climes had met as hard a fate.
 And since the space, that lies on either side 380
 The solar orb, is without limits wide;
 Grant that the sun had happen'd to prefer
 A seat ascant but one diameter,
 Lost to the light by that unhappy place
 This globe had lain a frozen, lonesome mass. 385

Behold the light emitted from the sun,
 What more familiar, and what more unknown!
 While by its spreading radiance it reveals
 All nature's face, it still itself conceals.
 See how each morn it does its beams display, 390
 And on its golden wings bring back the day!

How

How soon th' effulgent emanations fly
Through the blue gulph of interposing sky!
How soon their lustre all the region fills,
Smiles on the vallies, and adorns the hills! 395

365 Millions of miles, so rapid is their race,
To cheer the earth, they in few moments pass.
Amazing progress! At its utmost stretch,
What human mind can this swift motion reach?
But if, to save so quick a flight, you say 400

370 The ever-rolling orb's impulsive ray
On the next threads and filaments does bear
Which form the springy texture of the air,
That those still strike the next, till to the sight
The quick vibration propagates the light; 405
75 'Tis still as hard, if we this scheme believe,
The cause of light's swift progress to conceive.

With thought from prepossession free, reflect
On solar rays, as they the sight respect.
The beams of light had been in vain display'd, 410
380 Had not the eye been fit for vision made:
In vain the Author had the eye prepar'd
With so much skill, had not the light appear'd.

The old and new astronomers in vain
Attempt the heavenly motions to explain. 415

385 First Ptolemy his scheme celestial wrought,
And of machines a wild provision brought:
Orbs centric and eccentric he prepares,
Cycles and epicycles, solid spheres,
In order plac'd, and with bright globes inlaid, 420
390 To solve the tours by heavenly bodies made.

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G

But

How

But so perplext, so intricate a frame,
 The latter ages with derision name.
 The comets, which at seasons downward tend,
 Then with their flaming equipage ascend ;
 Venus, which in the purlieus of the sun
 Does now above him, now beneath him, run ;
 The ancient structure of the heavens subvert,
 Rear'd with vast labour, but with little art.

Copernicus, who rightly did condemn
 This eldest system, form'd a wiser scheme ;
 In which he leaves the sun at rest, and rolls
 The orb terrestrial on its proper poles ;
 Which makes the night and day by this career,
 And by its slow and crooked course the year.
 The famous Dane, who oft' the modern guides,
 To earth and sun their provinces divides :
 The earth's rotation makes the night and day ;
 The sun revolving through th' ecliptic way
 Effects the various seasons of the year,
 Which in their turn for happy ends appear.
 This scheme or that, which pleases best, embrace,
 Still we the fountain of their motion trace.

Kepler asserts these wonders may be done
 By the magnetic virtue of the sun,
 Which he, to gain his end, thinks fit to place
 Full in the centre of that mighty space,
 Which does the spheres, where planets roll, include,
 And leaves him with attractive force endued.
 The sun, thus seated, by mechanic laws,
 The earth and every distant planet draws ;

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By which attraction all the planets, found
Within his reach, are turn'd in æther round.

If all these rolling orbs the sun obey,
Who holds his empire by magnetic sway? 455

Since all are guided with an equal force,
Why are they so unequal in their course?

Saturn in thirty years his ring completes,
Which swifter Jupiter in twelve repeats.

Mars three and twenty months revolving spends; 460
The Earth in twelve her annual journey ends.

Venus, thy race in twice four months is run;
For his, Mercurius three demands; the Moon
Her revolution finishes in one. }

If all at once are mov'd, and by one spring, 465
Why so unequal is their annual ring?

If some, you say, prest with a ponderous load
Of gravity, move slower in their road,

Because, with weight incumber'd and oppress'd,
These sluggish orbs th' attractive sun resist; 470

Till you can weight and gravity explain,
Those words are insignificant and vain.

If planetary orbs the sun obey,
Why should the moon disown his sovereign sway?

Why in a whirling eddy of her own 475
Around the globe terrestrial should she run?

This disobedience of the moon will prove
The sun's bright orb does not the planet move.

Philosophers may spare their toil; in vain

They form new schemes, and rack their thoughtful }
brain, 480 }

The cause of heavenly motions to explain:

After their various unsuccessful ways,
 Their fruitless labour, and inept essays,
 No cause of those appearances they'll find,
 But power exerted by th' Eternal Mind ; 485
 Which through their roads the orbs celestial drives,
 And this or that determin'd motion gives.
 The Mind Supreme does all his worlds control,
 Which by his order this and that way roll;
 From him they take a delegated force, 490
 And by his high command maintain their course ;
 By laws decreed ere fleeting time begun,
 In their fixt limits they their stages run.

But if the earth, and each erratic world,
 Around their sun their proper centre whirl'd, 495
 Compose but one extended vast machine,
 And from one spring their motions all begin ;
 Does not so wide, so intricate a frame,
 Yet so harmonious, sovereign art proclaim ?
 Is it a proof of judgment to invent 500
 A work of spheres involv'd, which represent
 The situation of the orbs above,
 Their size and number shew, and how they move ?
 And does not in the orbs themselves appear
 A great contrivance, and design as clear ? 505

This wide machine the universe regard,
 With how much skill is each apartment rear'd !
 The sun, a globe of fire, a glowing mass,
 Hotter than melting flint, or fluid glass,
 Of this our system holds the middle place. 510
 Mercurius, nearest to the central sun,
 Does in an oval orbit circling run ;

But rarely is the object of our sight
 In solar glory sunk, and more prevailing light.
 Venus the next, whose lovely beams adorn 515 }
 As well the dewy eve, as opening morn,
 Does her fair orb in beauteous order turn.
 The globe terrestrial next, with slanting poles,
 And all its ponderous load, unwearied rolls.
 Then we behold bright planetary Jove 520
 Sublime in air through his wide province move ;
 Four second planets his dominion own,
 And round him turn, as round the earth the moon.
 Saturn, revolving in the highest sphere,
 With lingering labour finishes his year. 525
 Yet is this mighty system, which contains
 So many worlds, such vast ethereal plains,
 But one of thousands, which compose the whole,
 Perhaps as glorious, and of worlds as full.
 The stars, which grace the high expansion, bright 530
 By their own beams, and unprecious light,
 Though some near neighbours seem, and some display
 United lustre in the milky way,
 At a vast distance from each other lie,
 Sever'd by spacious voids of liquid sky. 535
 All these illustrious worlds, and many more,
 Which by the tube astronomers explore ;
 And millions which the glass can ne'er descry,
 Lost in the wilds of vast immensity ;
 Are suns, are centres, whose superior sway 540
 Planets of various magnitude obey.
 If we with one clear comprehensive sight
 Saw all these systems, all these orbs of light ;

If we their order and dependence knew,
 Had all their motions and their ends in view, 545
 With all the comets which in æther stray,
 Yet constant to their time, and to their way;
 Which planets seem, though rarely they appear,
 Rarely approach the radiant sun so near,
 That his fair beams their atmosphere pervade, 550
 Whence their bright hair and flaming trains are made;
 Would not this view convincing marks impart
 Of perfect prudence, and stupendous art?

The masters form'd in Newton's famous school,
 Who does the chief in modern science rule, 555
 Erect their schemes by mathematic laws,
 And solve appearances with just applause:
 These, who have Nature's steps with care pursued,
 That matter is with active force endued,
 That all its parts magnetic power exert, 560
 And to each other gravitate, assert.
 While by this power they on each other act,
 They are at once attracted, and attract.
 Less bulky matter therefore must obey
 More bulky matter's more engaging sway; 565
 By this the fabrick they together hold,
 By this the course of heavenly orbs unfold.
 Yet these sagacious sons of science own
 Attractive virtue is a thing unknown.
 This wondrous power, they piously assert, 570
 Th' Almighty Author did at first impart
 To matter in degrees, that might produce
 The motions he design'd for Nature's use.

But,

But, lest we should not here due reverence pay
To learned Epicurus, see the way 575

By which this reasoner, of such high renown,
Moves through th' ecliptic road the rolling sun.

Opprest with thirst and heat, to adverse seats
By turns, says he, the panting sun retreats

To slake his drought, his vigour to repair 580
In snowy climes, and frozen fields of air;

Where the bright glutton revels without rest
On his cool banquet, and ærial feast;

Still to and fro he does his light convey
Through the same track, the same unalter'd way, 585 }

On luxury intent, and eager of his prey.
But if the sun is back and forward roll'd,

To treat his thirsty orb with polar cold,
Say, is it not, good Epicurus, strange

He should not once beyond the tropic range, 590
Where he, to quench his drought so much inclin'd,

May snowy fields, and nitrous pastures find,
Meet stores of cold so greedily pursu'd,

And be refresh'd with never-wasting food?
Sometimes this wondrous man is pleas'd to say, 595

This way and that strong blasts the sun convey:
A northern wind his orb with vigour drives,

Till at the southern tropic it arrives;
Then, wanting breath, and with his toil opprest,

He drops his wings, and leaves the air at rest; 600
Fresh gusts, now springing from the southern pole,

Assault him there, and make him backward roll.
Thus gales alternate through the zodiac blow

The sailing orb, and waft him to and fro;
G 4 While

While Epicurus, blest with thought refin'd,
Makes the vast globe the pastime of the wind.

Were it not idle labour to confute
Notions so wild, unworthy of dispute ;
I'd of the learned Epicurus ask,
If this were for the winds a proper task ?
Illustrious sage, inform th' inquirer, why
Still from one stated point of all the sky
The fickle meteor should the sun convey
Through the same stages of his spiral way ?
Why in one path, why with such equal pace,
That he should never miss in all his race,
Of time one minute, or one inch of space ?

Remark the air's transparent element,
Its curious structure, and its vast extent :
Its wondrous web proclaims the loom divine ;
Its threads, the hand that drew them out so fine.
This thin contexture makes its bosom fit
Celestial heat and lustre to transmit ;
By which of foreign orbs the riches flow
On this dependent, needy ball below.

Observe its parts link'd in such artful sort,
All are at once supported, and support :
The column pois'd fits hovering on our heads,
And a soft burden on our shoulders spreads ;
So the side-arches all the weight sustain,
We find no pressure, and we feel no pain ;
Still are the subtile strings in tension found,
Like those of lutes to just proportion wound,
Which of the air's vibration is the source,
When it receives the strokes of foreign force.

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Let

605 Let curious minds, who would the air inspect,
 On its elastic energy reflect.
 The secret force through all the frame diffus'd,
 By which its strings are from compression loos'd ;
 The spongy parts, now to a straiter seat 640
 610 Are forc'd by cold, and widen'd now by heat ;
 By turns they all extend, by turns retire,
 As Nature's various services require ;
 They now expand to fill an empty space,
 Now shrink to let a ponderous body pass. 645
 15 } If raging winds invade the atmosphere,
 } Their force its curious texture cannot tear,
 } Make no disruption in the threads of air ;
 Or if it does, those parts themselves restore,
 Heal their own wounds, and their own breaches
 620 cure. 650
 Hence the melodious tenants of the sky,
 Which haunt inferior seats, or soar on high,
 With ease through all the fluid region stray,
 And through the wide expansion wing their way ;
 625 Whose open meshes let terrestrial steams 655
 Pass through, entic'd away by solar beams ;
 And thus a road reciprocal display
 To rising vapours, and descending day.
 Of heat and light, what ever-during stores,
 630 Brought from the sun's exhaustless golden shores, 660
 Through gulphs immense of intervening air,
 Enrich the earth, and every loss repair !
 The land, its gainful traffick to maintain,
 Sends out crude vapours, in exchange for rain ;
 635 The
 Let

The flowery garden and the verdant mead, 665
 Warm'd by their rays, their exhalations spread,
 In showers and balmy dews to be repaid ;
 The streams, their banks forsaken, upward move,
 And flow again in wandering clouds above :
 These regions Nature's magazines on high 670
 With all the stores demanded there supply ;
 Their different steams the air's wide bosom fill,
 Moist from the flood, dry from the barren hill ;
 Materials into meteors to be wrought,
 Which back to these terrestrial seats are brought, 675
 By Nature shap'd to various figures, those
 The fruitful rain, and these the hail compose,
 The snowy fleece, and curious frost-work ; these
 Produce the dew, and those the gentle breeze :
 Some form fierce winds, which o'er the mountain pass,
 And beat with vigorous wings the valley's face ;
 O'er the wide lake and barren desert blow,
 O'er Libya's burning sand, and Scythia's snow ;
 Shake the high cedar, through the forest sweep,
 And with their furious breath ferment the deep. 685

This thin, this soft contexture of the air
 Shows the wise Author's providential care,
 Who did the wondrous structure so contrive,
 That it might life to breathing creatures give ;
 Might reinspire, and make the circling mass 690
 Through all its winding channels fit to pass.
 Had not the Maker wrought the springy frame
 Such as it is, to fan the vital flame,
 The blood, defrauded of its nitrous food,
 Had cool'd and languish'd in th' arterial road : 695

While

665 } While the tir'd heart had strove with fruitless pain
 To push the lazy tide along the vein.
 Of what important use to human kind,
 To what great ends subservient, is the wind !
 Behold, where'er this active vapour flies, 700
 670 drives the clouds, and agitates the skies :
 This from stagnation and corruption saves
 Th' aërial ocean's ever-rolling waves.
 This animals, to succour life, demand ;
 For, should the air unventilated stand, 705
 675 The idle deep corrupted would contain
 Blue deaths, and secret stores of raging pain ;
 The scorching sun would with a fatal beam
 Make all the void with births malignant teem,
 Engender jaundice, spotted torments breed, 710
 And purple plagues, from pestilential seed ;
 Exhaling vapours would be turn'd to swarms
 Of noxious insects, and destructive worms,
 More than were rais'd to scourge tyrannic lust,
 By Moses' rod, from animated dust. 715
 685 Another blessing, which the breathing wind
 Benevolent conveys to human kind,
 That it cools and qualifies the air,
 And with soft breezes does the regions cheer,
 On which the sun o'er-friendly does display 720
 690 Heat too prevailing, and redundant day.
 The swarthy nations of the torrid zone,
 How well to you is this great bounty known !
 As frequent gales from the wide ocean rise
 To fan your air, and moderate your skies ; 725

So constant winds, as well as rivers, flow
 From your high hills enrich'd with stores of snow;
 For this great end, these hills rise more sublime
 Than those erected in a temperate clime.

Had not the Author this provision made,
 By which your air is cool'd, your sun allay'd,
 Destroy'd by too intense a flame, the land
 Had lain a parch'd inhospitable sand.

These districts, which between the tropicks lie,
 Which scorching beams directly darted fry,
 Were thought an uninhabitable seat,
 Burnt by the neighbouring orb's immoderate heat:

But the fresh breeze, that from the ocean blows,
 From the wide lake, or from the mountain snows,
 So sooths the air, and mitigates the sun,
 So cures the regions of the sultry zone,
 That oft' with Nature's blessings they abound,
 Frequent in people, and with plenty crown'd.

As active winds relieve the air and land,
 The seas no less their useful blasts demand:
 Without this aid, the ship would ne'er advance
 Along the deep, and o'er the billow dance,
 But lie a lazy and a useless load,

The forest's wasted spoils, the lumber of the flood.

Let but the wind with an auspicious gale,
 To shove the vessel, fill the spreading sail,

And see, with swelling canvass wing'd, she flies,
 And with her waving streamers sweeps the skies!
 Th' adventurous merchant thus pursues his way
 Or to the rise, or to the fall of day.

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Thus mutual traffic sever'd realms maintain,
 And manufactures change to mutual gain ;
 Each other's growth and arts they sell and buy,
 Ease their redundance, and their wants supply.

Ye Britons, who the fruit of commerce find, 760
 How is your isle a debtor to the wind,

Which thither wafts Arabia's fragrant spoils,
 Gems, pearls, and spices, from the Indian isles,
 From Persia silks, wines from Iberia's shore,

Peruvian drugs, and Guinea's golden ore ! 765
 Delights and wealth to fair Augusta flow

From every region whence the winds can blow.

See, how the vapours congregated rear
 Their gloomy columns, and obscure the air !

Forgetful of their gravity, they rise, 770

Renounce the centre, and usurp the skies,
 Where, form'd to clouds, they their black lines display,
 And take their airy march, as winds convey.

Sublime in air while they their course pursue,
 They from their sable fleeces shake the dew 775

On the parch'd mountain, and with genial rain

Renew the forest, and refresh the plain :

They shed their healing juices on the ground,
 Cement the crack, and close the gaping wound.

Did not the vapours, by the solar heat 780

Thinn'd and exhal'd, rise to their airy seat,

Or not in watery clouds collected fly,

Then form'd to ponderous drops desert the sky ;

The fields would no recruits of moisture find,

But, by the sun-beams dry'd, and by the wind, 785

Would

Would never plant, or flower, or fruit, produce,
Or for the beast, or for his master's use.

But in the spacious climates, which the rain
Does never bless (such is th' Egyptian plain),
With how much art is that defect supply'd!
See, how some noble river's swelling tide,
Augmented by the mountains' melting snows,
Breaks from its banks, and o'er the region flows!
Hence fruitful crops and flowery wealth ensue,
And to the swain such mighty gains accrue,
He ne'er reproaches Heaven for want of dew.

See, and revere, th' artillery of Heaven,
Drawn by the gale, or by the tempest driven!
A dreadful fire the floating batteries make,
O'erturn the mountain, and the forest shake.
This way and that they drive the atmosphere,
And its wide bosom from corruption clear,
While their bright flame consumes the sulphur trains,
And noxious vapours, which infect our veins.
Thus they refine the vital element,
Secure our health, and growing plagues prevent.

Your contemplation farther yet pursue;
The wondrous world of vegetables view!
Observe the forest oak, the mountain pine,
The towering cedar, and the humble vine,
The bending willow, that o'er shades the flood,
And each spontaneous offspring of the wood!
The oak and pine, which high from earth arise,
And wave their lofty heads amidst the skies,
Their parent earth in like proportion wound,
And through crude metals penetrate the ground;

Their

Their strong and ample roots descend so deep,
That fixt and firm they may their station keep,
And the fierce shocks of furious winds defy,
With all the outrage of inclement sky. 820

But the base brier and the noble vine
Their arms around their stronger neighbour twine.
The creeping ivy, to prevent its fall,
Clings with its fibrous grapples to the wall.
Thus are the trees of every kind secure, 825

Or by their own, or by a borrow'd power.
But every tree from all its branching roots
Amidst the glebe small hollow fibres shoots;
Which drink with thirsty mouths the vital juice,
And to the limbs and leaves their food diffuse: 830
Peculiar pores peculiar juice receive,
To this deny, to that admittance give.

Hence various trees their various fruits produce,
Some for delightful taste, and some for use.
Hence sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood, 835
For physic some, and some design'd for food.
Hence fragrant flowers, with different colours dy'd,
On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride.

Review these numerous scenes, at once survey
Nature's extended face; then, sceptics, say, 840
In this wide field of wonders can you find
No art discover'd, and no end design'd?

C R E A T I O N.

B O O K III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Introduction. Useful knowledge first pursued by man. Agriculture. Architecture. Sculpture. Painting. Music. The Grecian Philosophers first engaged in useless speculations. The absurdity of asserting the self-existent, independent, and eternal being of atoms, according to the scheme of Epicurus. Answer to the objections of Atheists to the scheme of Creation asserted in the two former books. The objections brought by Lucretius against Creation, from the necessity of pre-existent matter for the formation of all kinds of beings; from the pretended unartful contrivance of the world; from thorns, briars, and noxious weeds; from savage beasts, storms, thunder, diseases; from the painful birth and the short life of man; from the inequality of heat and cold in different climates; answered. The objections of the Pyrrhonians, or Scepticks, answered. A reply to those who assert all-things owe their being and their motions to nature. Their different and senseless account of that word. More apparent and eminent skill and wisdom expressed in the works of nature than in those of human art. The unreasonableness of denying skill and design in the Author of those works. Vaninus, Hobbes, and Spinoza, considered.

HERE vain Philosophy had rear'd her school,
 Whose chiefs imagin'd realms of science rule,
 With idle toil form visionary schemes,
 And wage eternal war for rival dreams;
 Studious of good, man disregarded fame, 5
 And useful knowledge was his eldest aim :
 Through metaphysic wilds he never flew,
 Nor the dark haunts of school chimæras knew, }
 But had alone his happiness in view.

He milk'd the lowing herd, he press'd the cheese,
 Folded the flock, and spun the woolly fleece.
 In urns the bees delicious dews he lay'd,
 Whose kindling wax invented day display'd ;
 Wrested their iron entrails from the hills,
 Then with the spoils his glowing forges fills ; 15
 And shap'd with vigorous strokes the ruddy bar
 To rural arms, unconscious yet of war.
 He made the ploughshare in the furrow shine,
 And learn'd to sow his bread, and plant his vine.
 Now verdant food adorn'd the garden beds, 20
 And fruitful trees shot up their branching heads ;
 Rich balm from groves, and herbs from grassy plains,
 His fever sooth'd, or heal'd his wounded veins.

Our fathers next, in architecture skill'd,
 Cities for use, and forts for safety build : 25
 Then palaces and lofty domes arose,
 These for devotion, and for pleasure those.
 Their thoughts were next to artful sculpture turn'd,
 Which now the palace, now the dome adorn'd.

The pencil then did growing fame acquire,
 Then was the trumpet heard, and tuneful lyre,
 One did the triumph sing, and one the war inspire. } 30

Greece did at length a learned race produce,
 Who needful science mock'd, and arts of use,
 Consum'd their fruitless hours in eager chase } 35
 Of airy notions, through the boundless space
 Of speculation, and the darksome void,
 Where wrangling wits, in endless strife employ'd,
 Mankind with idle subtilties embroil,
 And fashion systems with romantic toil ; } 40
 These with the pride of dogmatizing schools
 Impos'd on Nature arbitrary rules ;
 Forc'd her their vain inventions to obey,
 And move as learned frenzy trac'd the way :
 Above the clouds while they presum'd to soar, } 45
 Her trackless heights ambitious to explore,
 And heaps of undigested volumes writ,
 Illusive notions of fantastic wit ;
 So long they Nature search'd, and mark'd her laws,
 They lost the knowledge of th' Almighty Cause. } 50

Th' erroneous dictates of each Grecian sage
 Renounc'd the doctrines of the eldest age :
 Yet these their matchless science did proclaim,
 Usurp distinction, and appropriate fame.

But though their schools produc'd no nobler fruit } 55
 Than empty schemes, and triumphs of dispute ;
 The notions which arise from Nature's light
 As well adorn the mind, as guide her right,
 Enlarge her compass, and improve her sight. }

These

These ne'er the breast with vain ambition fire, 60

But banish pride, and modest thoughts inspire.

By her inform'd, we blest religion learn,

Its glorious object by her aid discern;

The rolling worlds around us we survey,

Th' alternate sovereigns of the night and day; 65

View the wide earth adorn'd with hills and woods,

Rich in her herds, and fertile by her floods;

Walk through the deep apartments of the main,

Ascend the air to visit clouds and rain;

And, while we ravish'd gaze on Nature's face, 70

Remark her order, and her motions trace,

The long coherent chain of things we find

Leads to a Cause Supreme, a wise Creating Mind.

You, who the being of a God disclaim,

And think mere Chance produc'd this wondrous frame;

Say, did you e'er reflect, Lucretian tribe,

To matter what perfections you ascribe?

Can you to dust such veneration show?

An atom with such privilege endow,

That from its nature's pure necessity 80

It should exist, and no corruption see?

Since your first atoms independent are,

And not each other's being prop and bear,

And since to this it is fortuitous

That others should existence have; suppose 85

You in your mind one atom should remove

From all the troops, that in the vacant strove,

Cannot our thought conceive one atom less?

If so, you Grecian sages must confess

That matter, which you independent name,
 Cannot a being necessary claim ;
 For what has being from necessity,
 It is impossible it should not be.

Why has an atom this one place possess
 Of all the empty void, and not the rest ?
 If by its nature's force 'tis present here,
 By the same force it must be every where ;
 Can beings be confin'd, which necessary are ?
 If a first body may to any place
 Be not determin'd, in the boundless space,
 'Tis plain, it then may absent be from all ;
 Who then will this a self-existence call ?
 As time does vast eternity regard,
 So place is with infinitude compar'd :
 A being then, which never did commence,
 Must, as eternal, likewise be immense.
 What cause within, or what without, is found,
 That can a being uncreated bound ?
 None that's internal, for it has no cause ;
 Nor can it be controll'd by foreign laws,
 For then it clearly would dependent be
 On force superior, which will ne'er agree
 With self-existence and necessity.
 Absurdly then to atoms you assign
 Such powers, and such prerogatives divine.
 Thus while the notion of a God you slight,
 Yourself (who vainly think you reason right)
 Make vile material Gods, in number infinite.

Now let us, as 'tis just, in turn prepare
 To stand the foe, and wage defensive war.

90 Lucretius first, a mighty hero, springs
 Into the field, and his own triumph sings.
 He brings, to make us from our ground retire,
 The reasoners weapons, and the poet's fire.
 The tuneful sophist thus his battle forms, 125
 Our bulwarks thus in polish'd armour storns :
 To parent matter things their being owe,
 Because from nothing no productions flow ;
 And, if we grant no pre-existent feed,
 Things, different things, from what they do, might }
 breed, 130 }
 And any thing from any thing proceed ;
 The spicy groves might Scythia's hills adorn, }
 The thistle might the amaranth have borne, }
 The vine the lemon, and the grape the thorn ; }
 105 Herds from the hills, men from the seas might rise, 135
 From woods the whales, and lions from the skies.
 Th' elated bard here, with a conqueror's air,
 Disdainful smiles, and bids his foes despair.
 But, Carus, here you use poetic charms,
 And not assail us with the reasoner's arms. 140
 Where all is clear, you fancy'd doubts remove,
 And what we grant with ease, with labour prove.
 What you would prove, but cannot, you decline ;
 But choose a thing you can, and there you shine.
 Tell us, fam'd Roman, was it e'er denied, 145
 That seeds for such productions are supplied ?
 That Nature always must materials find
 For beasts and trees, to propagate their kind ?
 All generation, the rude peasant knows,
 A pre-existent matter must suppose. 150

But what to Nature first her being gave ?
 Tell, whence your atoms their existence have ?
 We ask you, whence the seeds constituent spring
 Of every plant, and every living thing ?
 Whence every creature should produce its kind, 155
 And to its proper species be confin'd ?
 To answer this, Lucretius, will require
 More than sweet numbers and poetic fire.

But see how well the Poet will support
 His cause, if we the argum^t nt retort. 160
 If Chance alone could manage, sort, divide,
 And, beings to produce, your atoms guide ;
 If casual concourse did the world compose,
 And things from hits fortuitous arose ;
 'Then any thing might come from any thing ; 165
 For how from chance can constant order spring ?
 The forest oak might bear the blushing rose,
 And fragrant myrtles thrive in Russian snows ;
 The fair pomegranate might adorn the pine,
 The grape the bramble, and the sloe the vine ; 170
 Fish from the plains, birds from the floods might rise,
 And lowing herds break from the starry skies.

But, see, the chief does keener weapons choose,
 Advances bold, and thus the fight renews :

" If I were doubtful of the source and spring 175
 " Whence things arise, I from the skies could bring,
 " And every part of Nature, proofs, to show
 " The world to Gods cannot its being owe ;
 " So full of faults is all th' unartful frame :
 " First we the air's unpeopled desert blame. 180

" Brute

"Brute beasts possess the hill, and shady wood ;
 "Much do the lakes, but more the ocean's flood
 "(Which severs realms, and shores divided leaves),
 "Take from the land by interposing waves ;
 "One third, by freezing cold and burning heat, 185
 "Lies a deform'd, inhospitable feat ;
 "The rest, unlabour'd, would by nature breed
 "Wild brambles only, and the noxious weed,
 "Did not industrious man, with endless toil,
 "Extort his food from the reluctant soil ; 190
 "Did not the farmer's steel the furrow wound,
 "And harrows tear the harvest from the ground,
 "The earth would no spontaneous fruits afford
 "To man, her vain imaginary Lord.
 "Oft', when the labouring hind has plough'd the field,
 "And forc'd the glebe unwillingly to yield,
 "When green and flowery Nature crowns his hope
 "With the gay promise of a plenteous crop,
 "The fruits (sad ruin!) perish on the ground,
 "Burnt by the sun, or by the deluge drown'd ; 200
 "Or soon decay, by snows immoderate chill'd,
 "By winds are blasted, or by lightning kill'd.
 "Nature, besides, the savage beast sustains,
 "Breeds in the hills the terror of the plains,
 "To man a fatal race. Could this be so, 205
 "Did gracious Gods dispose of things below ?
 "Their proper plagues with annual seasons come,
 "And deaths untimely blast us in the bloom.
 "Man at his birth (unhappy son of grief!)
 "Is helpless cast on the wide coasts of life, 210

" In want of all things whence our comforts flow ;
 " A sad and moving spectacle of woe.
 " Infants in ill-prefaging cries complain,
 " As conscious of a coming life of pain.
 " All things meantime to beasts kind Nature grants,
 " Prevents their sufferings, and supplies their wants ;
 " Brought forth with ease, they grow, and skip, and feed,
 " No dangling nurse, or jingling gewgaw, need ;
 " In caves they lurk, or o'er the mountains range,
 " Nor ever through the year their garment change ; 220
 " Unvers'd in arms, and ignorant of war,
 " They need no forts, and no invasion fear ;
 " Whate'er they want, from Nature's hand they gain ;
 " The life she gave, she watches to maintain."

Thus impotent in sense, though strong in rage, 225
 The daring Roman does the Gods engage :
 But undismay'd we face th' intrepid foe,
 Sustain his onset, and thus ward the blow.

Suppose defects in this terrestrial seat,
 That Nature is not, as you urge, complete ; 230
 That a divine and wise Artificer
 Might greater wonders of his art confer,
 And might with ease on man, and man's abode,
 More bounty, more perfection, have bestow'd ;
 If in this lower world he has not shown 235
 His utmost skill, say, has he therefore none ?
 We in productions arbitrary see
 Marks of perfection, different in degree.
 Though masters now more skill, now less impart,
 Yet are not all their works the works of art ? 240

Do poets still sublimer subjects sing,
 Still stretch to Heaven a bold aspiring wing,
 Nor e'er descend to flocks and labouring swains,
 Frequent the floods, or range the humble plains?
 Did, Grecian Phidias, all thy pieces shine 245
 With equal beauty? or, Apelles, thine?
 Or Raphael's pencil never choose to fall?
 Say, are his works Transfigurations all?
 Did Buonorota never build, O Rome,
 A meaner structure, than thy wondrous dome? 250
 Though, in their works applauded as their best,
 Greater design and genius are express'd,
 Yet is there none acknowledg'd in the rest? }
 In all the parts of Nature's spacious sphere
 Of art, ten thousand miracles appear : 255
 And will you not the Author's skill adore,
 Because you think he might discover more?
 You own a watch th' invention of the mind,
 Though for a single motion 'tis design'd,
 As well as that, which is with greater thought, 260
 With various springs, for various motions wrought.
 An independent, wise, and conscious Cause,
 Who freely acts by arbitrary laws,
 Who at connexion and at order aims,
 Creatures distinguish'd in perfection frames. 265
 Unconscious causes only still impart
 Their utmost skill, their utmost power exert.
 Those, which can freely choose, discern, and know, }
 In acting can degrees of vigour show, }
 And more or less of art or care bestow. 270 }
 If

If all perfection were in all things shown,
All beauty, all variety, were gone.

As this inferior habitable seat
By different parts is made one whole complete;
So our low world is only one of those, 275
Which the capacious universe compose.
Now to the universal whole advert;
The earth regard as of that whole a part,
In which wide frame more noble worlds abound;
Witness, ye glorious orbs, which hang around, 280
Ye shining planets, that in æther stray,
And thou, bright lord and ruler of the day!
Witness, ye stars, which beautify the skies,
How much do your vast globes in height and size,
In beauty and magnificence outgo 285
Our ball of earth, that hangs in clouds below!
Between yourselves too is distinction found,
Of different bulk, with different glory crown'd;
The people, which in your bright regions dwell,
Must this low world's inhabitants excel; 290
And, since to various planets they agree,
They from each other must distinguish'd be,
And own perfections different in degree. }

When we on fruitful Nature's care reflect,
And her exhaustless energy respect, 295
That stocks this globe, which you Lucretians call
The world's coarse dregs, which to the bottom fall,
With numerous kinds of life, and bounteous fills
With breathing guests the vallies, floods, and hills;
We may pronounce each orb sustains a race 300
Of living things adapted to the place.

Were the refulgent parts and most refin'd
 Only to serve the dark and base design'd?
 Were all the stars, whose beauteous realms of light,
 At distance only hung to shine by night, 305 }
 And with their twinkling beams to please our sight? }

How many roll in æther, which the eye
 Could ne'er, till aided by the glass, descry;
 And which no commerce with the earth maintain!
 Are all those glorious empires made in vain? 310

Now, as I said, the globe terrestrial view,
 As of the whole a part, a mean one too.
 Though 'tis not like th' æthereal worlds refin'd,
 Yet is it just, and finish'd in its kind;
 Has all perfection which the place demands, 315
 Where in coherence with the rest it stands.

Were to your view the universe display'd,
 And all the scenes of nature open laid;
 Could you their place, proportion, harmony,
 Their beauty, order, and dependence, see, 320
 You'd grant our globe had all the marks of art,
 All the perfection due to such a part,
 Though not with lustre, or with magnitude,
 Like the bright stars, or brighter sun, endued.

You oft' declaim on man's unhappy fate; 325 }
 Insulting, oft' demand in this debate, }
 If the kind Gods could such a wretch create? }

But whence can this unhappiness arise? }
 You say, as soon as born, he helpless lies, }
 And mourns his woes in ill-prefaging cries. 230 }

But

But does not Nature for the child prepare
 The parent's love, the nurse's tender care,
 Who, of their own forgetful, seek his good,
 Enfold his limbs in bands, and fill his veins with
 food?

That man is frail and mortal, is confess; 335
 Convulsions rack his nerves, and cares his breast;
 His flying life is chas'd by ravening pains,
 Through all its doubles in the winding veins;
 Within himself he sure destruction breeds,
 And secret torment in his bowels feeds; 340
 By cruel tyrants, by the savage beast,
 Or his own fiercer passions he's oppress;
 Now breathes malignant air, now poison drinks;
 By gradual death, or by untimely, sinks.

But these objectors must the Cause upbraid 345
 That has not mortal man immortal made;
 For, if he once must feel the fatal blow,
 Is it of great importance when, or how?
 Should the Lucretian lingering life maintain
 Through numerous ages, ignorant of pain, 350
 Still might the discontented murmurer cry,
 Ah, hapless fate of man! ah, wretch, doom'd once
 to die!

But oh! how soon would you, who thus complain,
 And Nature's Cause of cruelty arraign,
 By reason's standard this mistake correct, 355
 And cease to murmur, did you once reflect,
 That death removes us only from our seat,
 Does not extinguish life, but change its state.

Then

Then are display'd (oh ravishing surprise!)
 Fair scenes of bliss, and triumphs in the skies;
 To which admitted, each superior mind,
 By virtue's vital energy refin'd,
 Shines forth with more than solar glory bright,
 And, cloth'd with robes of beatific light,
 His hours in heavenly transports does employ, 365
 Young with immortal bloom from living streams of joy.

You ask us, why the soil the thistle breeds?
 Why its spontaneous births are thorns and weeds? }
 Why for the harvest it the harrow needs? }
 The Author might a nobler world have made, 370 }
 In brighter dress the hills and vales array'd, }
 And all its face in flowery scenes display'd: }
 The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne,
 And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn;
 Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains, 375
 Might every hill have crown'd, have honour'd all the
 plains:

This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind,
 Who form'd the spacious universe, design'd
 That man, from labour free as well as grief,
 Should pass in lazy luxury his life. 380
 But He his creature gave a fertile soil,
 Fertile, but not without the owner's toil;
 That some reward his industry should crown,
 And that his food in part might be his own.

But while, insulting, you arraign the land, 385
 Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand;

Kind

Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
 That they without the sculptor's skill and pain
 No perfect statue yield, no baste relieve,
 Or finish'd column for the palace give ;
 Yet if from hills unlabour'd figures came,
 Man might have ease enjoy'd, though never fame.

You may the world of more defects upbraid,
 That other works by Nature are unmade ;
 That she did never at her own expence
 A palace rear, and in magnificence
 Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms ;
 That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
 Had Nature's hand these various works prepar'd,
 What thoughtful care, what labour had been spar'd !
 But then no realm would one great master show,
 No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
 With equal reason too you might demand,
 Why boats and ships require the artist's hand ?
 Why generous Nature did not these provide
 To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide ?

You say the hills, which high in air arise,
 Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
 The earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
 Of many spacious regions man defraud,
 For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
 But can th' objector no convenience find
 In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
 The mighty frame, that else would be disjoin'd ?
 Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
 And for the dome afford the marble vein ?

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Does

Does not the river from the mountain flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land. 420

The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure, and metallic ore;
With precious veins of silver, copper, tin,
Without how barren, yet how rich within!
They bear the pine, the oak and cedar yield, 425
To form the palace, and the navy build.

When the inclement meteors you accuse,
And ask if gracious God would storms produce;
You ne'er reflect, that by the driving wind
The air from noxious vapours is refin'd; 430

Freed from the putrid feeds of pain and death,
That living creatures might not, by their breath,
Through their warm veins, instead of vital food,
Disperse contagion, and corrupt their blood.
Without the wind, the ship were made in vain, 435 }
Adventurous merchants could not cross the main, }
Nor sever'd realms their gainful trade maintain. }

Then with this wise reflection you disturb
Your anxious thought, that our terrestrial orb
In many parts is not by man possess'd, 440

With too much heat, or too much cold, oppress'd.
But in mistake you this objection found:
Unnumber'd isles and spacious tracts of ground,
Which feel the scorching sun's directer beam,
And did to you inhospitable seem, 445

With

With tawny nations, or with black, abound,
 With noble rivers lav'd, with plenty crown'd;
 And regions too from the bright orb remote
 Are peopled, which you unfrequented thought.

But could Lucretius on the sun reflect,
 His proper distance from the earth respect,
 Observe his constant road, his equal pace,
 His round diurnal, and his annual race;
 Could he regard the nature of the light,
 Its beauteous lustre, and its rapid flight,
 And its relation to the sense of sight;
 Could he to all these miracles advert,
 And not in all perceive one stroke of art?
 Grant, that the motions of the sun are such,
 That some have light too little, some too much;
 Grant, that in different tracts he might have roll'd,
 And given each clime more equal heat and cold:
 Yet view the revolutions, as they are,
 Does there no wisdom, no design appear?
 Could any but a knowing, prudent Cause
 Begin such motions, and assign such laws?
 If the Great Mind had form'd a different frame,
 Might not your wanton wit the system blame?
 Though here you all perfection should not find,
 Yet is it all th' Eternal Will design'd:
 It is a finish'd world, and perfect in its kind.
 Not that its regions every charm include,
 With which celestial empires are endued;
 Nor is consummate goodness here conferr'd,
 If we perfection absolute regard;

450

455 }

460

465

470 }

475
But

But what's before asserted, we repeat,
Of the vast whole it is a part complete.

But since you are displeas'd the partial sun
Is not indulgent to the frigid zone;

Suppose more suns in proper orbits roll'd,
Dissolv'd the snows, and chas'd the polar cold;

Or grant that this revolv'd in such a way,

As equal heat to all he might convey,

And give the distant poles their share of day;

Observe how prudent Nature's icy hoard,

With all her nitrous stores, would be devour'd;

Then would unbalanc'd heat licentious reign,

Crack the dry hill, and chap the russet plain;

Her moisture all exhal'd, the cleaving earth

Would yield no fruit, and bear no verdant birth.

You of the pools and spacious lakes complain,

And of the liquid deserts of the main,

As hurtful these, or useless, you arraign.

Besides the pleasure which the lakes afford,

Are not their waves with fish delicious stor'd?

Does not the wide capacious deep the sky

With dewy clouds, the earth with rain, supply?

Do not the rivers, which the valley lave,

Creep through the secret subterranean cave,

And to the hills convey the reflux wave?

You then must own, the earth the ocean needs,

Which thus the lake recruits, the fountain feeds.

The noxious plant, and savage animal,

Which you the earth's reproach and blemish call,

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I

Are

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Are useful various ways ; if not for food,
 For manufactures or for medicine good.
 Thus we repel with reason, not evade,
 The bold objections by Lucretius made.

Pyrrhonians next, of like ambitious aim,
 Wanton of wit, and panting after fame,
 Who strove to sink the sects of chief renown,
 And on their ruin'd schools to raise their own ;
 Boldly presum'd, with rhetorician pride,
 To hold of any question either side.

They thought, in every subject of debate,
 In either scale the proof of equal weight.

Ask, if a God existent they allow ?
 The vain declaimers will attempt to show,
 That, whether you renounce him, or assert,
 There's no superior proof on either part.
 Suppose a God, we must, say they, conclude
 He lives ; if so, he is with sense endued ;
 And, if with sense endued, may pain perceive,
 And what can suffer pain may cease to live.

Pyrrhonians, we a living God adore,
 An unexhausted spring of vital power ;
 But his immortal, uncreated life
 No torment feels, and no destructive grief.
 Does he by different organs taste or hear ?
 Or by an eye do things to him appear ?
 Has he a muscle, or extended nerve,
 Which to impart or pain or pleasure serve ?
 Of all perfection possible posselt,
 He finds no want, nor is with woe oppress'd.

505 Though we can ne'er explore the life divine, 535 }
 And found the blest abyfs by reason's line,
 Yet 'tis not, mortal man, a tranfient life, like thine. }

Others, to whom the whole mechanic tribe
 With an harmonious fympathy fubfcribe,
 510 Nature with empire univerfal crown, 540
 And this high queen the world's Creator own.

If you what builder rear'd the world demand,
 They fay 'twas done by Nature's powerful hand ;
 If whence its order and its beauty rofe,
 515 Nature, they fay, did fo the frame difpofe ; 545

If what its fteady motions does maintain,
 And holds of caufes and effects the chain,
 O'er all her works this Sovereign Caufe prefides,
 Upholds the orbs, and all their motions guides.

520 Since to her bounty we fuch bieffings owe, 550
 Our generous Benefactor let us know.

When the word Nature you exprefs, declare,
 Form'd in your minds what image does appear ?
 Can you that term of doubtful found explain ?
 525 Show it no idle offspring of the brain ? 555

Sometimes by Nature your enlighten'd fchool
 Intends of things the univerfal whole ;
 Sometimes it is the order, that connects,
 And holds the chain of caufes and effects :
 530 Sometimes it is the manner and the way, 560 }
 In which thofe caufes do their force convey,
 And in effects their energy difplay. }

That fhe's the work itfelf, you oft' affert,
 As oft' th' artificer, as oft' the art ;

ough

That is, that we may Nature clearly trace,
 And by her marks distinctly know her face;
 She's now the building, now the architect,
 And now the rule which does his hand direct.

But let this empress be whate'er you please;
 Let her be all or any one of these;
 She is with reason, or she's not, endu'd:
 If you the first affirm, we thence conclude
 A God, whose being you oppose, you grant:
 But if this mighty queen does reason want,
 How could this noble fabric be design'd,
 And fashion'd by a Maker brute and blind?
 Could it of art such miracles invent,
 And raise a beauteous world of such extent?
 Still at the helm does this dark pilot stand,
 And with a steady, never-erring hand,
 Steer all the floating worlds, and their set course
 command?

That clearer strokes of masterly design,
 Of wise contrivance, and of judgment, shine
 In all the parts of Nature, we assert,
 Than in the brightest works of human art:
 And shall not those be judg'd th' effect of thought,
 As well as these with skill inferior wrought?
 Let such a sphere to India be convey'd,
 As Archimede or modern Hugins made;
 Will not the Indian, though untaught and rude,
 This work th' effect of wise design conclude?
 Is there such skill in imitation shown?
 And in the things, we imitate, is none?

Are not our arts, by artful Nature taught,
With pain and careful observation fought? 595

Behold the painter, who with Nature vies:
See his whole soul exerted in his eyes!

He views her various scenes, intent to trace
The master lines, that form her finish'd face:
Are thought and conduct in the copy clear, 600
While none in all th' original appear?

Tell us, what master, for mechanics fam'd,
Has one machine so admirably fram'd,
Where you will art in such perfection grant,
As in a living creature or a plant? 605

Declare, what curious workmanship can vie
Or with a hand or foot, an ear, or eye?
That can for skill as much applause deserve,
As the fine texture of the fibrous nerve;
Or the stupendous system, which contains 610
Th' arterial channels, or the winding veins?

What artificial frame, what instrument,
Did one superior genius yet invent,
Which to the bones or muscles is preferr'd,
If you their order, form, or use, regard? 615

Why then to works of Nature is assign'd
An Author unintelligent and blind,
When ours proceed from choice and Conscious }
Mind?

To this you say, that Nature's are indeed
Most artful works, but then they ne'er proceed 620
From Nature acting with design and art,
Who, void of choice, her vigour does exert;

And by unguided motion things produce,
 Regardless of their order, end, or use.
 By Tully's mouth thus Cotta does dispute,
 But thus, with ease, the Roman we confute.

625

Say, if in artful things no art is shown,
 What are the certain marks, that make it known?

How will you artful from unartful bound,
 And not th' ideas in our mind confound?

630

Than this no truth displays before our sight
 A brighter beam, or more convincing light;
 That skilful works suppose a skilful Cause,
 Which acts by choice, and moves by prudent laws.

Where you, unless you are as matter blind,

635

Conduct and beauteous disposition find,
 Conspiring order, fitness, harmony,

Use, and convenience; will you not agree

That such effects could not be undesign'd,

Nor could proceed but from a Knowing Mind?

640

Old systems you may try, or new ones raise,

May shift and wind, and plot a thousand ways;

May various words, and forms of diction use,

And with a different cant th' unjudging ear amuse;

You may affirm, that Chance did things create,

645

Or let it Nature be, or be it Fate;

Body alone, inert and brute, you'll find,

The cause of all things is by you assign'd.

And, after all your fruitless toil, if you

A Cause distinct from matter will allow,

650

It must be conscious, not like matter blind,

And shew you grant a God, by granting Mind.

Vaninus

Vaninus next, a hardy modern chief,
 A bold opposer of Divine Belief,
 Attempts Religion's fences to subvert, 655
 Strong in his rage, but destitute of art;
 In impious maxims fixt, he Heaven defy'd,
 An unbelieving, anti-martyr dy'd.
 Strange, that an Atheist pleasure should refuse,
 Relinquish life, and death in torment choose! 660
 Of science what a despicable share
 Vaninus own'd, his publish'd dreams declare.
 Let impious wits applaud a godless mind,
 As blest with piercing sight, and sense refin'd,
 Contriv'd and wrought by Nature's careful hand, 665
 All the proud schools of learning to command;
 Let them pronounce each patron of their cause
 Claims by distinguish'd merit just applause;
 Yet I this writer's want of sense arraign,
 Treat all his empty pages with disdain, 670
 And think a grave reply mis-spent and vain:
 To borrow light, his error to amend,
 I would the Atheist to Vaninus send.

At length Britannia's soil, immortal shame!
 Brought forth a sage of celebrated name, 675
 Who with contempt on blest Religion trod,
 Mock'd all her precepts, and renounc'd his God.
 As awful shades and horrors of the night
 Disturb the mother, and the child affright;
 Who see dire spectres through the gloomy air 680
 In threatening forms advance, and shuddering hear
 The groans of wandering ghosts, and yellings of
 despair:

From the same spring, he says, devotion flows,
 Conscience of guilt from dread of vengeance rose;
 Religion is the creature of the spleen, 685
 And troubled fancy forms the world unseen;
 That timorous minds, with self-tormenting care,
 Create those awful phantoms which they fear.

Such arms were us'd by impious chiefs of old,
 Vain as this modern hero, and as bold. 690

Who would not this philosopher adore,
 For finding worlds discover'd long before?
 Can he one flower in all his garden show,
 Which in his Grecian master's did not grow?
 And yet, imperious, with a teacher's air, 695
 Boastful, he claims a right to wisdom's chair;
 Gasping with ardent thirst of false renown,
 With Grecian wreaths he does his temples crown,
 Triumphs with borrow'd spoils, and trophies not his }
 own.

The world, he grants, with clouds was overspread;
 Truth ne'er erected yet her starry head,
 Till he, bright genius, rose to chase the night,
 And through all nature shone with new-sprung light.

But let th' inquirer know, proud Briton! why
 Hope should not Gods, as well as fear supply; 705
 Does not th' idea of a God include
 The notion of beneficent and good;
 Of one to mercy, not revenge, inclin'd,
 Able and willing to relieve mankind?
 And does not this idea more appear 710
 The object of our hope, than of our fear?

Then

Then tell us, why this passion, more than that,
Should build their altars, and the Gods create?

But let us grant the weak and timorous mind
To superstitious terrors is inclin'd;

715

That horrid scenes, and monsters form'd in air,

By night the children and the mother scare;

That apparitions, by a fever bred,

Or by the spleen's black vapours, fill the head;

Does that affect the sage of sense refin'd,

720

Whose body's healthful, and serene his mind?

Yet more, insulting Briton! let us try

Your reason's force, your arguments apply.

You say, since spectres from the fancy flow,

To timorous fancy Gods their being owe;

725

Since phantoms to the weak seem real things,

Religion from mistake and weakness springs.

But though the vulgar have illusions seen,

Thought objects were without that were within;

Yet we from hence absurdly should conclude,

730

All objects of the mind the mind delude:

That our ideas idle are, that none

Were ever real, and that nothing's known.

But, leaving phantoms and illusive fear,

Let us at Reason's judgment-seat appear;

735

There let the question be severely try'd;

By an impartial sentence we abide:

Th' Eternal Mind's existence we sustain,

By proofs so full, by evidence so plain,

That none of all the sciences have shown

740

Such demonstration of the truths they own.

Spinosa

Spinosa next, to hide his black design,
 And to his side th' unwary to incline,
 For heaven his ensigns treacherous displays,
 Declares for God, while he that God betrays;
 For whom he's pleas'd such evidence to bring,
 As saves the name, while it subverts the thing.

Now hear his labour'd scheme of impious use:
 No substance can another e'er produce;
 Substance no limit, no confinement, knows,
 And its existence from its nature flows;
 The substance of the universe is one,
 Which is the self-existent God alone.
 The spheres of æther, which the world inclose,
 And all th' apartments, which the whole com-
 pose;

The lucid orbs, the earth, the air, the main,
 With every different being they contain,
 Are one prodigious aggregated God,
 Of whom each sand is part, each stone and clod;
 Supreme perfections in each insect shine,
 Each shrub is sacred, and each weed divine.

Sages, no longer Ægypt's sons despise,
 For their cheap Gods, and favoury Deities!
 No more their coarse Divinities revile!
 To leeks, to onions, to the crocodile,
 You might your humble adorations pay,
 Were you not Gods yourselves, as well as they.

As much you pull Religion's altars down,
 By owning all things God, as owning none;

For should all beings be alike divine,
Of worship if an object you assign,
God to himself must veneration shew,
Must be the idol and the votary too;
And their assertions are alike absurd,
Who own no God, or none to be ador'd.

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CREA-

C R E A T I O N.

B O O K IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Introduction. No man happy, that has not conquered the fears of death. The inability of the Epicurean scheme to accomplish that end. Religion only capable of subduing those fears. The hypothesis of Epicurus concerning the formation of the universe shewn to be absurd, I. In a more general survey of the parts of the universe. II. By a more close and strict examination of his scheme. The principle of motion not accounted for by that scheme; nor the determination of it one way. Pondus, gravity, innate mobility, words without a meaning. Descent of atoms; upwards and downwards, a middle or centre absurdly asserted by Epicurus in infinite space. His hypothesis not to be supported, whether his matter be supposed finite or infinite. His ridiculous assertion relating to the diurnal and annual motion of the sun. The impossibility of forming the world by the casual concurrence of atoms. They could never meet if they moved with equal speed. Primitive atoms, being the smallest parts of matter, would move more slowly than bodies of greater bulk, which have more gravity; yet these are absurdly supposed to move the swiftest. His assertion, that some primitive atoms have a direct, and others an inclining motion, implies a contradiction. Lucretius's explanation

of this inclining motion of some first atoms not intelligible. The inexplicable difficulty of stopping the atoms in their flight, and causing them to settle in a formed world. The ponderous earth not to be sustained in liquid air. The Epicurean formation of the heavens very ridiculous. No account given by the Epicureans how the sun and stars are upheld in fluid æther. Their idle account of the formation of the air. The variety of figure and size given by Epicurus to his atoms, a convincing proof of wisdom and design. Another proof is the disproportion of the moist and dry atoms in the formation of the earth. His ludicrous and childish account of the formation of the hollow for the sea. No account given by Epicurus, or his followers, of the motion of the heavenly orbs, particularly of the sun.

CARUS, we grant, no man is blest, but he
Whose mind from anxious thoughts of death
is free.

Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn,
Sublime through gazing throngs in triumph borne;
Let acclamations ring around the skies, 5
While curling clouds of balmy incense rise ;
Let spoils immense, let trophies gain'd in war,
And conquer'd kings, attend his rolling car ;
If dread of death, still unsubdu'd remains,
And secret o'er the vanquish'd victor reigns ; 10
Th' illustrious slave in endless thraldom bears
A heavier chain than his led captive wears.

With swiftest wing, the fears of future fate
Elude the guards, and pass the palace gate ;

Traverse

Traverse the lofty rooms, and uncontroll'd
 Fly hovering round the painted roofs, and bold
 To the rich arras cling, and perch on busts of gold;
 Familiar horrors haunt the monarch's head,
 And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed
 Chase gentle sleep; black cares the soul infect,
 And broider'd stars adorn a troubled breast:
 In vain they ask the charming lyre, in vain
 The flatterer's sweeter voice, to lull their pain;
 Riot and wine but for a moment please;
 Delights they oft' enjoy, but never ease.

What are distinction, honour, wealth, and state,
 The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great;
 The numerous troops, that envy'd thrones secure,
 And splendid ensigns of imperial power?
 What the high palace, rear'd with vast expence,
 Unrivall'd art, and luxury immense,
 With statues grac'd by ancient Greece supply'd,
 With more than Persian wealth, and Tyrian pride?
 What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
 Which now the huntsman, now the fowler, finds;
 The richest wines, which Gallia's happy field,
 Which Tuscan hills, or thine, Iberia, yield?

Nature deprav'd abundance does pursue;
 Her first and pure demands are cheap and few.
 What health promotes, and gives unenvy'd peace,
 Is all expenceless, and procur'd with ease.
 Behold the shepherd, see th' industrious swain,
 Who ploughs the field, or reaps the ripen'd grain,

How

How mean, and yet how tasteful is their fare !
 How sweet their sleep ! their souls how free from care !
 They drink the streaming crystal, and escape
 Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape ;
 And, to protect their limbs from rigorous air,
 Garments, their own domestic work, they wear :
 Yet thoughts of death their lonely cots molest, 50
 Affright the hind, and break the labourer's rest.
 Since these reflections on approaching fate
 Distrust and ill-prefaging care create ;
 'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,
 While fears of death within insulting reign. 55
 But then Lucretian wits absurdly frame,
 To sink those inbred fears, their impious scheme.
 To chase the horrors of a conscious mind,
 They desperate means and wild expedients find ;
 The hardy rebels aiming to appease 60
 Their fierce remorse, and dream a while at ease,
 Of crying guilt th' avenging power disown,
 And pull their high Creator from his throne ;
 That done, they mock the threats of future pain,
 As monstrous fictions of the poet's brain. 65
 Thy force alone, Religion ! Death disarms,
 Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms ;
 Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears
 No more the horrid object of our fears ;
 We undismay'd this awful power obey, 70
 That guides us through the safe, though gloomy way,
 Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
 Whereravish'd minds enjoy, what herethey own'd, a God.
 Regard,

Regard, ye fages of Lucretian race,
 Nature's rich drefs, behold her lovely face.
 Look all around, terrestrial realms survey,
 The ifles, the rivers, and the fpacious fea;
 Obferve the air, view with attentive eyes
 The glorious concave of the vaulted fkies;
 Could thefe from casual hits, from tumult thofe, arife?
 Can rule and beauty from diftraction grow?
 Can fymmetry from wild confufion flow?
 When atoms in th' unmeafur'd fpace did rove,
 And in the dark for doubtful empire ftrove;
 Did intervening Chance the feuds compofe,
 Eftablifh friendship, and difarm the foes?
 Did this the ancient darkfome horrors chafe,
 Difinction give, and fpread celestial grace
 O'er the black diftricts of the empty fpace?
 Could atoms, which, with undirected flight,
 Roam'd through the void, and rang'd the realms of night,
 Of reafon deftitute, without intent,
 Depriv'd of choice, and mindlefs of event,
 In order march, and to their pofts advance,
 Led by no guide, but undefigning Chance?
 What did th' entangled particles divide,
 And fort the various feeds of things ally'd?
 To make primæval elements felect
 All the fit atoms, and th' unfit reject?
 Diftinguifh hot from cold, and moift from dry,
 Range fome to form the earth, and fome the fky?
 From the embrace, and gloomy arms, of night,
 What freed the glimmering fire, and difengag'd the light?

Could
 100

Could Chance such just and prudent measures take?
 To frame the world, such distribution make? 105
 If to your builder you will conduct give,
 A power to choose, to manage, and contrive,
 Your idol Chance, suppos'd inert and blind,
 Must be inroll'd an active conscious mind.
 Did this your wife and sovereign architect 110
 Design the model, and the world erect?
 Were by her skill the deep foundations laid,
 The globes suspended, and the heavens display'd?
 By what elastic engines did she rear
 The starry roof, and roll the orbs in air? 115
 On the formation of the earth reflect;
 Is this a blind fortuitous effect?
 Did all the grosser atoms, at the call
 Of Chance, file off, to form the ponderous ball,
 And undetermin'd into order fall? 120
 Did of themselves th' assembled seeds arrive,
 And without art this artful frame contrive?
 To build the earth, did Chance materials choose,
 And through the parts cementing glue diffuse;
 Adjust the frontier of the sea and soil, 125
 Balance and hang in air the finish'd pile?
 Ye towering hills, whose snowy peaks arise
 Above the clouds, and winter in the skies;
 Ye rocks, which on the shores your heads advance;
 Are you the labour and the care of Chance? 130
 To draw up stones of such prodigious weight,
 And raise th' amazing heaps to such a height,

What huge machine, what forceful instrument,
 Did your blind builder of the world invent?
 Could it distinguish, could it wall around
 The damp and dark apartments under ground;
 With rocky arches vault the hollow caves,
 And form the tracks of subterranean waves;
 Extend the different mineral veins, and spread
 For rich metallic ores the genial bed?

What could prepare the gulphs to entertain
 Between their shores the interposing main;
 Disjoin the land, the various realms divide,
 And spread with scatter'd isles th' extended tide?
 Regard th' unnumber'd wonders of the deep,
 Where confluent streams, their race completed, sleep:
 Did Chance the compass take, and in the dark
 The wide dimensions of the ocean mark;
 Then dig the ample cave, and stretch the shores
 Whose winding arms confine the liquid stores,
 Which, gushing from the mountain to the main,
 Through verdant vallies draw their humid train?
 Did it design the deep abyfs, and spread
 The ancient waters on their central bed?
 To the wild flood did sovereign Fortune say,
 Thus far advance, and here thy billows stay;
 Be this thy barrier, this inclosing sand
 Thou shalt not pass, nor overflow the land?
 And do the waves revere her high command?

Did chemic Chance the furnaces prepare,
 Raise all the labour-houses of the air,
 And lay crude vapours in digestion there;

Where

Where Nature is employ'd, with wondrous skill,
To draw her spirits, and her drops distil ;
135 Meteors for various purposes to form, 165

The breeze to cheer, to terrify the storm ?
Did she extend the gloomy clouds on high,
Where all th' amazing fireworks of the sky
In unconcocted seeds fermenting lie, }

140 Till the imprison'd flames are ripe for birth, 170
And ruddy bolts exploded wound the earth ?

What ready hand applies the kindled match,
Which evening trains of unctuous vapours catch ?
Whence shoots with lambent flight the falling star,
145 And flames unhurtful hovering dance in air ? 175

cep: What curious loom does Chance by evening spread ?
With what fine shuttle weave the virgin's thread, }
Which, like the spider's net, hangs on the grassy mead ? }

Let us the moulds to fashion meteors know,
150 How these produce the hail, and those the snow ? 180

What gave the exhalations wings to rise,
To leave their centre, and possess the skies ?

Let us no longer missive weapons throw,
But close the fight, and grapple with the foe ;
155 Submit to reason's strictest test their scheme, 185
And by mechanic laws pursue the huddled frame.

See, how th' ambitious architects design :
To rear the world without the power divine,
As principles, the great contrivers place
Unbounded matter in unbounded space : 190

Matter was first, in parts minute, endued
With various figures, various magnitude ;
K 2 Some,

Some, moving in the spacious infinite,
 Describe a line oblique, and some a right;
 For, did not some from a strait course deflect, 195
 They could not meet, they could no world erect:
 While unfatigued from endless ages past,
 They rang'd the dark interminable waste,
 Oft' clashing and rencountering in their flight,
 Some atoms leap aside, and some upright; 200
 They various ways recoil, and swiftly flow
 By mutual repercussions to and fro,
 Till, shuffled and entangled in their race,
 They clasp each other with a close embrace;
 Combin'd by concourse, mingled and compress'd, 205
 They grow in bulk, and complicated rest.
 Hence did the world and all its parts arise!
 Hence the bright sun and stars, and hence the skies!
 Hence sprung the air, the ocean, and the earth!
 And hence all Nature had its casual birth! 210

If you demand what wise directing mind
 The wondrous platform of the world design'd;
 Did range, divide, and in their order place,
 The crude materials of th' unfashion'd mass;
 Did move, direct, and all the parts control, 215
 With perfect skill, to serve the beauteous whole;
 Fortune to this high honour they advance,
 And no surveyor want, no guide, but Chance.

Lucretian masters, now to make it plain
 In building worlds how raw you are, and vain; 220
 Grant that before this mighty frame was rear'd,
 Before confusion fled, and light appear'd,

In the dark void and empty realms of night
 Your restless atoms did pursue their flight ;
 And in their adverse paths, and wild career, 225
 By chance rencounter, and by chance cohere ;
 Thus clasp'd in strict embraces, they produce
 Unnumber'd casual forms for different use :
 You, who to clearer reason make pretence,
 Of wit refin'd, and eminent in sense, 230
 Let us, ye sons of Epicurus, know
 The spring, whence all these various motions flow.
 What vigour push'd primæval atoms on ?
 Was it a foreign impulse, or their own ?
 If 'twas a foreign delegated force, 235
 Which mov'd those bodies, and control'd their course ;
 Asserting this, you your own scheme destroy,
 And power divine, to form the world, employ.
 If from a moving principle within
 Your active atoms did their flight begin, 240
 That spring, that moving principle explain,
 And in the schools unrivall'd you shall reign ;
 Declare its nature, and assign its name ;
 For motion, and its cause, are not the same.
 We know, you'll tell us, 'tis impulsive weight, 245
 Mobility, or power to move innate :
 Profound solution ! worthy of your schools,
 Where reason in its boasted freedom rules.
 But thus you mock mankind, and language use,
 Not to inform the mind, but to amuse. 250
 Of motion we the principle demand ;
 You say 'tis power to move, and there you stand !

But is it to explain, to change the name ?
 Is not the doubt in different words the same ?
 Do you reveal the spring of motion more, 255 }
 By wisely calling that a moving power,
 Which we had term'd a principle before ?
 The youngest head new-vers'd in reasoning knows
 That motion must a power to move suppose ;
 Which while in vain you labour to unfold, 260
 You clearly tell us, that Lucretians hold
 An active spring, a principle approve,
 Distinct from matter, which must matter move.
 Matter, as such, abstracted in the mind,
 We from a power to move divested find, 265 }
 Not more to motion than to rest inclin'd ;
 The power, which motion does to matter give,
 We therefore must distinct from both conceive ;
 A power to nature given by Nature's Lord,
 When first he spoke the high creating word, 270
 When for his world materials he prepar'd,
 And on each part this energy conferr'd.

Ye vain philosophers ! presumptuous race !
 Who would the Great Eternal Mind displace ;
 'Take from the world its Maker, and advance 275
 'To his high throne your thoughtless idol Chance :
 Let us th' inquiry by just steps pursue ;
 With motion we your atoms will endue.
 We ask, when in the spacious void they stray,
 Why still they beat one track, and move one way ? 280
 Still the same flight why do their parties take ?
 Why this, or that way, no digression make ?

What

What will to this our Atomists reply?

They answer, by an innate gravity

The ponderous bodies still are downward borne, 285

And never upwards of themselves return.

Acute and solid answer! see a flight,

Worthy of finest wit, and clearest sight!

Do not these wise mechanic masters know,

That no man can conceive, or high or low, 290

Nor find distinction of superior place,

Or of inferior, in the empty space

Uncircumscrib'd, and ignorant of bound,

And where no midst, no centre, can be found?

Perhaps, your master's doctrine to sustain, 295

And matter's downward motion to explain,

You with his famous Gallic friend assert,

That is superior, whence your atoms start,

And that inferior in the empty space

To which they all direct their rapid race. 300

Now let us recollect, and what you say

At large, in one contracted view survey.

You say, your atoms move; we ask you, why?

Because it is their nature, you reply.

But since that native power you never shew, 305

You only say they move, because they do:

But let your atoms move, we bid you say,

Why they move this, and not a different way?

You tell us, 'tis from inbred gravity;

That is, you tell us, 'tis you know not why. 310

Till what is gravity you let us know,

By senseless words how can we wiser grow?

We give you this ingenite, moving force,
 That makes them always downward take their course;
 We then demand, which place inferior is
 Within the spacious unconfin'd abyfs?

You say 'tis that, to which the atoms bend
 Their swift career, for still they must descend;
 That is, they downward move, because they down-
 ward tend.

Let us, Lucretians, now our task pursue,
 And of your scheme remaining wonders view.
 Say, if your atoms of immortal race
 Are equal and commensurate to space:
 If so, the boundless vast immensity
 While thus posselt would full of matter be;
 For in the vacant (as your schools approve)
 Should finite matter be suppos'd to move,
 Not knowing how to stop, or where to stay,
 It unobstructed must pursue its way,
 Be lost in void immense, and dissipated stray;
 The scattering bodies never would combine,
 Nor to compose a world by concurrence join.
 But, if all space is full, if all posselt,
 Which supposition you embrace as best,
 Then crowded matter would for ever rest;
 Nature no change of place had ever seen;
 Where all is full, no motion can begin;
 For, if it should, you'll be compell'd to say,
 Body does body pierce, to force its way;
 Or unconfin'd immensity retreats,
 To give your atoms room to change their seats.

And

And here with us Lucretius does agree,
 That, if some place from matter be not free,
 315 plenitude no motion could commence,
 All would be stagnate in the vast immense. 345
 If it be said, small parts of empty space
 Are interspers'd through all the spreading mass,
 320 } by which some bodies give to others place ;
 Then matter, you must grant, would finite be,
 And stretch unequal to immensity ; 350
 And then, as Epicurus judges right,
 It would for ever take a useless flight,
 Lost in expansion void and infinite. }
 Besides, allowing through th' extended whole
 325 small scatter'd spaces not of body full, 355
 Then matter, you Lucretians must agree,
 Has not existence from necessity ;
 For, if its being necessary were, }
 Why are some parts of space from matter clear ?
 330 } Why does it here exist, and why not there ? 360
 Lucretians, now, which side you please, embrace :
 If in your void you finite substance place,
 'Tis dissipated through th' immense abyss,
 And you to form the world materials miss ;
 335 } You'll not the progress of your atoms stay, 365
 Nor to collect the vagrants find a way.
 Thus too your master's scheme will be destroy'd,
 Who, wholly to possess the boundless void, }
 No less than matter infinite employ'd.
 340 } If you, in honour to your founder's skill, 370
 The boundless void with boundless substance fill,
 Then

Then tell us, how you can your bodies roll
 Through space, of matter so completely full?
 The force this single reason does exert
 Will the foundations of your scheme subvert:
 Nor were it needful to pursue the blow,
 Or form a fresh attack, unless to show
 How slight your works in every quarter are,
 How ill your huddled sentiments cohere.

Be this, O Greece, thy everlasting shame, 380
 That thoughtless Epicurus rais'd a name,
 Who built by artless Chance this mighty frame.
 Could one whose wit such narrow limits bound,
 Nature, thy depths unfathomable sound?
 Of his sagacious thoughts to give a part,
 Does not this wise philosopher assert
 The radiant sun's extinguish'd every night,
 And every morn, rekindled, darts his light?
 That the vast orb, which casts so far his beams,
 Is such, or not much bigger, than he seems? 390
 That the dimensions of his glorious face
 Two geometric feet do scarce surpass?
 Does he not make the fickle winds convey
 The sun revolving through his crooked way?
 But, since his school has gain'd such spreading fame,
 And modern wits his master-skill proclaim;
 Let us yet farther carry this debate,
 And, as you ask, confer on matter weight,
 To make it move within the vast abyss,
 And downward too, ev'n where no downward is. 400

this be true, as you Lucretians say,
 at atoms wing with equal speed their way,
 how could this that atom overtake?
 37 how could they clash, and how collisions make?
 in a line oblique your bodies rove, 405
 in a perpendicular they move,
 some advance not slower in their race,
 and some more swift should not pursue the chace, }
 38 how could they be entangled, how embrace?
 is demonstration, 'tis meridian light, 410 }
 those bodies ne'er could jostle, ne'er could fight,
 or by their mutual shocks be ruffled in their flight. }
 Since matter of a greater magnitude
 38 must be with greater gravity endued,
 when the minutest parts must still proceed 415
 with less, the greater with the greater speed.
 hence your first bodies, which the smallest are,
 in which the swiftest motion you confer,
 39 must be contented with the slowest pace,
 and yield to matter of more bulk the race. 420
 How wondrous little must those atoms be,
 which you endow with such velocity!
 minute beyond conception, when we find
 me, bodies so small, where many are combin'd!
 how many various figures must we take, 425
 what numerous complications use, to make
 some compound things, so small of magnitude,
 that all our senses they with ease elude!
 400 Light exhalations, that from earth arise,
 attracted by the sun-beams through the skies, 430
 Which

Which the mysterious seeds of thunder bear,
Of winds, and all the meteors of the air;
Though they around us take their constant flight,
Their little size escapes the sharpest sight.
The fragrant vapours breath'd from rich perfumes,⁴³
From Indian spices, and Arabian gums,
Though many years they flow, will scarce abate
The odoriferous body's bulk or weight.

Though antimonial cups, prepar'd with art,
Their force to wine through ages should impart;⁴⁴
This dissipation, this profuse expence,
Nor shrinks their size, nor wastes their stores immense
The powder which destructive guns explode,
And by its force their hollow wombs unload,
When rarefy'd of space, possesses more,⁴⁴
Five hundred times, than what it fill'd before.
The seeds of fern, which, by prolific heat
Cheer'd and unfolded, form a plant so great,
Are less a thousand times than what the eye
Can unassisted by the tube descry.⁴⁵
By glasses aided, we in liquor see
Some living things minute to that degree,
That a prodigious number must unite,
To make the smallest object of the sight.

How little bodies must the light compound,⁴⁵
Which by your masters is corporeal own'd;
Since the vast deluge of refulgent rays,
Which in a day the sun a thousand ways
Through his wide empire lavishly conveys,

ere they collected in one solid mass, 460

ight not in weight a single drachm surpass !

At least those atoms wondrous small must be,

small to an unconceivable degree ;

nce though these radiant spoils, dispers'd in air,

o ne'er return, and ne'er the sun repair, 465

et the bright orb, whence still new torrents flow,

oes no apparent loss, no diminution know.

ow, curious wits, who nature's work inspect

With rapture, with astonishment, reflect

On the small size of atoms, which unite 470

To make the smallest particle of light !

Then how minute primæval atoms are,

From this account Lucretians may infer :

Yet they on these, without regard to right, 475

Confer the honour of the quickest flight.

Within the void, with what a swift career

Your rapid matter moves will thus appear.

That all mixt bodies are in speed outdone

By your first atoms, you with ease will own ; 480

For compound beings can no motion have,

But what their first constituent atoms gave :

Then your primæval substances exceed

The swift-wing'd wind, or swifter light, in speed.

How soon the sun-beams at the morning's birth 485

Leap down from heaven, and light upon the earth !

Prodigious flight ! they in few moments pass

The vast ethereal interposing space.

Should you enjoin a rock so hard a task,

It would more years, than light will minutes, ask.

One

One atom then (so you'll be forc'd to say)
Must rocks and hills and the whole globe outweigh
Since it exceeds them by its swifter flight,
And swifter motion springs from greater weight.

If nature's rule your atoms do enjoin
To move directly downward in a line;
Say, how can any from that path decline?
Th' inclining motion then, which you suppose,
Whence the first concourse of your atoms rose,
Must the great maxim of your schools subvert,
Which still with one confederate voice assert,
That matter by necessity descends
In lines direct, yet part obliquely tends.
And thus your matter, by its native force,
To different points would steer a different course;
Determin'd by the same impulsive weight,
Move in a line oblique, and in a straight.

To heal your system's deep and ghastly wound,
Which this objection gives, Lucretius found
A method; who a motion did invent
Not straight entirely, nor entirely bent,
Which forms a line to crooked somewhat like,
Slanting almost, and, as it were, oblique.
Who does not now this wondrous bard adore?
See reason's conquering light, and wit's resistless power

If atoms, after their eternal dance,
Into this beauteous fabrick leap'd by chance;
If they combin'd by casual concourse; say,
What, in a free and unobstructed way,
Did in a full career your atoms stay?

That mounds, what force, when rushing from the height
 Of space immense, could stop them in their flight?
 Why in their road did they not forward pass?
 But say, where now we find the settled mass,
 Why did they cease from moving in despite
 Of their own nature, and impelling weight? 525
 Had the wise troops sagacity to know,
 That, there arriv'd, they should no further go?
 That, in this point of all the spacious void,
 To form a world they were to be employ'd?
 Did they, in prospect of so great a good, 530
 In this one place of all the liquid road,
 All their encumbering gravity unload?
 Fatigued, and spent with labour infinite,
 Did they grow torpid, and unapt for flight?
 Or, in th' embrace and downy lap of air 535
 Lull'd and enchanted, did they settle there?
 Grant in this single place by chance they met,
 That there by chance they did their weight forget;
 If happen'd there they form'd a mighty mass,
 Where yet no order, no distinction, was: 540
 Let this be so; we ask you to explain
 The wondrous Power that did the parts sustain,
 Or still their nature and their weight remain. }
 What from descent should ponderous matter stay,
 When no more ponderous matter stops its way? 545
 Can airy columns prop the mighty ball,
 Its pressure balance, and prevent its fall?
 And after this remains a mighty task,
 Which more than human skill and power will ask,

The strong mysterious cements to unfold,
Which atoms strictly complicated hold.

But let us leave the heap in air's embrace,
To rest unmov'd within the empty space,
Which knows no height, or depth, or middle place:
Tell, how you build the chambers of the sky,
Extend the spheres, and hang the orbs on high?
You say, when matter first began to fall,
And settle into this terrestrial ball,
Press'd from the earth thin exhalations rose,
Vapours and steams, materials to compose
The spacious regions of the liquid air,
The heavens, and all the luminaries there:
These vapours soon (miraculous event!)
Shuffled by chance, and mix'd by accident,
Into such ranks and beauteous order fell,
As no effect of wisdom can excel.
Hence did the planets, hung in æther, stray!
Hence rose the stars, and hence the milky way!
Hence did the sun along the skies advance!
The source of day but sprung from night and chance.
But who can shew the legends, that record
More idle tales, or fables so absurd?
Does not your scheme affront ev'n vulgar sense;
That spheres of such a vast circumference,
That all the orbs, which in the regions roll,
Stretching from east to west, from pole to pole,
Should their constructure, and their beauty, owe
To vapours press'd from this poor ball below?

5 From this small heap could exhalations rise
 enough, and fit, to spread and vault the skies? 580
 Lucretius thus the manner has display'd
 how meteors, not how heavenly globes, are made.
 place: But grant the steams, which by expression rose,
 5 Did all the spheres and every orb compose;
 h? Since their ingenite gravity remains, 585
 What girder binds, what prop the frame sustains?
 The sun's bright beams, which you of matter make,
 from heaven their downward flight perpetual take:
 5 Why does not then his body, which outweighs
 infinite degrees his golden rays, 590
 by its own force precipitated fall,
 and hide in ruins this terrestrial ball?
 in air, unable to sustain the light,
 5 Support the sun of such superior weight;
 and all the ponderous heavenly orbs suspend 595
 against their nature, which does downward tend?
 y! Well, wise Lucretius, tell the secret art,
 which keeps the heavens and earth so long apart.
 chance: Thus too the air, press'd from this mass, you say,
 between the earth and skies expanded lay; 600
 not with intention that the solar light
 through the thin gulph might take an easy flight;
 that with nitrous food it should inspire
 5 the breathing lungs, and feed the vital fire;
 le, not mere contingency did the gulph extend, 605
 owe regardless of convenience, use, or end.
 ? Now, vaunting poet! should it be confess'd,
 From what from the earth the air is thus express'd;

Since things by heavier things are upward thrown,
 Which tend with stronger gravitation down;
 Why are the sun, and the fair orbs of light,
 All which so far exceed the air in weight,
 Hung from the centre at a greater height?
 Why do not these their Nature's law obey,
 Rush from above, and near the centre stay,
 And make all lighter bodies give them way?
 Tell us, Lucretius, why they ne'er pursue
 This natural bent, and this undoubted due?
 Since to the earth you give the middle place,
 To which all heavy things direct their race;
 If nothing does obstruct, by certain fate
 Things would in order of their different weight
 Lie round the earth, and make one mighty heap;
 They would their place, as different strata, keep.
 Nor would the air, or interceding sky,
 Between the distant orbs and worlds divided lie;
 Æther and air would claim the highest place,
 The stars and planets would the earth embrace,
 As now the ocean floats upon its face.
 In vain you labour by mechanic rules,
 In vain exhaust the reason of your schools,
 These questions to resolve, and to explain
 How separate worlds were made, and separate still
 remain.

Since to your uncompounded atoms you
 Figures in number infinite allow,
 From which, by various combination, springs
 This unconfin'd diversity of things;

Are not, in this, design and counsel clear ?
Does not the wise Artificer appear,
Who the corporeal particles endued 640
With different shape, and different magnitude,
That from their mixtures all things might have birth,
In the wide sea, and air, and heaven, and earth ?
To all these figures of distinguish'd kind, 645
And different sizes, are not ends assign'd ?
Then own their cause did act with wise intent,
Which did those sizes square, and every shape invent.
When atoms first the world began to frame,
Is it not strange that every number came 650
Of such a figure, and of such a size,
As serv'd to found the earth, and spread the skies ?
Had they not met in such proportion, were
Their form and number not as now they are,
In a rude mass they had confus'dly join'd, 655
Not in a finish'd world, like this, combin'd.
Did these assembled substances reflect,
That here a beauteous frame they must erect ?
Did they a general council wisely call,
To lay the platform of each mighty ball ; 660
To settle prudent rules, and orders make,
In rearing worlds, what methods they should take ?
To every atom was his task enjoin'd ?
His post, and fellow-labourers, assign'd ?
Did they consent what parts they should compose ;
That these should æther make, or water those ? 665
That some should be the moon, and some the earth ?
Those give the sun, and these the planet birth ?

If all these noble worlds were undesign'd,
 And carry'd on without a Conscious Mind;
 Oh, happy accident! auspicious chance! 670
 That in such order made the work advance!
 At length to such admir'd perfection brought
 The finish'd structure, as it had been wrought
 With art transcendent and consummate thought! }

Since 'tis an outrage done to common sense 675
 To fix a central point in space immense;
 Why is a middle to the earth assign'd,
 To which your ponderous bodies are inclin'd?

Besides, reflect how this terrestrial mass
 Does the whole sea a thousand times surpass; 680
 Which in a line, if drawn directly down,
 More than a mile in depth is rarely known.
 Now if by chance more watery atoms came
 Than earthy, to compose this wondrous frame;
 Or had they both in equal number met, 685
 Which might as well have been, had Chance thought fit;
 Or if the watery (we no farther press)
 Were but an hundred times in number less;
 This globe had lain, if not a general flood,
 At least a fen, a mass of ooze and mud, 690
 With no rich fruit, or verdant beauty, blest,
 Wild and unpeopled, or by man, or beast.

Who will our orb's unequal face explain,
 Which Epicurus made all smooth and plain?
 How did thy rocks, O Earth! thy hills, arise? 695
 How did thy giant sons invade the skies?
 Lucretius, that it happen'd thus, replies. }

Now

Now give us leave, great Poet, to demand,
How the capacious hollow in the land
Was first produc'd, with ease to entertain 700
All the assembled waters of the main?

When earth was made, this hollow for the sea
Was form'd; but how it happen'd so to be?
It on a time fell out, that every wave
Forsook the earth, and fill'd the mighty cave, 705
Which happen'd opportunely to be there,

Where now their heads the rolling billows rear.
It then fell out, that stones did rocks compose,
That vales subsided, and that hills arose.
Thus the formation of the world you know; 710
So all events fell out, and all things happen'd so.

Can tales more senseless, ludicrous, and vain,
By winter-fires old nurses entertain?
Does this unfold how all things first were made
Without divine and supernatural aid? 715

His penetration has Lucretius shown,
By saying things proceed from Chance alone,
As their efficient cause, that is, from none? }

But let your troops, which rang'd the plains of night,
And through the vacant wing'd their careless flight, 720

The high command of ruling Chance obey;
Unguided and unconscious of the way,
Let them advance to one determin'd place,
Prescrib'd by Chance, in all th' unmeasur'd space;

Their proper stations undirected find, 725
To form a world that never was design'd;
Let all the rolling globes, and spacious skies,
From happy hits of heedless atoms rise;

Be thus the earth's unmov'd foundations laid,
 Thus the thin regions of the air display'd;
 Chance shall the planets in their place suspend,
 Between these worlds th' ethereal plains extend;
 Direct the sun to that convenient seat,
 Whence he displays his lustre and his heat.
 This labour, all this progress, is in vain,
 Unless the orbs their various motions gain:
 For let the sun in buoyant æther float,
 Nor nearer to the earth, nor more remote;
 Yet did his orb unmov'd its beams diffuse,
 He'd sure destruction to the earth produce;
 One half for heat, and one for cold, would pray;
 This would abhor the night, and that the day:
 Did he not yearly through the zodiac pass,
 Were he not constant to his daily race,
 He would not, by alternate shade and light,
 Produce the needful change of day and night:
 Nor would the various seasons of the year,
 By turns revolving, rise and disappear.
 Now can judicious Atomists conceive,
 Chance to the sun could this just impulse give,
 By which the source of day so swiftly flies,
 His stages keeps, and traverses the skies?

We ask you, whence these constant motions flow?
 Will learned heads reply, they happen'd so?
 You say, the solar orb, first mov'd by chance,
 Does north and south, and east and west, advance!
 We ask, why first in these determin'd ways
 He chose to move? Why thence he never strays?

Why did he ne'er, since time began, decline
His round diurnal, or his annual line? 760

So steadily does fickle Fortune steer
Th' obedient orb, that it should never err;
Should never start aside, and never stray;

Never in pathless æther miss his way?

Why does he ne'er beyond the tropicks go? 765

Why still revolve? why travel to and fro?

Will it a wise philosopher content,

To say these motions came by accident,

That all is undesign'd, fortuitous event?

But if the sluggish sun you'll not disturb, 770

But motion give to this terrestrial orb;

Still of the earth we the same question ask,

Which to explain, you have as hard a task.

Can Chance this frame, these artful scenes erect,

Which knows not works less artful to effect? 775

Did it mechanic engines e'er produce,

A globe, or tube of astronomic use?

Why do not vessels, built and rigg'd by Chance,

Drawn in long order, on the billows dance?

Might not the Sovereign Cause with greater ease 780

A navy build, than make the winds and seas?

Let atoms once the form of letters take

By Chance, and let those huddled letters make

A finish'd poem by a lucky hit,

Such as the Grecian, or the Mantuan, writ; 785

Then we'll embrace the doctrines you advance,

And yield the world's fair poem made by Chance.

C R E A T I O N.

B O O K V.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Introduction. A description of the calamitous state of mankind, by reason of innumerable woes and sufferings to which they are obnoxious. Diseases of the body. Trouble and grief of mind. Violence and oppression. The vicissitude of human affairs, and the certain prospect of death. Whence it appears that it suits the state of mankind, and therefore is desirable, there should be a God. Arguments against the Fatalists, who assert the eternity of the world. There must be granted some self-existent and independent being. The corporeal world cannot be that being: proved from its mutability, and the variety of forms rising and disappearing in the several parts of nature; from the possibility of conceiving, without any consequent contradiction, less or more parts in the world, than are actually existent; from the possibility of plants and animals having had different shapes, and limbs, from what they now have. The pretended fatal chain of things not self-existent and independent; because all its links or parts are dependent, and obnoxious to corruption. Fate, a word without sense or meaning. Two more arguments against the eternity of the world, from the contemplation of the light of the sun, and of motion. Aristotle's scheme considered and confuted.

AH, hapless mortal man ! ah, rigid fate !
What cares attend our short, uncertain state !

How wide a front, how deep and black a rear,
What sad varieties of grief and fear,

Drawn in array, exert their fatal rage,
And gall obnoxious life through every stage,
From infancy to youth, from youth to age !

5 }
}

Who can compile a roll of all our woes ?
Our friends are faithless, and sincere our foes ;

The poison'd arrows of an envious tongue
Improve our errors, and our virtues wrong ;

10

Th' oppressor now with arbitrary might
Tramples on law, and robs us of our right ;

Dangers unseen on every side invade,

And snares o'er all th' unfaithful ground are laid. 15

Oft' wounds from foreign violence we feel,
Now from the ruffian's, now the warrior's, steel ;

By bruises or by labour we are pain'd ;

A bone disjointed, or a sinew strain'd ;

Now festering sores afflict our tortur'd limbs ;

20

Now to the yielding heart the gangrene climbs.

Acute distempers fierce our veins assail,

Rush on with fury, and by storm prevail ;

Others with thrift dispense their stores of grief,

And by the sap prolong the siege of life ;

25

While to the grave we for deliverance cry,

And, promis'd still, are still denied to die.

See Colic, Gout, and Stone, a cruel train,

Oppos'd by all the healing race in vain ;

Their

Their various racks and lingering plagues employ,
 Relieve each other, and by turns annoy,
 And, tyrant like, torment, but not destroy.
 We noxious insects in our bowels feed,
 Engender deaths, and dark destruction breed.
 The Spleen with fullen vapours clouds the brain,
 And binds the spirits in its heavy chain :
 Howe'er the cause fantastick may appear,
 Th' effect is real, and the pain sincere.
 Hydropic wretches by degrees decay,
 Growing the more, the more they waste away ;
 By their own ruins they augmented lie,
 With thirst and heat amidst a deluge fry :
 And while in floods of water these expire,
 More scorching perish by the fever's fire ;
 Stretch'd on our downy, yet uneasy beds,
 We change our pillows, and we raise our heads ;
 From side to side in vain for rest we turn,
 With cold we shiver, or with heat we burn ;
 Of night impatient, we demand the day :
 The day arrives, and for the night we pray ;
 The night and day successive come and go,
 Our lasting pains no interruption know.

Since man is born to so much woe and care,
 Must still new terrors dread, new sorrows bear ;
 Does it not suit the state of human kind,
 There should preside a good Almighty Mind ;
 A Cause Supreme, that might all nature steer,
 Avert our danger, and prevent our fear ;

Who, when implor'd, might timely succour give,

Solace our anguish, and our wants relieve ; 60

Father of comfort, might our souls sustain,

When prest with grief, and mitigate our pain ?

'Tis certain something from all ages past

Without beginning was, and still will last ;

For if of time one period e'er had been 65

When nothing was, then nothing could begin.

That things should to themselves a being give,

Reluctant reason never can conceive.

If you affirm, effects themselves produce,

You shock the mind, and contradiction choose ; 70

For they, 'tis clear, must act and move, before

They were in being, or had motive power ;

As active causes must of right at once

Existence claim, and as effects renounce.

Then something is, which no beginning had, 75

A causeless cause, or nothing could be made,

Which must by pure necessity exist,

And whose duration nothing can resist.

Let us inquire, and search by due degrees,

What, who, this self-existent being is. 80

Should this material world's capacious frame

Uncaus'd and independent being claim ;

It would, thus form'd and fashion'd as we see,

Derive existence from necessity,

And then to ages unconfin'd must last 85

Without the least diversity or waste.

Necessity, view'd with attentive thought,

Does plain impossibility denote,

That

That things should not exist, which actual are,
Or in another shape or different modes appear.

But see in all corporeal Nature's scene,
What changes, what diversities, have been !
Matter not long the same appearance makes,
But shifts her old, and a new figure takes :
If now she lies in Winter's rigid arms,
Dishonour'd and despoil'd of all her charms,
Soft vernal airs will loose th' unkind embrace,
And genial dews renew her wither'd face ;
Like fabled nymphs transform'd, she's now a tree,
Now weeps into a flood, and streaming seeks the sea. 100
She's now a gaudy fly, before a worm,
Below a vapour, and above a storm ;
This ooze was late a monster of the main,
That turf a lowing grazer of the plain,
A lion this did o'er the forest reign. 105
Regard that fair, that branching laurel-plant,
Behold that lovely blushing amarant ;
One might have William's broken frame assum'd,
And one from bright Maria's dust have bloom'd.
These shifting scenes, these quick rotations, show
Things from necessity could never flow,
But must to mind and choice precarious being owe.

Let us suppose, that Nature ever was
Without beginning, and without a cause ;
As her first order, disposition, frame,
Must then subsist unchangeably the same ;
So must our mind pronounce, it would not be
Within the reach of possibility,

That

That e'er the world a being could have had
 Different from what it is, or could be made 120
 Of more or less, or other parts than those
 Which the corporeal universe compose.

Now, Fatalist, we ask, if those subvert
 Reason's establish'd maxims, who assert
 That we the world's existence may conceive, 125

Though we one atom out of Nature leave ;
 Though some one wandering orb, or twinkling star,
 Were absent from the heavens, which now is there ;
 Though some one kind of plant, or fly, or worm,
 No being had, or had another's form ? 130

And might not other animals arise,
 Of different figure, and of different size ?
 In the wide womb of possibility
 Lie many things, which ne'er may actual be ;
 And more productions of a various kind 135
 Will cause no contradiction in the mind.

'Tis possible the things in Nature found,
 Might different forms and different parts have own'd :
 The boar might wear a trunk, the wolf a horn,
 The peacock's train the bittern might adorn ; 140
 Strong tusks might in the horse's mouth have grown,
 And lions might have spots, and leopards none.

But, if the world knows no superior cause,
 Obeys no sovereign's arbitrary laws ;
 If absolute necessity maintains 145

Of causes and effects the fatal chains ;
 What could one motion stop, change one event ?
 It would transcend the wide, the vast extent,

The

'The utmost stretch of possibility,
'That things, from what they are, should disagree. 150

If, to elude this reasoning, you reply,
Things what they are, are by necessity;
Which never else so aptly could conspire
To serve the whole, and Nature's ends acquire;
To form the beauty, order, harmony, 155
Which we through all the works of Nature see:
Ready we this assertion will allow,
For what can more exalted wisdom show?
With zeal we this necessity defend, 160
Of means directed to their useful end;
But 'tis not that which Fatalists intend,
Nor that which we oppose in this debate,
An uncontroll'd necessity of fate,
Which all things blindly does and must produce,
Unconscious of their goodness and their use, 165
Which cannot ends design, nor means convenient
choose.

If you persist, and fondly will maintain
Of causes and effects an endless train;
That this successive series still has been, 170
Will never cease, and never did begin;
That things did always, as they do, proceed,
And no First Cause, no wise Director, need:
Say, if no links of all your fatal chain
Free from corruption, and unchang'd remain;
If of the whole each part in time arose, 175
And to a cause its borrow'd being owes;

How then the whole can independent be?

How have a being from necessity?

Is not the whole, ye learned heads, the same

With all the parts, and different but in name? 180

Could e'er that whole the least perfection show,

Which from the parts, that form it, did not flow

Then, tell us, can it from its parts derive,

What in themselves those parts had not to give?

Farther to clear the subject in debate, 185

Inform us, what you understand by Fate.

Have you a just idea in the mind

Of this great cause of things by you assign'd?

If you the order and dependence mean,

By which effects upon their causes lean, 190

The long succession of th' efficient train,

And firm coherence of th' extended chain;

Then Fate is nothing but a mode of things,

Which from continued revolution springs;

A pure relation and a mere respect 195

Between the cause effective and th' effect.

If causes and effects themselves are that

Which your clear-sighted schools intend by Fate;

Then Fate by no idea can be known,

'Tis one thing only, as a heap is one: 200

You no distinguish'd being by it mean,

But all th' effects and causes that have been.

If you assert, that each sufficient cause

Must act by fix'd inevitable laws;

If you affirm this necessary state, 205

And tell us this necessity is Fate;

When

When will you bless the world with light to see
 The spring and source of this necessity?
 Say, what did so dispose, so things ordain,
 To form the links of all the casual chain,
 That Nature by inevitable force
 Should run one ring, and keep one steady course?
 That things must needs in one set order flow,
 And all events must happen as they do?
 Can you no proof of your assertion find?
 Produce no reason to convince the mind,
 That Nature this determin'd way must go?
 Are all things thus, because they must be so?
 We grant with ease, there is necessity,
 The Source of things should self-existent be.
 But then He's not a necessary cause;
 He freely acts by arbitrary laws:
 He gave to beings motive energy,
 And active things to passive did apply;
 In such wise order all things did dispose,
 That of events necessity arose:
 Without his aid, say, how will you maintain
 Your fatal link of causes? Hence 'tis plain,
 While the word Fate you thus affect to use,
 You coin a senseless term, th' unwary to amuse.
 You, who assert the world did ne'er commence,
 Prepare against this reasoning your defence.
 If solar beams, which through th' expansion dart,
 Corporeal are, as learned schools assert;
 Since still they flow, and no supply repays
 The lavish sun his dissipated rays;

Grant,

Grant, that his radiant orb did ne'er begin,
 And that his motions have eternal been ;
 Then, by eternal, infinite expence,
 By unrecruited waste, and spoils immense, 240
 By certain fate to slow destruction doom'd,
 His glorious stock long since had been consum'd ;
 Of light unthrifty, and profuse of day,
 The ruin'd globe had spent his latest ray,
 Dispers'd in beams eternally display'd, 245
 Had lost in æther roam'd, and loose in atoms stray'd.

Grant, that a grain of matter would outweigh
 The light the sun dispenses in a day
 Through all the stages of his heavenly way ;
 That in a year the golden torrents, sent 250
 From the bright source, its losses scarce augment :
 Yet without end if you the waste repeat,
 Th' eternal loss grows infinitely great.
 Then, should the sun of finite bulk sustain
 In every age the loss but of a grain ; 255
 If we suppose those ages infinite,
 Could there remain one particle of light ?

Reflect, that motion must abate its force,
 As more or less obstructed in its course ;
 That all the heavenly orbs, while turning round, 260
 Have some resistance from the medium found :
 Be that resistance ne'er so faint and weak,
 If 'tis eternal, 'twill all motion break ;
 If in each age you grant the least decrease,
 By infinite succession it must cease. 265

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Hence,

Hence, if the orbs have still resisted been
 By air, or light, or æther, ne'er so thin;
 Long since their motion must have been suppress'd,
 The stars had stood, the sun had lain at rest;
 So vain, so wild a scheme, you Fatalists have dress'd.

Let us the wise positions now survey
 Of Aristotle's school, who's pleas'd to say
 Nothing can move itself, no inward power
 To any being motion can procure.

Whate'er is mov'd, its motion must derive 275
 From something else, which must an impulse give:

And yet no being motion could begin;
 Else motion might not have eternal been.

That matter never did begin to move,
 But in th' immense from endless ages strove, 280
 The Stagyrice thus undertakes to prove.

He says, of motion time the measure is;
 Then that's eternal too, as well as this.

Motion through ages without limit flows,
 Since time, its measure, no beginning knows. 285

This feeble base upholds our Author's hopes,
 And all his mighty superstructure props.

On this he all his towering fabric rears,
 Sequel on sequel heaps, to reach the spheres.

But if this definition you deny 290
 Of time, on which his building does rely,

You bring his lofty Babel from the sky:
 A thousand fine deductions you confound,

Scatter his waste philosophy around,
 And level all his structure with the ground. 295

We

We then this definition thus defeat :

Time is no measure, which can motion meet ;

For men of reasoning faculties will see,

That time can nothing but duration be

Of beings ; and duration can suggest

Nothing or of their motion, or their rest ;

Only prolong'd existence it implies,

Whether the thing is mov'd, or quiet lies.

This single blow will all the pile subvert,

So proudly rais'd, but with so little art.

But, since the Author has such fame acquir'd,

And as a God of science been admir'd,

A stricter view we'll of his system take,

And of the parts a short examen make.

Let us observe, what light his scheme affords,

His undigested heap of doubtful words.

Great Stagyrice, the lost inquirer show

The spring whence motion did for ever flow ;

Since nothing of itself e'er moves or strives,

Tell what begins, what the first impulse gives.

Hear how the man, who all in fame surmounts,

For motion's spring and principle accounts.

To his supreme, unmov'd, unactive God,

He the first sphere appoints, a blest abode ;

Who sits supinely on his azure throne,

In contemplation of himself alone ;

Is wholly mindless of the world, and void

Of providential care, and unemploy'd.

To all the spheres inferior are assign'd

Gods subaltern, and of inferior kind :

On these he self-existence does confer,
 Who, as the God supreme, eternal are ;
 With admiration mov'd, and ardent love,
 They all their spheres around in order move ;
 And from these heavenly revolutions flow
 All motions, which are found in things below. 330

If you demand by what impulsive force
 The Under-Gods begin their circling course :
 He says, as things desirable excite
 Desire, and objects move the appetite ; 335
 So his first God, by kindling ardent love,
 Does all the Gods in seats inferior move :
 Thus mov'd, they move around their mighty spheres,
 With their refulgent equipage of stars ;
 From sphere to sphere communicate the dance, 340
 Whence all in heavenly harmony advance ;
 And from this motion propagated rise
 All motions in the earth, and air, and skies.

And thus by learned Aristotle's mind
 All things were form'd, yet nothing was design'd. 345
 He owns no choice, no arbitrary will,
 No artist's hand, and no exerted skill ;
 All motion flows from necessary fate,
 Which nothing does resist, or can abate ;
 Things sink and rise, a being lose or gain, 350
 In a coherent, undissolving chain
 Of causes and effects, which Nature's course sustain.
 Th' unmoveable Supreme the rest does move,
 As proper objects raise desire and love ;

They,

They, mov'd without their choice, without consent, 355

Move all their spheres around without intent ;

Whate'er he calls his moving cause, to choose

He gives that cause no power, or to refuse.

And thus from fate all artful order springs,

This rear'd the world, this is the rise of things. 360

Now give us leave to ask, great Stagyrice,

How the first God th' inferior does excite ?

Of his own substance does he parts convey,

Whose motive force the Under-Gods obey ?

If so, he may be chang'd, he may decay. 365

But if by steadfast gazing they are mov'd,

And admiration of the object lov'd ;

If those below their motive force acquire

From the strong impulse of divine desire ;

Tell us, what good your God Supreme can grant, 370

Which those beneath, to make them happy, want.

If admiration of the God Supreme,

And heavenly raptures should their breasts inflame,

Is that of motion a resistless cause,

Of motion constant to eternal laws ? 375

Might not each second God inactive lie

On his blue sphere, and fix his ravish'd eye

On the Supreme Unmoveable, and ne'er

Be forc'd to roll around his solid sphere ?

Say, how could wonder drive them from their place ?

How in a circle make them run their race ?

How keep them steady in one certain place ?

He this a fundamental maxim lays,

That Nature wisely acts in all her ways ;

That she pursues the things which most conduce
To order, beauty, decency, and use.

Who can to reason this affront endure?
Should it derision cause, or anger more,
To hear a deep philosopher assert
That Nature, not endu'd with skill or art,
Of liberty of choice, of reason void,
Still wisely acts, wherever she's employ'd?
Can actions be denominated wise,
Which from a brute necessity arise,
Which the blind agent never did intend,
The means unchosen, and unknown the end?

On this be laid the stress of this debate;
What wisely acts can never act by fate.
The means and end must first be understood;
The means, as proper; and the end, as good;
The act must be exerted with intent
By using means to gain the wish'd event.
But can a senseless and unconscious cause,
By foreign impulse mov'd, and fatal laws,
This thing as good, and that as fit, respect,
Design the end, and then the means elect?
Nature, you grant, can no event intend,
Yet that she acts with prudence you pretend:
So Nature wisely acts, yet acts without an end!

Yet while this prince of science does declare
That means or ends were never Nature's care;
That things which seem with perfect art contriv'd,
By the resistless force of fate arriv'd;

This

This cautious master, to secure his fame,
 And 'scape the Atheist's ignominious name, 415
 Did to his Gods of all degrees allow
 Counsel, design, and power to choose and know.
 Yet, since he's pleas'd so plainly to assert,
 His Gods no act of reasoning power exert,
 No mark of choice, or arbitrary will, 420
 Employ'd no prudence, and expres'd no skill,
 In making or directing Nature's frame,
 Which from his fate inevitable came ;
 These Gods must, as to us, be brute and blind,
 And as unuseful, as if void of mind : 425
 Acting without intent, or care, or aim,
 Can they our prayer regard, or praises claim ?
 Of all the irreligious in debate,
 This shameful error is the common fate ;
 That though they cannot but distinctly see 430
 In Nature's works, and whole œconomy,
 Design and judgment in a high degree ;
 This judgment, this design, they ne'er allow
 Do from a cause endued with reason flow.
 The art they grant, th' artificer reject, 435
 The structure own, and not the architect ;
 That unwise Nature all things wisely makes,
 And prudent measures without prudence takes.
 Grant that their admiration and their love
 Of the first God may all th' inferior move ; 440
 Grant, too, though no necessity appears,
 That, with their rapture mov'd, they move their spheres :

These questions let the Stagyrice resolve,
 Why they at all, why in this way revolve?
 Declare by what necessity control'd,
 In one determin'd manner they are roll'd?
 Why is their swift rotation west and east,
 Rather than north and south, or east and west?
 Why do not all th' inferior spheres obey
 The highest sphere's inevitable sway?
 Tell us, if all celestial motions rise
 From revolutions of the starry skies,
 Whence of the orbs the various motions come?
 Why some the general road pursue; and some
 In æther stray, and disobedient roam?
 If yours the source of motion is, declare,
 Why this is fix'd, and that a wandering star?
 Tell by what fate, by what resistless force,
 This orb has one, and that another course?
 How does the learned Greek the cause unfold
 With equal swiftness why the sun is roll'd
 Still east and west, to mark the night and day?
 To form the year, why through th' ecliptic way?
 What magic, what necessity, confines
 The solar orb between the tropic lines?
 What charms in those enchanted circles dwell,
 That with controlling power the sun repel?
 The Stagyrice to this no answer makes;
 Of the vast globe so little thought he takes,
 That he to solve these questions never strives,
 No cause or of its place or motion gives.

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But farther yet, applauded Greek, suppose
Celestial motions from your spring arose ;
That motion down to all the worlds below
From the first sphere may propagated flow : 475
Since you of things to show th' efficient source
Have always to necessity recourse ;
From what necessity do spheres proceed
With such a measur'd, such a certain speed ?
We fain would this mysterious cause explore, 480
Why motion was not either less or more,
But in this just proportion and degree,
As suits with Nature's just œconomy.
This is a cause, a right one too, we grant,
But 'tis the final, we th' efficient want ; 485
With greater swiftness if the spheres were whirl'd,
The motion given to this inferior world
Too violent had been for Nature's use,
Of too great force mix'd bodies to produce ;
The Elements, Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, 490
Which now to make compounded things conspire,
By their rude shocks could never have combin'd,
Or had been disengag'd as soon as join'd :
But then had motion in a less degree
Been given, than that which we in Nature see ; 495
Of greater vigour we had stood in need,
To mix and blend the elemental feed,
To temper, work, incorporate, and bind
Those principles, that thence of every kind
The various compound beings might arise, 500
Which fill the earth and sea, and store the skies.
Say,

Say, what necessity, what fatal laws,
 Did in such due proportion motion cause,
 Nor more or less, but just so much as tends
 To frame the world, and serve all Nature's ends? 505

Ask why the highest of the rolling spheres,
 Deck'd to profusion with refulgent stars,
 And all with bright excrescences embost,
 Has the whole beauty of the heavens engross;
 When of the others, to dispel the night, 510
 Each owns a single, solitary light;
 Only one planet in a sphere is found,
 Marching in air his melancholy round:
 Nature, he tells us, took this prudent care,
 That the sublimest and the noblest sphere 515
 Should be with nobler decoration blest,
 And in magnificence outshine the rest;
 That so its greater ornament and state
 Should bear proportion with its greater height.
 It seems then Nature does not only find 520
 Means to be good, beneficent, and kind,
 But has for beauty and for order car'd,
 Does rank, and state, and decency, regard.

Now, should he not considering men forgive,
 If, sway'd by this assertion, they believe 525
 That Nature, which does decency respect,
 Is something which can reason, choose, reflect?
 Or that some wise Director must preside
 O'er Nature's works, and all her motions guide?
 You here should that necessity declare, 530
 Why all the stars adorn the highest sphere:

Say,

Say, how is this th' effect of fatal laws,
Without reflecting on a final cause?

One sphere has all the stars; we ask you, why?

When you to beauty and to order fly,

You plain assert the truth which you deny;

That is, that Nature has wise ends in view,

With foresight works, and does designs pursue.

535 }

Thus all the mighty wits that have essay'd

To explicate the means how things are made

By Nature's power, without the Hand Divine,

The final causes of effects assign.

540

They say, that this or that is so or so,

That such events in such succession flow;

Because convenience, decency, and use,

Require that Nature things should thus produce.

545

They in their demonstrations always vaunt

Efficient causes, which they always want.

But thus they yield the question in debate,

And grant the impotence of Chance and Fate;

For, till they show by what necessity

Things have the disposition which we see,

Whether it be deriv'd from Fate or Chance,

Not the least step in science they advance.

550

Grant Nature furnish'd, at her vast expence,

One room of state with such magnificence,

That it might shine above the others bright,

Adorn'd with numerous burnish'd balls of light;

Does she on one by decent rules dispense

Of constellations such a wealth immense,

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While

While the next sphere in amplitude and height
 Rolls on with one erratic lonely light?
 But be it so, the question's still the same,
 Tell us, from what necessity it came?

Let us the great philosopher attend, 565
 While to the worlds below his thoughts descend:
 His elements, earth, water, air, and fire,
 He says, to make all compound things conspire;
 He in the midst leaves the dull earth at rest,
 In the soft bosom of the air carefs'd; 570
 The red-wing'd fire must to the moon arise,
 Hover in air, and lick contiguous skies;
 No charms, no force, can make the fire descend,
 Nor can the earth to seats superior tend;
 Both unmolested peace for ever own, 575
 This in the middle, that beneath the moon:
 Water and air not so; for they, by Fate
 Assign'd to constant duty, always wait;
 Ready by turns to rise or to descend,
 Nature against a vacant to defend; 580
 For should a void her monarchy invade,
 Should in her works the smallest breach be made,
 That breach the mighty fabric would dissolve,
 And in immediate ruin all involve.
 A consequence so dismal to prevent, 585
 Water and air are still (as said) intent
 To mount or fall, this way or that to fly,
 Seek subterranean vaults, or climb the sky;
 While these with so much duty are oppress'd,
 The earth and fire are privileg'd with rest. 590

These

These elements, 'tis clear, have not discern'd
 The interest of the whole, nor are concern'd
 Lest they, when once an interposing void
 Has Nature's frame o'erturn'd, should be destroy'd.

565 Tell, why these simple elements are four? 595

Why just so many? why not less or more?

Does this from pure necessity proceed?

Or say, does Nature just that number need?

If this, you mock us, and decline the task;

570 You give the final cause, when we th' efficient ask. 600

If that, how often shall we call in vain,

That you would this necessity explain?

But here forgive me, famous Stagyrice,

If I esteem it idle to recite

575 The reasons (so you call them) which you give, 605

To make us this necessity believe;

Reasons so trifling, so absurd, and dry,

That those should blush, who make a grave reply.

Your elements we grant: but now declare,

580 How you to form compounded things prepare, 610 }
 And mix your fire and water, earth and air?

The swift rotation of the spheres above,

You say, must all inferior bodies move;

The elements in sublunary space

585 Are by this impulse forc'd to leave their place; 615

By various agitations they combine

In different forms, by different mixtures join;

Blended and justly temper'd, they compound

90 All things in all th' inferior regions found:

Thus

Thus beings from th' incorporated four
 Result, by undesigning Nature's power.
 Hence metals, plants, and minerals arise,
 The clouds and all the meteors of the skies!
 Hence all the clans that haunt the hill or wood,
 That beat the air, or cut the limpid flood!
 Ev'n man, their Lord, hence into being came,
 Breath'd the pure air, and felt the vital flame!
 Say, is not this a noble scheme, a piece
 Worthy the Stagyrice, and worthy Greece?

But now, acute philosopher, declare
 How this rotation of the heavenly sphere
 Can mingle fire and water, earth and air?
 The fire that dwells beneath the lunar ball,
 To meet ascending earth, must downward fall.
 Now turn your sphere contiguous to the fire,
 Will from its seat that element retire?
 The sphere could never drive its neighbour down,
 But give a circling motion, like its own.
 So give the air impression from above,
 It in a whirl vertiginous would move;
 And thus the rolling spheres can ne'er displace
 The fire or air, to make a mingled mass;
 The elements distinct might keep their seat,
 Elude the ruffle, and your scheme defeat.

But since th' applauded author will demand
 For complex bodies no director's hand;
 Since art without an artist he maintains,
 A building rears without a builder's pains;

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He

620 He comes at length to Epicurus' scheme,
Pleas'd by his model compound works to frame. 650

One all his various atoms does unite
To form mixt things; the famous Stagyrice,
By his invented elements combin'd,
625 Composes beings of each different kind;
But both agree, while both alike deny 655
The Gods did e'er their care or thought apply
To form or rule this universal frame,
Which or from fate or casual concurrence came.

Whether to raise the world you are inclin'd
By this man's chance, or that man's fate, as blind; 660
If still mechanic, necessary laws
Of moving matter must all beings cause;
If artful works from a brute cause result,
635 From springs unknown, and qualities occult;
With schemes alike absurd our reason you insult. }

And now, to finish this less pleasant task,
Of our renown'd philosopher we ask,
How was the earth determin'd to its place?
Why did it first the middle point embrace?
640 What blandishments, what strong attractive power, 670
What happy arts adapted to allure,
Were by that single point of all the void,
To captivate and charm the mass employ'd?
Or what machines, what grapples did it cast
645 On earth, to fix it to the centre fast? 675
But if the earth, by strong enchantment caught,
This point of all the vacant fondly sought,

Since

Since it is unintelligent and blind,
 Could it the way, the nearest could it find?
 When at that point arriv'd, how did it know 680
 It was arriv'd, and should no farther go?
 When in a globous form collected there,
 What wondrous cement made the parts cohere?
 Why did the orb suspended there remain
 Fix'd and unmov'd? what does its weight sustain? 685
 Tell what its fall prevents; can liquid air
 The ponderous pile on its weak columns bear?
 The earth must, in its gravity's despight,
 Uphold itself; our careless Stagyrite
 For its support has no provision made, 690
 No pillar rear'd, and no foundation laid:
 When by occult and unknown gravity
 'Tis to its station brought, it there must lie
 In undisturb'd repose; in vain we ask him, why? }
 Say, if the world uncaus'd did ne'er begin, 695
 If Nature what it is has always been;
 Why do no arms the poet's song employ
 Before the Theban war, or siege of Troy?
 And why no elder histories relate
 The rise of empires, and the turns of state? 700
 If generations infinite are gone,
 Tell, why so late were arts and letters known?
 Their rise and progress is of recent date,
 And still we mourn their young imperfect state.
 If unconfin'd duration we regard, 705
 And time be with eternity compar'd,

But

But yesterday the sages of the East
 First some crude knowledge of the stars exprest.
 In sacred emblems Egypt's sons conceal'd
 Their mystic learning, rather than reveal'd. 710
 Greece after this, for subtle wit renown'd,
 The sciences and arts improv'd or found ;
 First, causes search'd, and Nature's secret ways ;
 First taught the bards to sing immortal lays ;
 The charms of music and of painting rais'd, 715
 And was for building first, and first for sculpture prais'd.

Man in mechanic arts did late excel,
 That succour life, and noxious power repel ;
 Which yield supplies for necessary use,
 Or which to pleasure or to pomp conduce. 720
 How late was found the loadstone's magic force,
 That seeks the north, and guides the sailor's course !
 How newly did the printer's curious skill
 Th' enlighten'd world with letter'd volumes fill !
 But late the kindled powder did explode 725
 The massy ball, and the brass tube unload ;
 The tube, to whose loud thunder Albion owes
 The laurel honours that adorn her brows ;
 Which awful, during eight renown'd campaigns,
 From Belgia's hills, and Gallia's frontier plains, 730
 Did through th' admiring realms around proclaim
 Marlborough's swift conquests, and great Anna's name !

By this the leader of the British powers
 Shook Menin, Lilla, and high Ganda's towers ;
 Next his wide engines level'd Tournay's pride, 735
 Whose lofty walls advancing foes defy'd :

Though nitrous tempests, and clandestine death,
 Fill'd the deep caves and numerous vaults beneath,
 Which, form'd with art, and wrought with endless toil,
 Ran through the faithless excavated soil. 740
 See, the intrepid Briton delves his way,
 And to the caverns lets in war and day;
 Quells subterranean foes, and rises crown'd
 With spoils, from martial labour under ground.
 Mons, to reward Blarignia's glorious field, 745
 To Marlborough's terrors did submissive yield.
 The hero next assail'd proud Doway's head;
 And, spite of confluent inundations spread
 Around, in spite of works for sure defence
 Rais'd with consummate art, and cost immense, 750
 With unexampled valour did succeed:
 (Villars, thy host beheld the hardy deed!)
 Aria, Venantia, Bethune, and Bouchain,
 Of his long triumphs close th' illustrious train.
 While thus his thunder did his wrath declare, 755
 And artful lightnings flash'd along the air,
 Somona's castles with th' impetuous roar
 Astonish'd tremble, but their warriors more;
 Lutetia's lofty towers, with terror struck,
 Caught the contagion, and at distance shook. 760
 Tell, Gallic chiefs, for you have often heard
 His dreadful cannon, and his fire rever'd,
 Tell, how you rag'd, when your pale cohorts run
 From Marlborough's sword, the battle scarce begun.
 Tell, Scaldis! Legia, tell! how to their head 765
 Your frightened waves in reflux errors fled.

While Marlborough's cannon thus prevails by land,
Britain's sea-chiefs, by Anna's high command,
Resistless o'er the Tuscan billows ride,
And strike rebellowing caves on either side; 770
Their sulphur tempests ring from shore to shore,
Now make the Ligur start, and now the Moor.
Hark how the sound disturbs imperious Rome,
Shakes her proud hills, and rolls from dome to dome!
Her mitred princes hear the echoing noise, 775
And, Albion, dread thy wrath, and awful voice.
Aided by thee, the Austrian eagles rise
Sublime, and triumph in Iberian skies.
What panic fear, what anguish, what distress,
What consternation, Gallia's sons express, 780
While trembling on the coast, they from afar
View the wing'd terrors, and the floating war!

C R E A T I O N.

B O O K VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE fabulous account of the first rise of mankind, given by the ancient poets. The opinions of many of the Greek philosophers concerning that point not less ridiculous. The assertion of Epicurus and his followers, that our first parents were the spontaneous production of the earth, most absurd and incredible. The true origin of man inquired into. He is proved to be at first created by an intelligent, arbitrary cause; from the characters and impressions of contrivance, art, and wisdom, which appear in his formation. The wonderful progress of it. The figure, situation, and connection of the bones. The system of the veins, and that of the arteries. The manner of the circulation of the blood described. Nutrition, how performed. The system of the nerves. Of the animal spirits, how made, and how employed in muscular motion and sensation. A wise, intelligent Cause inferred from these appearances.

THE

THE pagan world, to Canaan's realms unknown,
 Where knowledge reign'd, and light celestial shone,
 Lost by degrees their parent Adam's name,
 Forgot their stock, and wonder'd whence they came ;
 Unguided, in the dark they strove to find, 5
 With fruitless toil, the source of human kind.

The heathen bards, who idle fables dress,
 Illusive dreams in mystic verse express'd,
 And, foes to natural science and divine,
 In beauteous phrase made impious notions shine, 10
 In strains sublime their different fictions sung,
 Whence the first parents of our species sprung.

Prometheus (so some elder poets say)
 Temper'd and form'd a paste of purer clay,
 To which, well mingled with the river's stream, 15
 His artful hand gave human shape and frame ;
 Then, with warm life his figures to inspire,
 The bold projector stole celestial fire.

While others tell us how the human brood
 Ow'd their production to the fruitful wood ; 20
 How from the laurel and the ash they sprung,
 And infants on the oak, like acorns hung :
 The crudé conceptions prest the bending trees,
 Till cherish'd by the sun-beams, by degrees,
 Ripe children dropp'd on all the soil around, 25
 Peopled the woods, and overspread the ground.

Great Jupiter (so some were pleas'd to sing),
 Of fabled gods the father and the king,

BLACKMORE'S POEMS.

The moving prayer of Æacus did grant,
And into men and women turn'd the ant.

Some tell, Deucalion and his Pyrrha threw
Obdurate stones, which o'er their shoulders flew,
Then shifting shape receiv'd a vital flame,
And men and women (wondrous change!) became.
And thus the hard and stubborn race of man
From animated rock and flint began.

Now to the learned schools of Greece repair,
Who Chance the author of the world declare:
Then judge if wise philosophers excel
Those idle tales, which wanton poets tell.

They say, at first to living things the earth
At her formation gave spontaneous birth;
When youthful heat was through the glebe diffus'd,
Mankind, as well as insects, she produc'd;
That genial wombs by parent Chance were form'd
Adapted to the soil, which, after warm'd
And cherish'd by the sun's enlivening beam,
With human offsprings did in embryo teem;
These nourish'd there a while imprison'd lay,
Then broke their yielding bands, and forc'd their way;
The field a crop of reasoning creatures crown'd,
And crying infants grovel'd on the ground;
A milky store was by the mother earth
Pour'd from her bosom, to sustain the birth;
In strength and bulk increas'd, the earth-born race
Could move, and walk, and ready change their place,
O'er every hill and verdant pasture stray,
Skip o'er the lawns, and by the rivers play,

Could

Could eat the tender plant, and by degrees
 Browse on the shrubs, and crop the budding trees ; 60
 The fragrant fruit from bending branches shake,
 And with the crystal stream their thirst at pleasure slake.

The earth by these applauded schools, 'tis said,
 This single crop of men and women bred ;
 Who grown adult (so Chance it seems enjoin'd) 65
 Did male and female propagate their kind.

This wise account Lucretian fables give,
 Whence our first parents their descent derive.

Severely on this subject to dispute,
 And tales so wild, so senseless, to confute, 70
 Were with inglorious labour to disgrace
 The schools, and reason's dignity debase.
 But since, with this of man's original,
 The parts remaining of their scheme must fall
 (Yet farther to pursue the present theme), 75
 Behold how vain philosophers may dream.

Grant, Epicurus, that by casual birth
 Men sprung spontaneous from the fruitful earth.
 When on the glebe the naked infants lay,
 How were the helpless creatures fed ? You say, 80
 The teeming soil did from its breasts exude
 A soft and milky liquor for their food.
 I will not ask what this apt humour made,
 Nor by what wondrous channels 'twas convey'd ;
 For, if we such inquiries make, we know 85
 Your short reply, It happen'd to be so ;
 Without assigning once a proper cause,
 Or solving questions by mechanic laws,

To every doubt your answer is the same,
It so fell out, and so by chance it came.

How shall the new-born race their food command,
Who cannot change their place, or move a hand?
Grant that the glebe beneath will never drink,
Nor through its pores let the soft humour sink;
Will not the sun with his exhaling ray
Defraud the babe, and draw his food away?

Since for so long a space the human birth
Must lie expos'd and naked on the earth;
Say, could the tender creature, in despite
Of heat by day, and chilling dews by night,
In spite of thunder, winds, and hail, and rain,
And all inclement air, its life maintain?

In vain, you say, in earth's primæval state,
Soft was the air, and mild the cold and heat;
For did not then the night succeed the day?
The sun as now roll through its annual way?
Th' effects then on the air must be the same,
The frosts of winter, and the summer's flame.

In the first age, you say, the pregnant ground
With human kind in embryo did abound,
And pour'd her offspring on the soil around.
But tell us, Epicurus, why the field
Did never since one human harvest yield?
And why we never see one ripening birth
Heave in the glebe, and struggle through the earth?

You say, that, when the earth was fresh and young,
While her prolific energy was strong,

A race of men she in her bosom bred,
 And all the fields with infant people spread :
 But that first birth her strength did so exhaust, 120
 The genial mother so much vigour lost,
 That, wasted now by age, in vain we hope
 She should again bring forth a human crop.

Mean time, she's not with labour so much worn,
 But she can still the hills with woods adorn. 125
 See, from her fertile bosom how she pours
 Verdant conceptions, and, refresh'd with showers,
 Covers the field with corn, and paints the mead with }
 flowers. }

See, her tall sons, the cedar, oak, and pine,
 The fragrant myrtle, and the juicy vine, 130
 Their parent's undecaying strength declare,
 Which with fresh labour, and unwearied care, }
 Supplies new plants, her losses to repair. }

Then, since the earth retains her fruitful power
 To procreate plants, the forest to restore ; 135

Say, why to nobler animals alone
 Should she be feeble, and unfruitful grown ?
 After one birth she ceas'd not to be young,
 The glebe was succulent, the mould was strong.
 Could she at once fade in her perfect bloom, 140
 Waste all her spirits, and her wealth consume ?

Grant that her vigour might in part decrease,
 From like productions must she ever cease ?
 To form a race she might have still inclin'd,
 Though of a monstrous, or a dwarfish kind. 145

Why

Why did she never, by one crude essay,
 Imperfect lines and rudiments display?
 In some succeeding ages had been found
 A leg or arm unfinish'd in the ground;
 And sometimes in the fields might ploughing swains
 Turn up soft bones, and break unfashion'd veins.

But grant the earth was lavish of her power,
 And spent at once her whole prolific store;
 Would not so long a rest new vigour give,
 And all her first fertility revive?
 Learn, Epicurus, of th' experienc'd swain,
 When frequent wounds have worn th' impoverish'd plain;
 Let him a while the furrow not molest,
 But leave the glebe to heavenly dews and rest;
 If then he till and sow the harrow'd field,
 Will not the soil a plenteous harvest yield?

The sun, by you, Lucretius, is assign'd
 The other parent of all human kind.
 But does he ever languish or decay?
 Does he not equal influence display,
 And pierce the plains with the same active ray?
 If then the glebe, warm'd with the solar flame,
 Men once produc'd, it still should do the same.

You say, the sun's prolific beams can form
 Th' industrious ant, the gaudy fly, and worm;
 Can make each plant, and tree, the gardener's care,
 Beside their leaves, their proper insects bear:
 Then might the heavens, in some peculiar state,
 Or lucky aspect, beasts and men create.

But

But late inquirers by their glasses find 175

That every insect of each different kind,
In its own egg, cheer'd by the solar rays,

Organs involv'd and latent life displays :

This truth, discover'd by sagacious art,

Does all Lucretian arrogance subvert. 180

Proud wits, your frenzy own, and, overcome

By reason's force, be now for ever dumb.

If, learned Epicurus, we allow

Our race to earth primæval being owe,

How did she male and female sexes frame ? 185

Say, if from fortune this distinction came ?

Or did the conscious parent then foresee

By one conception she should barren be,

And therefore, wisely provident, design'd

Prolific pairs to propagate the kind ; 190

That, thus preserv'd, the godlike race of man

Might not expire ere yet it scarce began ?

Since, by these various arguments, 'tis clear

The teeming mould did not our parents bear ;

By more severe inquiries let us trace 195

The origin and source of human race.

I think, I move, I therefore know I am ;

While I have been, I still have been the same, }

Since, from an infant, I a man became. }

But though I am, few circling years are gone, 200

Since I in Nature's roll was quite unknown.

Then, since 'tis plain I have not always been,

I ask, from whence my being could begin ?

I did not to myself existence give,
 Nor from myself the secret power receive,
 By which I reason, and by which I live.
 I did not build this frame, nor do I know
 The hidden springs from whence my motions flow.
 If I had form'd myself, I had design'd
 A stronger body, and a wiser mind,
 From sorrow free, nor liable to pain;
 My passions should obey, and reason reign.
 Nor could my being from my parents flow,
 Who neither did the parts or structure know,
 Did not my mind or body understand,
 My sex determine, nor my shape command:
 Had they design'd and rais'd the curious frame,
 Inspir'd my branching veins with vital flame,
 Fashion'd the heart, and hellow channels made,
 Through which the circling streams of life are play'd;
 Had they the organs of my senses wrought,
 And form'd the wondrous principle of thought;
 Their artful work they must have better known,
 Explain'd its springs, and its contrivance shown.

If they could make, they might preserve me too,
 Prevent my fears, or dissipate my woe.
 When long in sickness languishing I lay,
 They with compassion touch'd did mourn and pray;
 To sooth my pain, and mitigate my grief,
 They said kind things, yet brought me no relief.
 But whatsoever cause my being gave,
 The Power that made me can its creature save.
 If to myself I did not being give,
 Nor from immediate parents did receive;

It could not from my predeceffors flow, 235
 They, than my parents, could not more beftow.
 Should we the long depending ſcale aſcend
 Of ſons and fathers, will it never end?

If 'twill, then muſt we through the order run
 To ſome one man, whoſe being ne'er begun: 240

If that one man was ſempiternal, why
 Did he, ſince independent, ever die?

If from himſelf his own exiſtence came,
 The cauſe, that could deſtroy his being, name.

To ſeek my Maker, thus in vain I trace 245

The whole ſucceſſive chain of human race.

Bewilder'd I my Author cannot find,

Till ſome Firſt Cauſe, ſome Self-exiſtent Mind,

Who form'd, and rules all Nature, is aſſign'd. }

When firſt the womb did the crude embryo hold,

What ſhap'd the parts? what did the limbs unfold?

O'er the whole work in ſecret did preſide,

Give quickening vigour, and each motion guide?

What kindled in the dark the vital flame,

And, ere the heart was form'd, push'd on the reddening
 ſtream? 255

Then for the heart the apteſt fibres ſtrung?

And in the breaſt th' impulſive engine hung?

Say, what the various bones ſo wiſely wrought?

How was their frame to ſuch perfection brought?

What did their figures for their uſes fit, 260

Their number fix, and joints adapted knit;

And made them all in that juſt order ſtand,

Which motion, ſtrength, and ornament, demand?

What

What for the sinews spun so strong a thread,
 The curious loom to weave the muscles spread ; 265
 Did the nice strings of tended membranes drill,
 And perforate the nerve with so much skill,
 Then with the active stream the dark recesses fill ?
 The purple mazes of the veins display'd,
 And all th' arterial pipes in order laid, 270
 What gave the bounding current to the blood,
 And to and fro convey'd the restless flood ?

The living fabrick now in pieces take,
 Of every part due observation make ;
 All which such art discover, so conduce 275
 To beauty, vigour, and each destin'd use ;
 The Atheist, if to search for truth inclin'd,
 May in himself his full conviction find,
 And from his body teach his erring mind.

When the crude embryo careful Nature breeds, 280
 See how she works, and how her work proceeds ;
 While through the mass her energy she darts,
 To free and swell the complicated parts,
 Which only does unravel and untwist
 Th' envelop'd limbs, that previous there exist. 285
 And as each vital speck, in which remains
 Th' entire, but rumpled animal, contains
 Organs perplex'd, and clues of twining veins ;
 So every fœtus bears a secret hoard,
 With sleeping, unexpanded issue stor'd ; 290
 Which numerous, but unquicken'd progeny,
 Clasp'd and inwrapt within each other lie :

Engendering

Engendering heats these one by one unbind,
 Stretch their small tubes, and hamper'd nerves unwind:
 And thus, when time shall drain each magazine, 295
 Crowded with men unborn, unripe, unseen,
 Nor yet of parts unfolded; no increase
 Can follow, all prolific power must cease.

Th' elastic spirits, which remain at rest
 In the strait lodgings of the brain compress, 300
 While by the ambient womb's enlivening heat,
 Cheer'd and awaken'd, first themselves dilate;

Then quicken'd and expanded every way,
 The genial labourers all their force display:
 They now begin to work the wondrous frame, 305
 To shape the parts, and raise the vital flame;

For when th' extended fibres of the brain
 Their active guests no longer can restrain,
 They backward spring, which due effort compels
 The labouring spirits to forsake their cells; 310

The spirits thus exploded from their seat,
 Swift from the head to the next parts retreat,
 Force their admission, and their passage beat: }

Their tours around th' unopen'd mass they take,
 And by a thousand ways their inroads make, 315

Till there resisted they their race inflect,
 And backward to their source their way direct.

Thus with a steady and alternate toil
 They issue from, and to the head recoil;
 By which their plastic function they discharge, 320

Extend their channels, and their tracks enlarge;

For, by the swift excursions which they make,
 Still sallying from the brain, and leaping back,

They

They pierce the nervous fibre, bore the vein,
And stretch th' arterial channels which contain
The various streams of life, that to and fro
Through dark meanders undirected flow;
Th' inspected egg this gradual change betrays,
To which the brooding hen expanding heat conveys.

The beating heart, demanded first for use,
Is the first muscle Nature does produce;
By this impulsive engine's constant aid,
The tepid floods are every way convey'd;
And did not Nature's care at first provide
The active heart, to push the circling tide,
All progress to her work would be denied.

The salient point, so first is call'd the heart,
Shap'd and suspended with amazing art,
By turns dilated, and by turns compress'd,
Expels and entertains the purple guest;
It sends from out its left contracted side
Into th' arterial tube its vital pride;
Which tube, prolong'd but little from its source,
Parts its wide trunk, and takes a double course.

One channel to the head its way directs,
One to th' inferior limbs its path inflects:
Both smaller by degrees, and smaller grow,
And on the parts, through which they branching go,
A thousand secret subtle pipes bestow;
From which, by numerous convolutions wound,
Wrapt with th' attending nerve, and twisted round,
The complicated knots and kernels rise,
Of various figures, and of various size.

Th' arterial ducts, when thus involv'd, produce
Unnumber'd glands, and of important use ; 355

But after, as they farther progress make,
The appellation of a vein they take ;
For though th' arterial pipes themselves extend
In smallest branches, yet they never end ;
The same continued circling channels run 360
Back to the heart, where first their course begun.

The heart, as said, from its contractive cave
On the left side, ejects the bounding wave ;
Exploded thus, as splitting channels lead,
Upward it springs, or downward is convey'd ; 365
The crimson jets with force elastic thrown
Ascend, and climb the mind's imperial throne ;
Arterial streams through the soft brain diffuse,
And water all its fields with vital dews :

From this o'erflowing tide the curious brain 370
Does through its pores the purer spirits strain ;
Which to its inmost seats their passage make,
Whence their dark rise th' extended sinews take ;
With all their mouths the nerves these spirits drink,
Which through the cells of the fine strainer sink ; 375
These all the channel'd fibres every way
For motion and sensation still convey.

The greatest portion of th' arterial blood,
By the close structure of the parts withstood,
Whose narrow meshes stop the grosser flood, 380
By apt canals and furrows in the brain,
Which here discharge the office of a vein,
Invert their current, and the heart regain.

The shooting streams, which through another road
 The beating engine downward did explode, 385
 To all th' inferior parts descend, and lave
 The members with their circulating wave :
 To make th' arterial treasure move as slow,
 As nature's ends demand, the channels grow
 Still more contracted, as they farther go : 390
 Besides, the glands, which o'er the body spread
 Fine complicated clues of nervous thread,
 Involv'd and twist'd with th' arterial duct,
 The rapid motion of the blood obstruct :
 These labyrinths the circling current stay 395
 For noble ends, which after we display.

Soon as the blood has pass'd the winding ways,
 And various turnings of the wondrous maze,
 From the entangled knot of vessels freed,
 It runs its vital race with greater speed ; 400
 And from the parts and members most remote,
 By these canals the streams are backward brought,
 Which are of thinner coats and fewer fibres wrought ;
 Till all the confluent rills their current join,
 And in the ample Porta vein combine. 405
 This larger channel by a thousand roads
 Enters the liver, and its store unloads ;
 Which from that store by proper inlets strains
 The yellow dregs, and sends them by the veins
 To the large cistern, which the gall contains ; 410
 Then to the vein, we Cava name, the blood
 Calls in the scatter'd streams, and re-collects the flood.

As when the Thames advances through the plain,
 With his fresh waters to dilute the main ;
 He turns and winds amidst the flowery meads, 415
 And now contracts, and now his waters spreads ;
 Here in a course direct he forward tends,
 There to his head his waves retorted bends :
 See, now the sportive flood in two divides
 His silver train, now with uniting tides 420
 He wanton clasps the intercepted soil,
 And forms with erring streams the reedy isle ;
 At length collecting all his watery band,
 The ocean to augment he leaves the land.
 So the red currents in their secret maze 425
 In various rounds through dark meanders pass,
 Till all, assembled in the Cava vein,
 Bring to the heart's right side their crimson train,
 Which now compress'd with force elastic drives
 The flood, that through the secret passes strives ; 430
 The road that to the lungs this store transmits
 Into unnumber'd narrow channels splits ;
 The venal blood crowds through the winding ways,
 And through the tubes the broken tide conveys ;
 Those numerous streams, their rosy beauty gone, 435
 Poor by expence, and faint with labour grown,
 Are in the lungs enrich'd, which reinspire
 The languid liquors, and restore their fire.
 The large arterial ducts that thither lead,
 By which the blood is from the heart convey'd, 440
 Through either lobe ten thousand branches spread.

Here its bright stream the bounding current parts,
 And through the various passes swiftly darts,
 Each subtle pipe, each winding channel, fills
 With sprightly liquors, and with purple rills; 445
 The pipe, distinguish'd by its gristly rings,
 To cherish life ærial pasture brings,
 Which the soft breathing lungs with gentle force
 Constant embrace by turns, by turns divorce;
 The springy air this nitrous food impels 450
 Through all the spongy parts and bladder'd cells,
 And with dilating breath the vital bellows swells;
 Th' admitted nitre agitates the flood,
 Revives its fire, and re-ferments the blood.
 Behold, the streams now change their languid blue,
 Regain their glory, and their flame renew;
 With scarlet honours re-adorn'd, the tide
 Leaps on, and, bright with more than Tyrian pride,
 Advances to the heart, and fills the cave
 On the left side, which the first motion gave; 460
 Now through the same involv'd arterial ways,
 Again th' exploded jets th' impulsive engine plays.
 No sons of wisdom could this current trace,
 Or of th' Ionic, or Italic race:
 From thee, Democritus, it lay conceal'd, 465
 Though yielding Nature much to thee reveal'd;
 Though with the curious knife thou didst invade
 Her dark recesses, and hast oft' display'd
 The crimson mazes, and the hollow road,
 Which to the heart conveys the reflux blood. 470

It was to thee, great Stagyrite, unknown,
And thy Preceptor of divine renown.
Learning did ne'er this secret truth impart
To the Greek masters of the healing art.

'Twas by the Coan's piercing eye unview'd, 475
And did attentive Galen's search elude.

Thou, wondrous Harvey ! whose immortal fame,
By thee instructed, grateful schools proclaim ;
Thou, Albion's pride, didst first the winding way,
And circling life's dark labyrinth display ; 480
Attentive from the heart thou didst pursue
The starting flood, and keep it still in view ;
Till thou with rapture saw'st the channels bring
The purple currents back, and form the vital ring.

See, how the human animal is fed, 485
How nourishment is wrought, and how convey'd :
The mouth, with proper faculties endued,
First entertains, and then divides the food ;
Two adverse rows of teeth the meat prepare,
On which the glands fermenting juice confer ; 490
Nature has various tender muscles plac'd,
By which the artful gullet is embrac'd ;
Some the long funnel's curious mouth extend,
Through which ingested meats with ease descend ;
Other confederate pairs for nature's use 495
Contract the fibres, and the twitch produce,
Which gently pushes on the grateful food
To the wide stomach, by its hollow road ;
That this long road may unobstructed go,
As it descends, it bores the midriff through ; 500

The large receiver for concoction made
 Behold amidst the warmest bowels laid;
 The spleen to this, and to the adverse side
 The glowing liver's comfort is apply'd;
 Beneath, the pancreas has its proper seat,
 To cheer its neighbour, and augment its heat;
 More to assist it for its destin'd use,
 This ample bag is stor'd with active juice,
 Which can with ease subdue, with ease unbind,
 Admitted meats of every different kind;
 This powerful ferment, mingling with the parts,
 The leaven'd mass to milky chyle converts;
 The stomach's fibres this concocted food,
 By their contraction's gentle force, exclude,
 Which by the mouth on the right side descends
 Through the wide pass, which from that mouth depends;
 In its progression soon the labour'd chyle
 Receives the confluent rills of bitter bile,
 Which by the liver sever'd from the blood,
 And striving through the gall-pipe, here unload
 Their yellow streams, more to refine the flood;
 The complicated glands, in various ranks
 Dispos'd along the neighbouring channel's banks,
 By constant weeping mix their watery store
 With the chyle's current, and dilute it more;
 Th' intestine roads, inflected and inclin'd,
 In various convolutions turn and wind,
 That these meanders may the progress stay,
 And the descending chyle by this delay
 May through the milky vessels find its way,

505

510

515

520

525

530
Whole

Whose little mouths in the large channel's side
 Suck in the flood, and drink the cheering tide :
 These numerous veins (such is the curious frame!)
 Receive the pure insinuating stream ;
 But no corrupt or dreggy parts admit, 535
 To form the blood, or feed the limbs unfit ;
 Th' intestine spiral fibres these protrude,
 And from the winding tubes at length exclude.

Observe, these small canals conspire to make
 With all their treasure one capacious lake, 540
 Whose common receptacle entertains
 Th' united streams of all the lacteal veins.

Hither the rills of water are convey'd
 In curious aquæducts by nature laid,
 To carry all the limpid humour strain'd, 545
 And from the blood divided by the gland ;
 Which mingling currents with the milky juice
 Makes it more apt to flow, more fit for use ;

These liquors, which the wide receiver fill,
 Prepar'd with labour, and refin'd with skill, 550
 Another course to distant parts begin,

Through roads that stretch along the back within ;
 This useful channel, lately known, ascends,
 And in the vein near the left shoulder ends,
 Which there unloads its wealth, that with the blood
 Now flows in one incorporated flood ;

Soon by the vein 'tis to the heart convey'd,
 And is by that elastic engine play'd
 Into the lungs, whence, as describ'd before,
 It onward springs, and makes the wondrous tour. 560

Now all the banks the branching river laves
 With dancing streams, and animated waves;
 New florid honours and gay youth bestows,
 Diffusing vital vigour, where it flows;
 Supplies fresh spirits to the living frame,
 And kindles in the eyes a brighter flame;
 Muscles impair'd receive new fibrous thread,
 And every bone is with rich marrow fed;
 Nature revives, cheer'd with the wealthy tide,
 And life regal'd displays its purple pride.

565

570

But how the wondrous distribution's made,
 How to each part its proper food convey'd;
 How fibrous strings for nourishment are wrought,
 By what conveyance to the muscles brought;
 How rang'd for motion, how for beauty mix'd;
 With vital cement how th' extremes are fix'd;
 How they agree in various ways to join
 In a transverse, a straight, and crooked line;
 Here lost in wonder we adoring stand,
 With rapture own the wise Director's hand,
 Who Nature made, and does her works command.

580

Let us howe'er the theme as far pursue,
 As learn'd observers know, or think they do.

Mixt with the blood in the same circling tide,
 The rills nutritious through the vessels glide:
 Those pipes, still lessening as they further pass,
 Retard the progress of the flowing mass.
 The glands, that Nature o'er the body spreads,
 All artful knots of various hollow threads,

585

Which

Which lymphæducts, an artery, nerve, and vein, 590

Involv'd and close together wound, contain,
Make yet the motion of the streams more flow,
Which through those mazes intricate must flow :

And hence it comes the interrupted blood
Distends its channels with its swelling flood ; 595

Those channels, turgid with th' obstructive tide,
Stretch their small holes, and make their meshes wide,
By skilful Nature pierc'd on every side. }

Meantime, the labour'd chyle pervades the pores
In all th' arterial perforated shores ; 600

The liquid food, which through those passes strives,
To every part just reparation gives ;

Through holes of various figures various juice
Insinuates, to serve for Nature's use.

See, softer fibres to the flesh are sent, 605
While the thin membrane finer strings augment :

The tough and strong are on the sinews laid,

And to the bones the harder are convey'd ;

But what the mass nutritious does divide,
To different parts the different portions guide, 610

What makes them aptly to the limbs adhere,
In youth augment them, and in age repair,
The deepest search could never yet declare. }

Nor less contrivance, nor less curious art,
Surprise and please in every other part. 615

See, how the nerves, with equal wisdom made,

Arising from the tender brain, pervade,

And secret pass in pairs the channel'd bone,

And thence advance through paths and roads unknown ;
Form'd

Form'd of the finest complicated thread,
 These numerous cords are through the body spread;
 A thousand branches from each trunk they send,
 Some to the limbs, some to the bowels tend;
 Some in strait lines, some in transverse, are found,
 One forms a crooked figure, one a round;
 The entrails these embrace in spiral strings,
 Those clasp th' arterial tubes in tender rings;
 The tendons some compacted close produce,
 And some thin fibres for the skin diffuse.

These subtle channels (such is every nerve!)
 For vital functions, sense, and motion, serve;
 Included spirits through their secret road
 Pass to and fro, as through the veins the blood;
 Some to the heart advancing take their way,
 Which move and make the beating muscle play;
 Part to the spleen, part to the liver, flows,
 These to the lungs, and to the stomach those;
 They help to labour and concoct the food,
 Refine the chyle, and animate the blood;
 Exalt the ferments, and the strainers aid,
 That, by a constant separation made,
 They may a due œconomy maintain,
 Exclude the noxious parts, the good retain.

Yet we these wondrous functions ne'er perceive,
 Functions, by which we move, by which we live;
 Unconscious we these motions never heed,
 Whether they err, or by just laws proceed.

But other spirits, govern'd by the will,
 Shoot through their tracks, and distant muscles fill:

This

This Sovereign by his arbitrary nod 650
 Restrains, or sends his ministers abroad;
 Swift and obedient to his high command,
 They stir a finger, or they lift a hand;
 They tune our voices, or they move our eyes;
 By these we walk, or from the ground arise; 655
 By these we turn, by these the body bend;
 Contract a limb at pleasure, or extend.
 And though these spirits, which obsequious go,
 Know not the paths through which they ready flow,
 Nor can our mind instruct them in their way, 660
 Of all their roads as ignorant as they;
 Yet seldom erring they attain their end,
 And reach that single part, which we intend;
 Unguided they a just distinction make,
 This muscle swell, and leave the other slack; 665
 And when their force this limb or that infects,
 Our will the measure of that force directs;
 The spirits which distend them, as we please,
 Exert their power, or from their duty cease.
 These out-guards of the mind are sent abroad, 670
 And still patrolling beat the neighbouring road;
 Or to the parts remote obedient fly,
 Keep posts advanc'd, and on the frontier lie.
 The watchful centinels at every gate,
 At every passage to the senses wait; 675
 Still travel to and fro the nervous way,
 And their impressions to the brain convey,
 Where their report the vital envoys make,
 And with new orders are remanded back;

Quick, as a darted beam of light, they go, 680
 Through different paths to different organs flow,
 Whence they reflect as swiftly to the brain,
 To give it pleasure, or to give it pain.

Thus has the Muse a daring wing display'd,
 Through trackless skies ambitious flight essay'd, 685
 To sing the wonders of the human frame;
 But, oh! bewails her weak, unequal flame.
 Ye skilful masters of Machaon's race,
 Who Nature's mazy intricacies trace,
 And to sublimer spheres of knowledge rise 690
 By manag'd fire, and late-invented eyes;
 Tell, how your search has here eluded been,
 How oft amaz'd and ravish'd you have seen
 The conduct, prudence, and stupendous art,
 And master-strokes in each mechanic part. 695
 Tell, what delightful mysteries remain
 Unfung, which my inferior voice disdain.

Who can this field of miracles survey,
 And not with Galen all in rapture say,
 Behold a God, adore him, and obey! 700

C R E A T I O N.

B O O K VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Introduction, in imitation of King Solomon's ironical concessions to the Libertine. The Creator asserted, from the contemplation of animals. Of their sense of hearing, tasting, smelling, and especially of seeing. Of the nobler operations of animals, commonly called instincts. The Creator demonstrated farther, from the contemplation of human understanding, and the perfections of the mind. The vigour and swiftness of Thought. Simple perception. Reflection. Of the mind's power of abstracting, uniting, and separating ideas. Of the faculty of reasoning, or deducing one proposition from two others. The power of human understanding, in inventing skilful works, and in other instances. The mind's self-determining power, or freedom of choice. Her power of electing an end, and choosing means to attain that end. Of controlling our appetites, rejecting pleasures, and choosing pain, want, and death itself, in hopes of happiness in a distant unknown state of life. The Conclusion, being a short recapitulation of the whole; with a Hymn to the Creator of the World.

WHILE rosy Youth its perfect bloom maintains,
 Thoughtless of age, and ignorant of pains;
 While from the heart rich streams with vigour spring,
 Bound through their roads, and dance their vital ring;
 And spirits, swift as sun-beams through the skies,
 Dart through thy nerves, and sparkle in thy eyes;
 While Nature with full strength thy sinews arms,
 Glows in thy cheeks, and triumphs in her charms;
 Indulge thy instincts, and intent on ease
 With ravishing delight thy senses please.

Since no black clouds dishonour now the sky,
 No winds, but balmy genial zephyrs, fly,
 Eager embark, and to th' inviting gale
 Thy pendants loose, and spread thy silken sail;
 Sportive advance on pleasure's wanton tide
 Through flowery scenes, diffus'd on either side.

See how the hours their painted wings display,
 And draw, like harness'd doves, the smiling day!
 Shall this glad spring, when active ferments climb,
 These months, the fairest progeny of time,
 The brightest parts in all duration's train,
 Ask thee to seize thy bliss; and ask in vain?
 To their prevailing smiles thy heart resign,
 And wisely make the proffer'd blessings thine.

Near some fair river, on reclining land,
 'Midst groves and fountains let thy palace stand;
 Let Parian walls unrivall'd pomp display,
 And gilded towers repel augmented day;

Let

Let porphyry pillars in high rows uphold
The azure roof enrich'd with veins of gold ; 30
And the fair creatures of the sculptor's art
Part grace thy palace, and thy garden part ;
Here let the scentful spoils of opening flowers
Breathe from thy citron walks, and jasmine bowers ;
Hesperian blossoms in thy bosom smell ; 35
Let all Arabia in thy garments dwell.

That costly banquets and delicious feasts
May crown thy table, to regale thy guests,
Ransack the hills, and every park and wood,
The lake unpeople, and despoil the flood ; 40
Procure each feather'd luxury, that beats
Its native air, or from its clime retreats,
And by alternate transmigration flies
O'er interposing seas, and changes skies ;
Let artful cooks to raise their relish strive, 45
With all the spicy tastes the Indies give.

While wreaths of roses round thy temples twine,
Enjoy the sparkling blessings of the vine ;
Let the warm nectar all thy veins inspire,
Solace thy heart, and raise the vital fire. 50

Next let the charms of heavenly music cheer
Thy soul with rapture listening in thy ear ;
Let tuneful chiefs exert their skill, to show
What artful joys from manag'd sound can flow ;
Now hear the melting voice and trembling string ; 55
Let Pepusch touch the lyre, and Margarita sing.

While wanton ferments swell thy glowing veins,
To the warm passion give the slacken'd reins ;

Thy

Thy gazing eyes with blooming beauty feast,
 Receive its dart, and hug it in thy breast;
 From fair to fair with gay inconstance rove,
 Taste every sweet, and cloy thy soul with love.

But 'midst thy boundless joys, unbridled youth,
 Remember still this sad, but certain truth,
 That thou at last severely must account;
 To what will thy congested guilt amount!

Allow a God; he must our deeds regard;
 A righteous Judge must punish and reward:
 Yet that he rears no high tribunal here,
 Impartial justice to dispense, is clear.
 His sword unpunish'd criminals defy,
 Nor by his thunder does the tyrant die;
 While Heaven's adorers, prest with want and pain,
 Their unrewarded innocence maintain.

See his right hand he unextended keeps,
 Though long provok'd, th' unactive vengeance sleeps.

Hence we a world succeeding this infer,
 Where he his justice will assert; prepare
 To stand arraign'd before his awful bar.
 Where wilt thou hide thy ignominious head?
 Shuddering with horror, what hast thou to plead?
 Despairing wretch! he'll frown thee from his throne,
 And by his wrath will make his being known.

Yet more Religion's empire to support,
 To push the foe, and make our last effort;
 Let beings with attention be review'd,
 Which, not alone with vital power endued,

Can move themselves, can organiz'd perceive
The various strokes, which various objects give.
By laws mechanic can Lucretius tell

90

How living creatures see, or hear, or smell?

How is the image to the sense convey'd?

On the tun'd organ how the impulse made?

How, and by which more noble part, the brain

Perceives th' idea, can their schools explain?

95

'Tis clear, in that superior seat alone

The judge of objects has her secret throne;

Since, a limb sever'd by the wounding steel,

We still may pain, as in that member, feel.

Mark how the spirits watchful in the ear

100

Seize undulating sounds, and catch the vocal air.

Observe how others, that the tongue possess,

Which salts of various shape and size impress,

From their affected fibres upward dart,

And different tastes by different strokes impart.

105

Remark, how those, which in the nostril dwell,

That artful organ destin'd for the smell,

By vapours mov'd, their passage upward take,

And scents unpleasant or delightful make.

If in the tongue, the nostril, and the ear,

110

No skill, no wisdom, no design, appear;

Lucretians, next, regard the curious eye;

Can you no art, no prudence, there descry?

By your mechanic principles, in vain

The sense of sight you labour to explain.

115

You say, from all the objects of the eye

Thin colour'd shapes uninterrupted fly.

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P

As

As wandering ghosts (so ancient poets feign)
 Skim through the air, and sweep th' infernal plain;
 So these light figures roam by day and night, 120
 But undiscover'd till betray'd by light.

But can corporeal forms with so much ease
 Meet in their flight a thousand images,
 And yet no conflict, no collisive force,
 Break their thin texture, and disturb their course? 125
 What fix'd their parts, and made them so cohere,
 That they the picture of the object wear?
 What is the shape, that from a body flies?
 What moves, what propagates, what multiplies,
 And paints one image in a thousand eyes? 130
 When to the eye the crowding figures pass,
 How in a point can all possess a place,
 And lie distinguish'd in such narrow space?
 Since all perception in the brain is made,
 (Though where and how was never yet display'd) 135
 And since so great a distance lies between
 The eye-ball, and the seat of sense within;
 While in the eye th' arrested object stays,
 Tell, what th' idea to the brain conveys?

You say, the spirits in the optic nerve, 140
 Mov'd by the intercepted image, serve
 To bear th' impression to the brain, and give
 The stroke, by which the object we perceive.

How does the brain, touch'd with a different stroke,
 The whale distinguish from the marble rock? 145
 Pronounce this tree a cedar, that an oak?

Can spirits weak or stronger blows exprefs,
One body greater, and another lefs ?
How do they make us space and diftance know ?
At once diftinct a thoufand objects fhow ? 150

Lucretians, now proceed ; contemplate all
The nobler actions of the animal,
Which inftinct fome, fome lower reason, call. }

Say, what contexture did by chance arrive,
Which to brute creatures did that inftinct give, 155

Whence they at fight difcern and dread their foe,
Their food diftinguifh, and their phyfic know ?

By which the lion learns to hunt his prey,
And the weak herd to fear and fly away ?

The birds contrive inimitable nefts ? 160

And dens are haunted by the foreft beafts ?

Whence fome in fubterranean dwellings hide,

Thefe in the rocks, and thofe in woods abide ?

Whence timorous beafts, through hills and lawns pur-
fued,

By artful shifts the ravening foe elude ? 165

What various wonders may obfervers fee

In a fmall infect, the fagacious bee !

Mark, how the little untaught builders fquare

Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear !

Nature's mechanics, they unwearied ftrive, 170

And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.

See, what bright ftrokes of architecture fhine

Through the whole frame, what beauty, what design !

Each odoriferous cell, and waxen tower,

The yellow pillage of the rifled flower, 175

Has twice three fides, the only figure fit
 To which the labourers may their stores commit,
 Without the loss of matter, or of room,
 In all the wondrous structure of the comb.
 Next view, spectator, with admiring eyes, 180
 In what just order all th' apartments rise!
 So regular their equal fides cohere,
 Th' adapted angles so each other bear,
 That, by mechanic rules refin'd and bold,
 They are at once upheld, at once uphold. 185
 Does not this skill ev'n vie with reason's reach?
 Can Euclid more, can more Palladio, teach?
 Each verdant hill th' industrious chemists climb,
 Extract the riches of the blooming thyme,
 And, provident of winter long before, 190
 They stock their caves, and hoard their flowery store;
 In peace they rule their state with prudent care,
 Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.
 Maro, these wonders offer'd to his thought,
 Felt his known ardour, and the rapture caught: 195
 Then rais'd his voice, and, in immortal lays,
 Did high as heaven the insect nation raise.

If, Epicurus, this whole artful frame
 Does not a wise Creator's hand proclaim,
 'To view the intellectual world advance; 200
 Is this the creature too of Fate or Chance?
 Turn on itself thy godlike reason's ray,
 Thy mind contemplate, and its power survey.

What high perfections grace the human mind,
 In flesh imprison'd, and to earth confin'd! 205

What

What vigour has she! what a piercing sight!
 Strong as the winds, and sprightly as the light!
 She moves unwearied as the active fire,
 And, like the flame, her flights to heaven aspire:
 By day her thoughts in never-ceasing streams 210
 Flow clear; by night they strive in troubled dreams.
 She draws ten thousand landscapes in the brain,
 Dresses of airy forms an endless train,
 Which all her intellectual scenes prepare,
 Enter by turns the stage, and disappear. 215
 To the remoter regions of the sky
 Her swift-wing'd thought can in a moment fly;
 Climb to the heights of heaven, to be employ'd
 In viewing thence th' interminable void;
 Can look beyond the stream of time, to see 220
 The stagnant ocean of eternity.
 Thoughts in an instant through the zodiac run,
 A year's long journey for the labouring sun;
 Then down they shoot, as swift as darting light,
 Nor can opposing clouds retard their flight; 225
 Through subterranean vaults with ease they sweep,
 And search the hidden wonders of the deep.

When man with reason dignify'd is born,
 No images his naked mind adorn;
 No sciences or arts enrich his brain, 230
 Nor fancy yet displays her pictur'd train:
 He no innate ideas can discern,
 Of knowledge destitute, though apt to learn.
 Our intellectual, like the body's, eye,
 Whilst in the womb, no object can descry; 235

Yet is dispos'd to entertain the light,
 And judge of things when offer'd to the sight.
 When objects through the senses passage gain,
 And fill with various imagery the brain,
 Th' ideas, which the mind does thence perceive, 240
 To think and know the first occasion give.
 Did she not use the senses' ministry,
 Nor ever taste, or smell, or hear, or see,
 Could she possess of power perceptive be?
 Wretches, who fightless into being came, 245
 Of light or colour no idea frame.
 Then grant a man his being did commence,
 Deny'd by Nature each external sense,
 These ports unopen'd, diffident we guess,
 Th' unconscious soul no image could possess; 250
 Though what in such a state the restless train
 Of spirits would produce, we ask in vain.
 The mind proceeds, and to reflection goes,
 Perceives she does perceive, and knows she knows;
 Reviews her acts, and does from thence conclude 255
 She is with reason and with choice endued.

From individuals of distinguish'd kind,
 By her abstracting faculty, the mind
 Precisely general natures can conceive,
 And birth to notions universal give; 260
 The various modes of things distinctly shows,
 A pure respect, a nice relation knows,
 And sees whence each respect and each relation flows;
 By her abstracting power in pieces takes
 The mix'd and compound whole, which Nature makes;

On objects of the senses she refines,
 Beings by Nature separated joins,
 And severs qualities, which that combines.
 The mind, from things repugnant, some respects
 In which their natures are alike selects, 270

And can some difference and unlikeness see
 In things which seem entirely to agree :
 She does distinguish here, and there unite ;
 The mark of judgment that, and this of wit.

As she can reckon, separate, and compare, 275
 Conceive what order, rule, proportion, are,
 So from one thought she still can more infer ;
 Maxim from maxim can by force express,
 And make discover'd truths associate truths confess :

On plain foundations, which our reason lays, 280
 She can stupendous frames of science raise ;
 Notion on notion built will towering rise,
 Till th' intellectual fabrics reach the skies ;

The mathematic axioms, which appear
 By scientific demonstration clear, 285
 The master-builders on two pillars rear :
 From two plain problems by laborious thought
 Is all the wondrous superstructure wrought.

The soul, as mention'd, can herself inspect,
 By acts reflex can view her acts direct ; 290
 A task too hard for sense ; for though the eye
 Its own reflected image can descry,
 Yet it ne'er saw the sight by which it sees,
 Vision can shew no colour'd images.

The mind's tribunal can reports reject
 Made by the senses, and their faults correct;
 The magnitude of distant stars it knows,
 Which erring sense, as twinkling tapers, shows:
 Crooked the shape our cheated eye believes,
 Which through a double medium it receives;
 Superior mind does a right judgment make,
 Declares its straight, and mends the eye's mistake.

Where dwells this sovereign arbitrary soul,
 Which does the human animal control,
 Inform each part, and agitate the whole?
 O'er ministerial senses does preside,
 To all their various provinces divide,
 Each member move, and every motion guide,
 Which, by her secret uncontested nod,
 Her messengers the spirits sends abroad,
 Through every nervous pass, and every vital road,
 To fetch from every distant part a train
 Of outward objects, to enrich the brain?
 Where sits this bright intelligence enthron'd,
 With numberless ideas pour'd around?
 Where sciences and arts in order wait,
 And truths divine compose her godlike state?
 Can the dissecting steel the brain display,
 And the august apartment open lay,
 Where this great queen still chooses to reside
 In intellectual pomp, and bright ideal pride?
 Or can the eye, assisted by the glass,
 Discern the strait, but hospitable place,

295 In which ten thousand images remain,
 Without confusion, and their rank maintain? 325
 How does this wondrous principle of thought
 Perceive the object by the senses brought?
 What philosophic builder will essay
 300 By rules mechanic to unfold the way
 How a machine must be dispos'd to think, 330
 Ideas how to frame, and how to link?
 Tell us, Lucretius, Epicurus, tell,
 And you in wit unrival'd shall excel;
 305 How through the outward sense the object flies,
 How in the soul her images arise; 335
 What thinking, what perception is, explain;
 What all the airy creatures of the brain;
 How to the mind a thought reflected goes,
 And how the conscious engine knows it knows.
 The mind a thousand skilful works can frame,
 Can form deep projects to procure her aim.
 Merchants for eastern pearl and golden ore
 To cross the main, and reach the Indian shore,
 315 Prepare the floating ship, and spread the sail,
 To catch the impulse of the breathing gale. 345
 Warriors in framing schemes their wisdom show,
 To disappoint or circumvent the foe.
 Th' ambitious statesman labours dark designs,
 Now open force employs, now undermines;
 320 By paths direct his end he now pursues, 350
 By side approaches now, and slanting views.
 See, how resifless orators persuade,
 In Draw out their forces, and the heart invade;

Touch

Touch every spring and movement of the soul,
 This appetite excite, and that control ; 355
 Their powerful voice can flying troops arrest,
 Confirm the weak, and melt th' obdurate breast ;
 Chase from the sad their melancholy air,
 Sooth discontent, and solace anxious care.
 When threatening tides of rage and anger rise, 360
 Usurp the throne, and Reason's sway despise,
 When in the seats of life this tempest reigns,
 Beats through the heart, and drives along the veins ;
 See, eloquence with force persuasive binds
 'The restless waves, and charms the warring winds, 365
 Resistless bids tumultuous uproar cease,
 Recalls the calm, and gives the bosom peace.

Did not the mind, on heavenly joy intent,
 The various kinds of harmony invent ?
 She the theorbo, she the viol found, 370
 And all the moving melody of sound ;
 She gave to breathing tubes a power unknown,
 To speak inspir'd with accents not their own ;
 'Taught tuneful sons of music how to sing,
 How, by vibrations of th' extended string, 375
 And manag'd impulse on the suffering air,
 T' extort the rapture, and delight the ear.

See, how celestial Reason does command
 The ready pencil in the painter's hand ;
 Whose strokes affect with Nature's self to vie, 380
 And with false life amuse the doubtful eye :
 Behold the strong emotions of the mind
 Exerted in the eyes, and in the face design'd.

Such is the artist's wondrous power, that we
 Ev'n pictur'd souls and colour'd passions see, 385
 Where without words (peculiar eloquence)
 The busy figures speak their various sense.
 What living face does more distress or woe,
 More finish'd shame, confusion, horror, know,
 Than what the masters of the pencil shew? 390 }
 Mean time the chisel with the pencil vies;
 The sister arts dispute the doubtful prize.
 Are human limbs, ev'n in their vital state,
 More just and strong, more free and delicate, 395 }
 Than Buonorota's curious tools create?
 He to the rock can vital instincts give,
 Which, thus transform'd, can rage, rejoice, or grieve:
 His skilful hand does marble veins inspire
 Now with the lover's, now the hero's fire;
 So well th' imagin'd actors play their part, 400
 The silent hypocrites such power exert,
 That passions, which they feel not, they bestow,
 Affright us with their fear, and melt us with their woe.
 There Niobe leans weeping on her arm:
 How her sad looks and beauteous sorrow charm! 405
 See, here a Venus soft in Parian stone;
 A Pallas there to ancient fables known;
 That from the rock arose, not from the main,
 This not from Jove's, but from the sculptor's brain.
 Admire the carver's fertile energy, 410
 With ravish'd eyes his happy offspring see.
 What beauteous figures by th' unrival'd art
 Of British Gibbons from the cedar start!

He

He makes that tree unnative charms assume,
 Usurp gay honours, and another's bloom ;
 The various fruits, which different climates bear,
 And all the pride the fields and gardens wear ;
 While from unjuicy limbs without a root
 New buds devis'd, and leafy branches, shoot.

As human kind can by an act direct,
 Perceive and know, then reason and reflect :
 So the self-moving Spring has power to choose,
 These methods to reject, and those to use ;
 She can design and prosecute an end,
 Exert her vigour, or her act suspend ;
 Free from the insults of all foreign power,
 She does her godlike liberty secure ;
 Her right and high prerogative maintains,
 Impatient of the yoke, and scorns coercive chains ;
 She can her airy train of forms disband,
 And makes new levees at her own command ;
 O'er her ideas sovereign she presides,
 At pleasure these unites, and those divides.

The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
 And form the busy intellectual dance ;
 While her fair scenes to vary, or supply,
 She singles out fit images, that lie
 In Memory's records, which faithful hold
 Objects immense in secret marks inroll'd ;
 The sleeping forms at her command awake,
 And now return, and now their cells forsake,
 On active Fancy's crowded theatre,
 As she directs, they rise or disappear.

Objects, which through the senses make their way,
 And just impressions to the soul convey, 445,
 Give her occasion first herself to move,
 And to exert her hatred, or her love ;
 Ideas, which to some impulsive seem,
 Act not upon the mind, but that on them.
 When she to foreign objects audience gives, 450
 Their strokes and motions in the brain perceives ;
 As these perceptions, we ideas name,
 From her own power and active nature came,
 So when discern'd by intellectual light,
 Herself her various passions does excite, 455 }
 To ill her hate, to good her appetite ;
 To shun the first, the latter to procure,
 She chooses means by free elective power ;
 She can their various habitudes survey,
 Debate their fitness, and their merit weigh, 460
 And, while the means suggested she compares,
 She to the rivals this or that prefers.
 By her superior power the reasoning soul
 Can each reluctant appetite control ;
 Can every passion rule, and every sense, 465
 Change Nature's course, and with her laws dispense ;
 Our breathing to prevent, she can arrest
 Th' extension, or contraction, of the breast ;
 When pain'd with hunger, we can food refuse,
 And wholesome abstinence, or famine choose. 470
 Can the wild beast his instinct disobey,
 And from his jaws release the captive prey ?

Or

Or hungry herds on verdant pastures lie,
 Mindless to eat, and resolute to die?
 With heat expiring, can the panting hart
 Patient of thirst from the cool stream depart?
 Can brutes at will imprison'd breath detain?
 Torment prefer to ease, and life disdain?

From all restraint, from all compulsion free,
 Unforc'd, and unnecessitated, we
 Ourselves determine, and our freedom prove,
 When this we fly, and to that object move.
 Had not the mind a power to will and choose,
 One object to embrace, and one refuse;
 Could she not act, or not her act suspend,
 As it obstructed, or advanc'd her end;
 Virtue and Vice were names without a cause,
 This would not hate deserve, nor that applause;
 Justice in vain has high tribunals rear'd,
 Whom can her sentence punish, whom reward?
 If impious children should their father kill,
 Can they be wicked, when they cannot will;
 When only causes foreign and unseen
 Strike with resistless force the springs within,
 Whence in the engine man all motion must begin?

Are vapours guilty which the vintage blast?
 Are storms proscrib'd, which lay the forest waste?
 Why lies the wretch then tortur'd on the wheel,
 If forc'd to treason, or compell'd to steal?
 Why does the warrior, by auspicious fate
 With laurels crown'd, and clad in robes of state,

In triumph ride amidst the gazing throng,

Deaf with applauses, and the poet's song ;

If the victorious, but the brute machine

Did only wreaths inevitable win,

505

And no wise choice or vigilance has shown,

Mov'd by a fatal impulse, not his own ?

Should trains of atoms human sense impel,

Though not so fierce, so strong, so visible

As soldiers arm'd, and do not men arrest

510

With clubs upheld, and daggers at their breast ?

Yet means compulsive are not plainer shown,

When ruffians drive, or conquerors drag us on ;

As much we're forc'd, when by an atom's sway

Control'd, as when a tyrant we obey ;

515

And, by whatever cause constrain'd to act,

We merit no reward, no guilt contract.

Our mind of rulers feels a conscious awe,

Reveres their justice, and regards their law :

She rectitude and deviation knows,

520

That vice from one, from one that virtue flows ;

Of these she feels unlike effects within,

From virtue pleasure, and remorse from sin ;

Hopes of a just reward by that are fed,

By this, of wrath vindictive, secret dread.

525

The mind, which thus can rules of duty learn,

Can right from wrong, and good from ill discern ;

Which, the sharp stroke of justice to prevent,

Can shame express, can grieve, reflect, repent ;

From fate or chance her rise can never draw,

530

Those causes know not virtue, vice, or law.

She can a life succeeding this conceive,
 Of bliss or woe an endless state believe.
 Dreading the just and universal doom,
 And aw'd by fears of punishment to come, 535
 By hopes excited of a glorious crown,
 And certain pleasures in a world unknown:
 She can the fond desires of sense restrain,
 Renounce delight, and choose distress and pain;
 Can rush on danger, can destruction face, 540
 Joyful relinquish life, and death embrace:
 She to afflicted virtue can adhere,
 And chains and want to prosperous guilt prefer;
 Unmov'd, these wild tempestuous steps survey,
 And view serene this restless rolling sea. 545
 In vain the monsters, which the coast infest,
 Spend all their rage to interrupt her rest;
 Her charming song the fyren sings in vain,
 She can the tuneful hypocrite disdain;
 Fix'd and unchang'd the faithless world behold, 550
 Deaf to its threats, and to its favour cold.
 Sages, remark, we labour not to show
 The will is free, but that the man is so;
 For what enlighten'd reasoner can declare
 What human will and understanding are? 555
 What science from those objects can we frame
 Of which we little know, besides the name?
 The learned, who with anatomic art
 Dissect the mind, and thinking substance part,
 And various powers and faculties assert, 560

Perhaps

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 V

Perhaps by such abstraction of the mind,
 Divide the things that are in nature join'd.
 What masters of the schools can make it clear
 Those faculties, which two to them appear,
 Are not residing in the soul the same,
 And not distinct, but by a different name?

565

Thus has the Muse pursu'd her hardy theme,
 And sung the wonders of this artful frame.

Ere yet one subterranean arch was made,
 One cavern vaulted, or one girder laid;
 Ere the high rocks did o'er the shores arise,
 Or snowy mountains tower'd amidst the skies;
 Before the wat'ry troops fil'd off from land,
 And lay amidst the rocks entrench'd in sand;
 Before the air its bosom did unfold,

570

Or burnish'd orbs in blue expansion roll'd,
 She sung how Nature then in embryo lay,
 And did the secrets of her birth display.

575

When after, at th' Almighty's high command,
 Obedient waves divided from the land;
 And shades and lazy mists were 'chas'd away,
 While rosy light diffus'd the tender day;
 When uproar ceas'd, and wild confusion fled,
 And new-born Nature rais'd her beauteous head;

580

She sung the frame of this terrestrial pile,
 The hills, the rocks, the rivers, and the soil:
 She view'd the sandy frontiers, which restrain
 The noisy insults of th' imprison'd main;
 Rang'd o'er the wide diffusion of the waves,
 The moist cœrulean walks, and search'd the coral caves.

585

She then survey'd the fluid fields of air,
 And the crude seeds of meteors fashion'd there;
 Then with continued flight she sped her way,
 Mounted, and bold pursu'd the source of day;
 With wonder of celestial motions sung,
 How the pois'd orbs are in the vacant hung;
 How the bright fluices of æthereal light,
 Now shut, defend the empire of the night;
 And now, drawn up with wise alternate care,
 Let floods of glory out, and spread with day the air.

Then, with a daring wing, she soar'd sublime,
 From realm to realm, from orb to orb did climb:
 Swift through the spacious gulph she urg'd her way,
 At length emerg'd in empyrean day;
 Where far, oh far, beyond what mortals see,
 In the void districts of immensity;
 The mind new suns, new planets, can explore,
 And yet beyond can still imagine more.

Thus in bold numbers did th' adventurous Muse
 To sing the lifeless parts of Nature choose;
 And then advanc'd to wonders yet behind,
 Survey'd and sung the vegetable kind;
 Did lofty woods, and humble brakes review,
 Along the valley swept, and o'er the mountain flew.
 Then left the Muse the field and waving grove,
 And, unfatigu'd with grateful labour, strove
 To climb th' amazing heights of sense, and sing
 The power perceptive, and the inward spring
 Which agitates and guides each living thing.

She next essay'd the embryo's rise to trace 620

From an unfashion'd, rude, unchannel'd mass;

Sung how the spirits waken'd in the brain,

Exert their force, and genial toil maintain;

Erect the beating heart, the channels frame,

Unfold entangled limbs, and kindle vital flame: 625

How the small pipes are in meanders laid,

And bounding life is to and fro convey'd;

How spirits, which for sense and motion serve,

Unguided find the perforated nerve,

Through every dark recess pursue their flight, 630

Unconscious of the road, and void of sight,

Yet certain of the way, still guide their motions right. }

From thence a nobler flight she did essay,

The mind's extended empire to survey.

She sung the godlike principle of thought, 635 }

And how, from objects by the senses brought,

The intellectual imagery is wrought;

How she the modes of beings can discern,

A nice respect, a mere relation learn;

Can all the thin abstracted notions reach, 640

Which Grecian wits, or, Britain, thine can teach.

Thus has the Muse strove to display a part

Of those unnumber'd miracles of art;

Of prudence, conduct, and a wise design,

Which to th' attentive thought conspicuous shine. 645

Still, vanquish'd Atheists! will you keep the field,

And, hard in error, still refuse to yield?

See, all your broken arms lie spread around,

And ignominious rout deforms the ground;

Be wise, and, once admonish'd by a foe, 650
Where lies your strength, and where your weakness,
know;

No more at Reason's solemn bar appear,
Hardy no more scholastic weapons bear;
Disband your feeble forces, and decline
The war; no more in tinsel armour shine; 655
Nor shake your bulrush spears, but swift repair
To your strong place of arms, the scoffer's chair;
And thence, supported with a mocking ring,
Sarcastic darts, and keen invectives fling
Against your foes, and scornful at your feasts 660
Religion vanquish with decisive jests;
Arm'd with resistless laughter, heaven assail,
Relinquish reason, and let mirth prevail.

Good Heav'n! that men, who vaunt discerning sight,
And arrogant from wisdom's distant height 665
Look down on vulgar mortals, who revere
A Cause Supreme, should their proud building rear
Without one prop the ponderous pile to bear! }
How much the Judge, who does in heaven preside,
Re-mocks the scoffer, and contemns his pride! 670
Behold, the sad, unsufferable hour
Advanc'd near, which will his error cure;
When he compell'd shall drink the wrathful bowl, }
And ruin'd feel immortal vengeance roll
Through all his veins, and drench his inmost soul. }
O'erwhelm'd with horror, sunk in deep despair,
And lost for ever, will the wretch forbear

To curse his madness, and blaspheme the power
 Of his just Sovereign, which he mock'd before ?
 Hail, King Supreme ! of Power immense Abyss !
 Father of Light ! Exhaustless Source of Bliss !
 Thou uncreated, Self-existent Cause,
 Control'd by no superior being's laws,
 Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
 Smil'd heav'nly sweet, and try'd to kindle day : 685
 Ere the wide fields of æther were display'd,
 Or silver stars cœrulean spheres inlaid ;
 Ere yet the eldest child of Time was born,
 Or verdant pride young Nature did adorn ;
 Thou art ; and didst eternity employ 690
 In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.
 In its ideal frame the world, design'd
 Ere'n ages past, lay finish'd in thy mind.
 Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,
 With perfect art th' amazing work began. 695
 Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
 Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns ;
 Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
 Unfruitful, uninclos'd, and wild of face,
 Thy compass for the world mark'd out the destin'd
 place. 700
 Then didst Thou through the fields of barren Night
 Go forth, collected in Creating Might.
 Where Thou almighty vigour didst exert,
 Which emicant did this and that way dart
 Through the black bosom of the empty space : 705
 The gulphs confess th' omnipotent embrace,

And, pregnant grown with elemental seed,
 Unfinish'd orbs and worlds in embryo breed.
 From the crude mass, Omniscient Architect,
 Thou for each part materials didst select, 710
 And with a master-hand thy world erect.
 Labour'd by Thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
 By Thee uplifted, float in liquid skies :
 By Thy cementing word their parts cohere,
 And roll by Thy impulsive nod in air. 715
 Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,
 Advance the mountains, and the vales extend :
 People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
 And store with scaly colonies the flood.

Next, Man arose at Thy Creating Word, 720
 Of Thy terrestrial realms vicegerent lord.
 His soul, more artful labour, more refin'd,
 And emulous of bright Seraphic Mind,
 Ennobled by Thy Image, spotless shone,
 Prais'd thee her author, and ador'd Thy throne : 725
 Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
 She did her high felicity applaud.

Since Thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
 Homage to Thee let all obedient pay.
 Let glittering stars, that dance their destin'd ring
 Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing
 Confederate praise to Thee, O Great Creator King !
 Let the thin districts of the waving air,
 Conveyancers of sound, Thy skill declare.
 Let winds, the breathing creatures of the skies, 735
 Call in each vigorous gale, that roving flies

By land or sea ; then one loud triumph raise,
And all their blasts employ in songs of praise.

While painted herald-birds Thy deeds proclaim,
And on their spreading wings convey Thy fame ; 740
Let eagles, which in Heaven's blue concave soar,
Scornful of earth, superior seats explore,
And rise with breasts erect against the sun,
Be ministers to bear Thy bright renown,
And carry ardent praises to Thy throne. 745

Ye fish, assume a voice ; with praises fill
The hollow rock, and loud reactive hill.
Let lions with their roar their thanks exprefs,
With acclamations shake the wilderness.
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to pole, 750
With salvos loud salute Thee as they roll.

Ye monsters of the sea, ye noisy waves,
Strike with applause the repercussive caves.
Let hail and rain, let meteors form'd of fire,
And lambent flames, in this blest work conspire. 755
Let the high cedar and the mountain pine
Lowly to thee, Great King, their heads incline.
Let every spicy odoriferous tree
Present its incense and its balm to Thee.

And thou, Heaven's viceroy o'er this world below,
In this blest task superior ardour show :
To view thyself, inspect thy reason's ray,
Nature's replenish'd theatre survey ;
Then all on fire the Author's skill adore,
And in loud songs extol Creating Power. 765

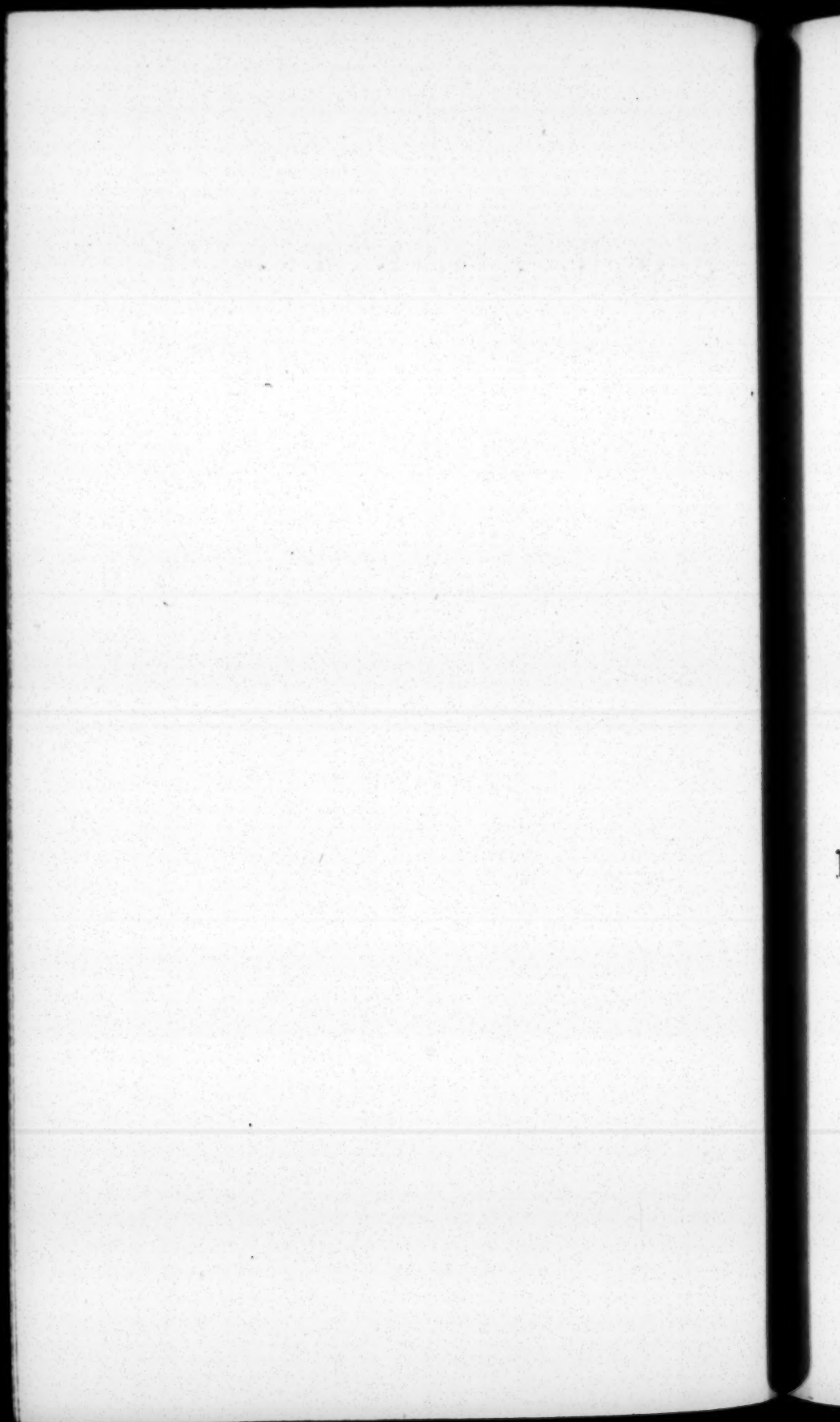
Dege.

Degenerate minds, in mazy error lost,
May combat Heaven, and impious triumphs boast;
But, while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breast inspires,
Grateful to Heaven, I'll stretch a pious wing, 770
And sing His praise, who gave me power to sing.

C O N T E N T S.

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END OF BLACKMORE'S CREATION.



T H E

P O E M S

O F

E L I J A H F E N T O N .

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P O E M S

BY

ELIJAH FENTON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY,

THESE POEMS ARE MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED,
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED, AND
MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

E. FENTON.

A W I S H

TO THE

NEW YEAR, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;

Cloſe

Cloſe the fantaſtic ſcenes—but grace
 With brighteſt aſpects thy fore-face,
 While Time's new offspring haſten to appear,
 With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
 Command the circling ſeaſons to advance,
 And form their renovated dance,
 With flowing pleaſures fraught, and bleſſ'd by friendly
 powers.

Thy month, O Janus ! gave me firſt to know
 A mortal's trifling cares below ;
 My race of life began with thee.
 'Thus far from great miſfortunes free,
 Contented, I my lot endure,
 Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
 Nor ſpurn at common ills in vain,
 Which folly cannot ſhun, nor wiſe reflection cure.

But, oh !—more anxious for the year to come,
 I would foreknow my future doom.
 Then tell me, Janus, canſt thou ſpy
 Events that yet in embryo lie,
 For me, in Time's myſterious womb ?
 Tell me—nor ſhall I dread to hear
 A thouſand accidents ſevere ;
 I'll fortify my ſoul the load to bear,
 If love rejected add not to its weight,
 To finiſh me in woes, and cruſh me down with
 fate.

A WISH TO THE NEW YEAR. 239

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must with a less propitious look
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no
more.

A N

A N

O D E T O T H E S U N,

F O R T H E

N E W Y E A R, 1707.

“ Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu
 “ Phœbus acceptusque novem Camœnis,
 “ Qui salutari levat arte fessos
 “ Corporis artus; ———
 “ Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
 “ Proroget ævum.”

H O R.

I.

BEGIN, celestial source of light,
 To gild the new-revolving sphere;
 And from the pregnant womb of night,
 Urge on to birth the infant year.
 Rich with auspicious lustre rise,
 Thou fairest regent of the skies,
 Conspicuous with thy silver bow!
 To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
 To rule the radiant orbs above,
 To Gloriana this below.

II. With

II.

With joy renew thy destin'd race,
 And let the mighty months begin :
 Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
 Through all thy circle smile serene.
 While the stern ministers of fate
 Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
 To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head ;
 The Hours, thy offspring heavenly fair,
 Their whitest wings should ever wear,
 And gentle joys on Albion shed.

III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
 And the long honours of her race began,
 Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
 They from thy stores in happy order ran.
 Heroes elected to the list of fame
 Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state ;
 Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
 Render'd the glories of her reign complete,
 Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,
 In comely spoils of war, and great achievements drest.

I.

Say, Phœbus, for thy searching eye
 Saw Rome the darling child of fate,
 When nothing equal here could vie
 In strength with her imperious state ;
 Say, if high virtues there did reign
 Exalted in a nobler strain,

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Than

Than in fair Albion thou hast seen ;
 Or can her demi-gods compare
 Their trophies for successful war,
 To those that rise for Albion's Queen !

II.

When Albion first majestic shew'd
 High o'er the circling seas her head,
 Her the great Father smiling view'd,
 And thus to bright Victoria said :
 Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
 On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
 This isle to you shall sacred be ;
 Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,
 And crowns be vanquish'd, or prevail,
 As Gloriana shall decree.

III.

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase !
 With joy the Julian stem the Tyber claims ;
 Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess :
 The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames.
 Roll, sovereign of the streams ! thy rapid tide,
 And bid thy brother floods revere the Queen,
 Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
 To save the Danube, and subdue the Seine ;
 And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,
 Exalt thy silver urn, and duteous homage claim.

I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
 On earth, great God of day, look down :
 Let Windsor entertain thy sight,
 Clad in fair emblems of renown :

And

And whilst in radiant pomp appear
 The names to bright Victoria dear,
 Intent the long procession view:
 Confess none worthier ever wore
 Her favours, or was deck'd with more,
 Than she confers on Churchill's brow.

II.

But oh! withdraw thy piercing rays,
 The nymph anew begins to moan,
 Viewing the much-lamented space,
 Where late her warlike William shone:
 There fix'd by her officious hand,
 His sword and sceptre of command,
 To deathless fame adopted, rest;
 Nor wants there to complete her woe,
 Plac'd with respectful love below,
 The star that beam'd on Gloucester's breast.

III.

O Phœbus! all thy saving power employ,
 Long let our vows avert the distant woe,
 Ere Gloriana re-ascends the sky,
 And leaves a land of orphans here below!
 But when (so Heaven ordains!) her smiling ray
 Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,
 Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,
 May her mild influence all their councils guide:
 To Albion ever constant in her love,
 Of sovereigns here the best, the brightest star above.

I.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right,
 And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
 Let Albion be thy fair delight,
 And shield her safe from threaten'd harms:
 With flowers and fruit her bosom fill,
 Let laurel rise on every hill,
 Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:
 Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
 And make each vale with Pæans ring,
 To Blenheim and Ramilia due.

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
 With happy wing the Theban swan
 Towering from Pisa's sacred stream,
 Inspir'd by thee, the song began:
 Through desarts of unclouded night,
 When he harmonious took his flight,
 The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres:
 Still Envy darts her rage in vain,
 The lustre of his worth to stain,
 He growing whiter with his years.

III.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raise
 The honours of thy art, and heavenly lyre,
 What Muse is destin'd to our sovereign's praise,
 Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?

To

To him for whom this springing laurel grows,
 Eternal on the topmost heights of fame,
 Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;
 And all intent on Gloriana's name,
 Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
 As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the giants war.

I.

In sure records each shining deed,
 When faithful Clio sets to view,
 Posterity will doubting read,
 And scarce believe her annals true:
 The Muses toil with art to raise
 Fictitious monuments of praise,
 When other actions they rehearse:
 But half of Gloriana's reign,
 That so the rest may credit gain,
 Should pass unregister'd in verse.

II.

High on its own establish'd base
 Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to rise;
 Divinely deck'd with native grace,
 Rich in itself with solid joys;
 Ere Gloriana on the throne,
 Quitting for Albion's rest her own,
 In types of regal power was seen:
 With fair pre-eminence confest,
 It triumph'd in a private breast,
 And made the Princess more than Queen.

R 3

III. O Phœ-

III.

O Phœbus! would thy godhead not refuse
 This humble incense, on thy altar laid;
 Would thy propitious ear attend the Muse,
 That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
 With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale,
 And sing the parent of her land, who strove
 T' exceed the transports of her people's zeal,
 With acts of mercy, and majestic love;
 By fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given
 The guardian power of earth, and public care of heaven.

I.

Then, Churchill, should the Muse record
 The conquests by thy sword atchiev'd;
 Quiet to Belgian states restor'd,
 And Austrian crowns by thee retriev'd.
 Imperious Leopold confess'd
 His hoary majesty distress'd;
 To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
 Nor with less terror shook his throne,
 Than when the rising crescent shone
 Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls.

II.

The warrior led the Britons forth
 On foreign fields to dare their fate,
 Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,
 In war unknowing to retreat:

Thou,

Thou, Phœbus, saw'st the hero's face,
 When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,
 And mighty fury fill'd his breast :
 How like thyself, when to destroy
 The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,
 Fierce with thy golden quiver drest !

III.

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,
 Red with dishonest wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,
 The chief, at Gloriana's high command,
 Like a rous'd lion to the Maes return'd ;
 With vengeful speed the British sword he drew,
 Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay ;
 Whilst wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew ;
 As when the morning star restores the day,
 The wandering ghosts of twenty thousand slain
 Fleet fullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful
 plain.

I.

Britannia, wipe thy dusty brow,
 And put the Bourbon laurels on ;
 To thee deliver'd nations bow,
 And bless the spoils thy wars have won.
 For thee Bellona points her spear,
 And whilst lamenting mothers fear,
 On high her signal torch displays ;
 But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
 Obsequious she receives thy chain,
 And smooths her violence of face.

II.

Parent of arms! for ever stand
 With large increase of fame rever'd,
 Whilst arches to thy saving hand
 On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
 Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee,
 Ausonia's weeping states to free,
 Swift on th' Imperial eagle flies;
 Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed
 Th' asserted Iber lifts his head,
 And safe his Austrian lord enjoys.

III.

Io Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
 Guileless of civil rage extend thy name:
 The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,
 Are bounds but equal to thy sovereign's fame.
 With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,
 Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,
 Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores;
 So Earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,
 A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
 And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

I.

When with establish'd freedom blest'd,
 The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
 Whose happy power reliev'd th' oppress'd
 From lawless chains, and check'd the proud;
 Mature in fame, the grateful gods
 Receiv'd him to their bright abodes:

Where

Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
 Garlands the willing Muses wove,
 And each with emulation strove
 To adorn the Churchill of the skies.

II.

For Albion's chief, ye sacred nine!
 Your harps with generous ardour string,
 With Fame's immortal trumpet join,
 And safe beneath his laurel sing:
 When clad in vines the Seine shall glide,
 And duteous in a smoother tide,
 To British seas her tribute yield;
 Wakeful at Honour's shrine attend,
 And long with living beams defend
 From night, the warrior's votive shield.

III.

And, Woodstock, let his dome exalt thy fame,
 Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restor'd;
 Thou that with pride dost * Edward's cradle claim,
 Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
 Whilst every column to record their toils
 Eternal monuments of conquest wears,
 And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,
 Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poictiers,
 High on thy tower the grateful flag display,
 Due to thy Queen's reward, and Blenheim's glorious
 day.

* The Black Prince.

F L O R E L I O;
A P A S T O R A L,

Lamenting the Death of the late

M A R Q U I S O F B L A N D F O R D.

AS K not the cause why all the tuneful swains,
Who us'd to fill the vales with tender strains,
In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,
And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed.
Ask not why greens and flowers so late appear
To clothe the glebe, and deck the springing year;
Why sounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,
And swoln with tears to floods the rivulets rise:
The fair Florelia now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British
swain.

For thee, lov'd youth! on every vale and lawn,
The nymphs and all thy fellow-shepherds moan.
The little birds now cease to sing and love,
Silent they sit, and droop in every grove:
No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,
Nor linnets chirp to cheer the fullen spring:
Only the melancholy turtles coo,
And Philomel by night repeats her woe.
O, charmer of the shades! the tale prolong,
Nor let the morning interrupt thy song:

Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine,
Forgetting Tereus, make my sorrows thine.
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British
swain.

Say, all ye shades, where late he us'd to rest,
If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were prest ;
Say, all ye silver streams, if e'er ye bore
The image of so fair a face before.
But now, ye streams, assist me whilst I mourn,
For never must the lovely swain return ;
And, as these flowing tears increase your tide,
O, murmur for the shepherd as ye glide :
Be sure, ye rocks, while I my grief disclose,
Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes :
Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,
And, whispering, tell the floods Florelia's gone ;
For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British
swain.

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches grew,
Sweet to the taste, and tempting red to view.
For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,
Preventing, by her haste, the summer-sun.
But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,
And in cold sweats of sickly mildew die.
Nor can the bees suck from the shrivel'd blooms
Æthereal sweets, to store their golden combs.
Oft' on thy lips they would their labour leave,
And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive :

Sweet

Sweet as the breath of Flora, when she lies
In jasmine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs.
But now those lips are cold; relentless death
Hath chill'd their charms, and stopt thy balmy breath,
Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,
Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night
Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight:
And thou, dear youth, hast left the lonely plain,
And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every Bri-
tish swain.

As in his bower the dying shepherd lay,
The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay!
The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the wood,
And haunt the flowery meads, around him stood,
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
And, as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.
Softly, they cry'd, as sleeping flowers are clos'd
By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd:
A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,
And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave:
Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn;
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
Nor less wert thou belov'd by every swain.
Come, shepherds, come, perform the funeral due,
For he was ever good and kind to you:
On every smoothest beech, in every grove,
In weeping characters record your love.

And

And as in memory of Adonis slain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
His river, to record the guilty day,
With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea :
So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,
And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow :
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears supply the frugal urn.
The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the
lawn,

And yearly on their banks renew their moan :
His mother, while they there lament, shall be
The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he :
On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
And he too like Adonis in his fate !
For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain,*
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British
swain.

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preside,
Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,
Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching sun,
Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.
Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,
And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelia dy'd.
Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove
To sooth the pleasing agonies of love.
But now they roam, distracted with despair,
And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.
Thus, hand-in-hand, around his grave they go,
And saffron-buds and fading lilies strow,

With

Sweet as the breath of Flora, when she lies
In jasmine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs.
But now those lips are cold; relentless death
Hath chill'd their charms, and stopt thy balmy breath.
Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
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As in his bower the dying shepherd lay,
The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay!
The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the wood,
And haunt the flowery meads, around him stood.
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
And, as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.
Softly, they cry'd, as sleeping flowers are clos'd
By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd:
A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,
And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave:
Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn;
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
Nor less wert thou belov'd by every swain.
Come, shepherds, come, perform the funeral due,
For he was ever good and kind to you:
On every smoothest beech, in every grove,
In weeping characters record your love.

And

And as in memory of Adonis slain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
His river, to record the guilty day,
With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea :
So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,
And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow :
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears supply the frugal urn.
The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the
lawn,

And yearly on their banks renew their moan :
His mother, while they there lament, shall be
The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he :
On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
And he too like Adonis in his fate !
For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain, *
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British
swain.

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preside,
Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,
Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching sun,
Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.
Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,
And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelia dy'd.
Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove
To sooth the pleasing agonies of love.
But now they roam, distracted with despair,
And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.
Thus, hand-in-hand, around his grave they go,
And saffron-buds and fading lilies strow,

With

With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scattering cry,
 So sweet and soft the shepherd was! so soon decreed
 to die!

There, fresh in dear remembrance of their woes,
 His name the young anemonies disclose:
 Nor strange they should a double grief avow,
 Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now.
 Breathe soft, ye winds! long let them paint the plain,
 Unhurt, untouch'd by every passing swain.
 And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay,
 With which ye crown the Mistress of the May,
 Ye shall these flowers to bind her temples take,
 O pluck them gently for Florelia's sake!
 And when through Woodstock's green retreats ye
 stray,

Or Althrop's flowery vales invite to play;
 O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring
 Elysium early, and improve the spring:
 When evening gales attentive silence keep,
 And heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,
 By the soft fall of every warbling stream,
 Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name:
 There to the tender lute attune your woe,
 While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow.
 So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bowers,
 And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flowers!
 Bid all the swans from Cam and Isis haste,
 In the melodious choir to breathe their last.
 O Colin, Colin, could I there complain
 Like thee, when young Philisides was slain!

Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream !
Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme ?
Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,
They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise :
To him my voice, to him my lays belong,
And bright Myrtilla now must live unsung :
Even she, whose artless beauty blest'd me more
Than ever swain was blest'd by nymph before ;
While every tender sigh to seal our bliss
Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kiss :
Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,
So much my grief is stronger than my love :
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British
swain.

As when some cruel hind has borne away •
The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,
Sad in her native grove she sits alone,
There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan ;
So the bright shepherdess, who bore the boy,
Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie ;
Nor can the fair the weighty woe sustain,
But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain ;
Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes,
That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's.
Not such her look (severe reverse of fate !)
When little Loves in every dimple fate ;
And all the Smiles delighted to resort
On the calm heaven of her soft cheeks to sport :

Soft

Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,
 Which drop fresh flowrets on the youthful year.
 The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
 Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repose :
 Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,
 O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves.
 And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,
 The daisies press'd, where late his limbs were laid,
 To the cold print there close she joins her face,
 And all with gushing tears bedews the grass.
 There with loud plaints she wounds the pitying skies,
 And, oh ! return, my lovely youth, she cries ;
 Return, Florelia, with thy wonted charms
 Fill the soft circle of my longing arms.—
 Cease, fair affliction, cease ! the lovely boy
 In Death's cold arms must pale and breathless lie.
 The Fates can never change their first decree,
 Or sure they would have chang'd this one for thee.
 Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,
 Ceres her daughter lost, and thou thy son.
 Thy son for ever now has left the plain,
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British
 swain.

Adieu, ye mossy caves, and shady groves,
 Once happy scenes of our successful loves :
 Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu !
 Flints be your beds, and browse the bitter yew.
 Two lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,
 For yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.

This

This pledge of lasting love, dear shade, receive ;
 'Tis all, alas, a shepherd's love can give !
 But grief from its own power will set me free,
 Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee :
 Cropt in the flowery spring of youth, I'll go
 With hasty joy to wait thy shade below :
 In ever-fragrant meads, and jasmine-bowers,
 We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours.
 Where citron groves æthereal odours breathe,
 And streams of flowing crystal purl beneath ;
 Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,
 As here above thy sister Graces are.

A N O D E.

I.

WHAT art thou, Life, whose stay we court ?
 What is thy rival Death we fear ?
 Since we're but fickle Fortune's sport,
 Why should we wish t' inhabit here,
 And think the race we find so rough too short ?

II.

While in the womb we forming lie,
 While yet the lamp of life displays
 A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
 New issuing from non-entity ;
 The shell of flesh pollutes with sin
 Its gem, the foul, just enter'd in ;
 And, by transmitted vice defil'd,
 The fiend commences with the child.

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III. In

III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
 And mines of secret ruin laid :
 Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
 Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
 And lash on lingering destiny :
 When'er excess has fir'd our riper age,
 Here brood in infancy the gout and stone,
 Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.
 Ev'n with our nourishment we death receive,
 For here our guiltless mothers give
 Poison for food when first we live.
 Hence noisome humours * sweat through every pore,
 And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore :
 Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease
 Forbear on faultless forms to seize ;
 But vindicates the good, the gay,
 The wise, the young, its common prey.
 Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,
 The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

IV.

The spark of pure æthereal light
 That actuates this fleeting frame,
 Darts through the cloud of flesh a sickly flame,
 And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
 But man would yet look wondrous wise,
 And equal chains of thought devise ;
 Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
 Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims ;

* The small-pox.

And diagrams he draws, t' explain
 The learn'd chimeras of his brain ;
 And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
 Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

V.

Through Error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil,
 Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam ;
 False images our sight beguile,
 But still we stumble through the gloom,
 And science seek, which still deludes the mind.

Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
 With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase :
 In vain ! the various prey no bounds restrain ;
 Fleeting it only leaves, t' increase our pain,
 A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

VI.

Yet, gracious God ! presumptuous man
 With random guesses makes pretence
 To sound thy searchless providence
 From which he first began :
 Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
 And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.
 Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
 The moon, presiding o'er the sea,
 Governs the waves with equal sway :
 But man perverse, and lawless still,
 Boldly runs counter to thy will ;
 Thy patient thunder he defies ;
 Lays down false principles, and moves
 By what his vicious choice approves ;
 And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise.

VII.

Return, return, too long misled !
 With filial fear adore thy God :
 Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,
 Or body first in space abode,
 Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
 Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne,
 Sung to th' incomprehensible Three-One :
 Yet then his clemency did please
 With lower forms t' augment his train,
 And made thee, wretched creature, Man,
 Probationer of happiness.

VIII.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
 We momentary bubbles ride,
 Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
 Sunk in the parent flood we disappear :
 We, who so gaudy on the waters shone,
 Proud, like the showery bow, with beauties not our own.

IX.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea
 Shall set their sleeping vassals free ;
 And the belov'd of God,
 The Faithful, and the Just,
 Like Aaron's chosen rod,
 Though dry, shall blossom in the dust :
 Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
 The skeletons shall brighten into saints,
 And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise
 To meet their Saviour coming in the skies :

Instructed

Instructed then by intuition, we
 Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see ;
 Shall then impartially confess
 Our demonstration was but guess ;
 That Knowledge, which from human reason flows,
 Unless Religion guide its course,
 And Faith her steady mounds oppose,
 Is Ignorance at best, and often worse.

P A R T O F T H E

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH

P A R A P H R A S E D.

NOW has th' Almighty Father, seated high
 In ambient glories, from th' eternal throne
 Vouchsaf'd compassion ; and th' afflictive power
 Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had bruis'd
 The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,
 Dove-cy'd, and rob'd in white, the blisful land
 Deigns to re-visit ; whilst beneath her steps
 The foil, with civil slaughter oft' manur'd,
 Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
 The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,
 Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove
 Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
 The scions blooming in the parent shade.

When vehicled in flame, thou slow didst pass
 Prone through the gates of night, the dreary realms
 With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
 (Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)
 Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still possess,
 Their penance and their guilt: Art thou, they cry,
 O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign
 Associate of our woe? Nor com'st thou girt
 With livery'd slaves, or bands of warrior-knights,
 Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,
 Observant of thy brow; nor hireling quires
 Attenuating to the harp their warbled airs,
 Thy panegyric chaunt; but, hush'd in death,
 Like us thou ly'st unwept; a corse obscene
 With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd
 Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer!

How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n
 From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide
 Aslope a summer-eve! Of all the stars
 Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope
 To share divinity, or haply more,
 Elated as supreme when o'er the North
 'Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings
 Portending ruinous downfall; wondrous low,
 Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,
 Disrob'd of all thy splendors: round thee stand
 The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard
 Eyeing thee pale and breathless, spend their rage
 In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,
 Is this The Mighty, whose imperious yoke

We

We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds
And haunts of savages transform'd the marts,
And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
Or exile on the peerage? How becalm'd
The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe
Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones!

In solemn state the bones of pious kings,
Gather'd to their great fires, are safe repos'd
Beneath the weeping vault: but thou, a branch
Blasted and curs'd by Heaven, to dogs and fowls
Art doom'd a banquet; mingling some remains
With criminals unabsolv'd; on all thy race
Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes
Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,
Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue
With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed
The sceptre Heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd
By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage.

VERSES ON THE UNION.

THE Gaul, intent on universal sway,
Sees his own subjects with constraint obey;
And they who most his rising beams ador'd,
Weep in their chains, and wish another lord.
But, if the Muse not uninspir'd presage,
Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage:
His power shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause.

So when to distant vales an eagle steers,
His fierceness not disarm'd by length of years;
From his stretch'd wing he sees the feathers fly,
Which bore him to his empire of the sky.

Unlike, great Queen, thy steps to deathless fame;
O best, O greatest of thy royal name!

Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave,
Have nothing now to censure, or to crave:
Ev'n Vice and factious Zeal are held in awe,
Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.

When edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand
The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land;
Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,
For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to save:
And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.

But as mild heaven on Eden's op'ning gems
Bestow'd the balmiest dews, and brightest beams:
So, whilst remotest climes thy influence share,
Britain's the darling object of thy care:
By thy wise councils, and resistless might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Before thou bid'st the distant battles cease,
Thy piety cements domestic peace;
Impatient of delay to fix the state,
Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.

Hail, happy sister-lands! for ever prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
Kindled from heaven, be your auspicious flame
As lasting, and as bright, as Anna's fame!

And

And thou, fair northern nymphs, partake our toil,
With us divide the danger, and the spoil:
When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars avow'd,
In steel around our Albion standards crowd;
What wonders in the war shall now be shown
By her, who single shook the Gallic throne!

The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-queen
Shall wave her union-crosses o'er the Seine:
Rous'd with heroic warmth unfelt before,
Her lions with redoubled fury roar;
And urging on to fame, with joy behold
The woody walks in which they rang'd of old.
O Louis, long the terror of thy arms
Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms;
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see
Empires and states derive their power from thee;
From Britain's equal hand the scale to wrest,
And reign without a rival o'er the west:
But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn
From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne;
Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,
Expos'd a prey to every hostile hand:
By strange extremes of destiny decreed
To flourish, and to fall with equal speed.

So the young gourd, around the prophet's head
With swift increase her fragrant honours spread;
Beneath the growing shade secure he fate,
To see the towers of Ninus bow to fate:
But, curs'd by Heaven, the greens began to fade,
And, sickening, sudden as they rose, decay'd.

C U P I D

CUPID AND HYMEN.

CUPID resign'd to Sylvia's care
His bow and quiver stor'd with darts;
Commissioning the matchless fair
To fill his shrine with bleeding hearts.
His empire thus secur'd, he flies
To sport amid th' Idalian grove;
Whose feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,
And bless'd the pleasing power of love.
The god their grateful songs engage,
To spread his nets which Venus wrought;
Whilst Hymen held the golden cage,
To keep secure the game they caught.
The warblers, brisk with genial flame,
Swift from the myrtle shades repair;
A willing captive each became,
And sweeter carol'd in the snare.
When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
To Cytherea's fane they flew;
Regardless, while they wing'd their way,
How fullen all the songsters grew.
Alas! no sprightly note is heard,
But each with silent grief consumes;
Though to celestial food preferr'd,
They pining drop their painted plumes.
Cupid, afflicted at the change,
To beg her aid to Venus run;
She heard the tale, nor thought it strange,
But, smiling, thus advis'd her son:

Pleasure

Pleasure grows languid with restraint,
 'Tis Nature's privilege to roam :
 If you'd not have your linnets faint,
 Leave Hymen with his cage at home.

O L I V I A.

I.

O L I V I A's lewd, but looks devout,
 And scripture-proofs she throws about,
 When first you try to win her :
 Pull your fob of guineas out ;
 Fee Jenny first, and never doubt
 To find the faint a finner.

II.

Baxter by day is her delight :
 No chocolate must come in sight
 Before two morning chapters :
 But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite,
 She takes a civil friend at night
 To raise her holy raptures.

III.

Thus oft' we see a glow-worm gay,
 At large her fiery tale display,
 Encourag'd by the dark :
 And yet the fullen thing all day
 Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
 And hid the native spark.

T O A L A D Y,

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

I.

SO smooth and clear the fountain was,
 In which his face Narcissus spy'd,
 When, gazing in that liquid glass,
 He for himself despair'd and dy'd:
 Nor, Chloris, can you safer see
 Your own perfections here than he.

II.

The lark before the mirror plays,
 Which some deceitful swain has set,
 Pleas'd with herself she fondly stays
 To die deluded in the net.
 Love may such frauds for you prepare,
 Yourself the captive, and the snare.

III.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
 Those graces opening in their bloom,
 Think how disease and age pursue,
 Your riper glories to consume.
 Then sighing you would wish your glass
 Could shew to Chloris what she was.

IV. Let

IV.

Let Pride no more give Nature law,
 But free the youth your power enslaves :
 Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw,
 Reflected on the crystal waves ;
 Yet priz'd not all her charms above
 The pleasure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glass supply
 Too just an emblem of your breast ;
 Where oft' to my deluded eye
 Love's image has appear'd imprest ;
 But play'd so lightly on your mind,
 It left no lasting print behind.

T O T H E S A M E,

READING THE ART OF LOVE.

WHILST Ovid here reveals the various arts,
 Both how to polish and direct their darts,
 Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,
 And read these lines to gain success in love :
 But Heaven alone, that multiplies our race,
 Has power t' increase the conquests of your face.
 The Spring, before he paints the rising flowers,
 Receives mild beams, and soft descending showers ;
 But love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,
 Though neither pity weeps, nor kindness warms.

The

The chiefs who doubt success, assert their claim
 By stratagems, and poorly steal a name :
 The generous * Son of Jove, in open fight,
 Made bleeding Victory proclaim his might :
 Like him resists, when you take the field,
 Love sounds the signal, and the world must yield.

T H E

F A I R N U N,

A T A L E.

“ — Ire per ignes,

“ Et gladios ausim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus ullis,

“ Aut gladiis opus est; opus est mihi crine.—”

OVID. Met. Lib. viii.

WE sage Cartesians, who profess
 Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,
 Assert that souls a tip-toe stand
 On what we call the Pineal Gland ;
 As weather-cocks on spires are plac'd,
 To turn the quicker with each blast.

This granted, can you think it strange,
 We all should be so prone to change ;
 Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear
 A fatten cap i' th' elbow chair ?

* Alexander.

The

The follies that the child began,
Custom makes current in the man;
And firm by livery and feisin
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.

But still the gusts of love we find
Blow strongest on a woman's mind;
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent cause, th' effect is true;
For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.

Upon a time (for so my nurse,
Heaven rest her bones! began discourse)
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
Began to languish with the spleen:
She who had shone at balls and play
In gold brocade extremely gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Declaim'd against the growth of vice,
A very prude in half a year,
And most believ'd she was sincere:
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctify'd to count her prayers:
Venus, and all her naked Loves,
The reformado nymph removes;
And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their respective quarters.
Nor yet content, she could not bear
The rankness of the public air,
'Twas so infected with the vice
Of luscious songs, and lovers' sighs:

So

So most devoutly would be gone,
And straight profess herself a Nun.

A youth of breeding and address,
And call him Thyrsis if you please,
Who had some wealth to recompense
His slender dividend of sense;
Yet could with little thought and care
Write tender things to please the fair;
And then successively did grow
From a half-wit, a finish'd beau!
(For fops thus naturally rise,
As maggots turn to butterflies.)
This spark, as story tells, before
Had held with madam an amour,
Which he resolving to pursue,
Exactly took the proper cue,
And on the wings of love he flies
To Lady Abbess, in disguise,
And tells her he had brought th' advowson
Of soul and body to dispose on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In petticoats, without a beard,
Fond of a proselyte, and fees,
Admits the fox among the geese.

Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
Though three to one, too weak for love;
And to describe the war throughout,
Would make a glorious piece no doubt,
Where moral virtues might be slain,
And rise, and fight, and fall again:

Love

Love should a bloody myrtle wear,
 And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
 The Nun should charge.—But I forbear.

All human joys, though sweet in tasting,
 Are seldom (more's the pity) lasting:
 The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
 Which others thought th' effects of zeal:
 But she, poor she, began to doubt,
 (Best knowing what she'd been about)
 The marriage earnest-penny lay,
 And burnt her pocket, as we say.
 She now invokes, to ease her soul,
 The dagger and the poison'd bowl;
 And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
 To lose her life and honour too,
 Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as
 Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

But as she in her cell lay sighing,
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
 The fiend (who never wants address
 To succour damsels in distress)
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
 The fatal cause for which she griev'd;
 But promis'd her *en cavalier*,
 She should be freed from all her fear,
 And with her Thyrsis lead a life
 Devoid of all domestic strife,
 If she would sign a certain scrawl—
 Aye, that she would, if that was all.

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She

She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

The critics must excuse me now,
They both were freed, no matter how:
For when we epic writers use
Machines to disengage the Muse,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands;
And if they cannot loose the knot,
Should we be censur'd? I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleasures who but they,
Who might do every thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
And Pug brought every thing she wanted;
A slave devoted to her will:
But women will be wavering still.
Ev'n vice without variety
Their squeamish appetites will cloy:
And having stolen from Lady Abbess
One of our merry modern Rabbies,
She found a trick she thought would pass,
And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right
Amidst a moonless stormy night,
When madam and her spouse together
Guess'd at his coming by the weather.
He came: To-night, says he, I drudge
To fetch a heriot for a judge,

A gouty

A gouty nine-i'th' hundred knave ;
 But, madam, do you want your slave ?
 I need not presently be gone,
 Because the doctors have not done.
 A rosy vicar and a quack
 Repuls'd me in my last attack :
 But all in vain, for mine he is ;
 A fig for both the faculties.

The dame produc'd a single hair,
 But whence it came I cannot swear ;
 Yet this I will affirm is true ;
 It curl'd like any bottle screw.
 Sir Nic, quoth she, you know us all,
 We ladies are fantastical :
 You see this hair—Yes, madam—Pray
 In presence of my husband stay,
 And make it straight ; or else you grant
 Our solemn league and covenant
 Is void in law.—It is, I own it :
 And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
 If wetting would not do the feat :
 And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion,
 But still it kept th' elastic motion.
 Well ! more ways may be found than one
 To kill a witch that will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
 This hair has flourish'd nigh the water :
 'Tis crisp'd with cold, perhaps, and then
 The fire will make it straight again.

In haste he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!
The more it warms, it twirls the more.
He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;
The husband and the lady laugh'd.

Howe'er he fancy'd sure enough
He should not find it hammer-proof.
No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
Than Satan was; but all in vain:
Again he beats.—It curls again!
At length he bellow'd in a rage,
'This hair will take me up an age.
'This take an age! the husband swore,
Z——ds! Betty has five hundred more.
More! take your bond, quoth Pug; adieu,
'Tis loss of time to ply for you.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

M R. S O U T H E R N E,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

BOLD is the Muse to leave her humble cell,
 And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well:
 Thee! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
 And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
 Could Sophocles behold in mournful state
 The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait;
 Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,
 Distress'd and lost for vices not her own;
 If envy could permit, he'd sure agree,
 To write by nature were to copy thee:
 So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
 He by thy pencil might improve his own.

There was an age (its memory will last!)
 Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,
 In which the fable Muse with hopes and fears
 Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears.

T 3

But

But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,
 And mov'd the springs of Nature as it pleas'd?
 Our poets only practise on the pit
 With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
 Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast
 The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.
 Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
 Among the chosen classics of our land:
 And whilst our sons are by tradition taught
 How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,
 They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
 And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakespeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
 (The universal mirror of mankind)
 Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
 But sometimes stoop'd to please a barbarous age:
 When his immortal bays began to grow,
 Rude was the language, and the humour low:
 He, like the God of Day, was always bright,
 But rolling in its course, his orb of light
 Was sully'd, and obscur'd, though soaring high,
 With spots contracted from the nether sky.
 But whither is th' adventurous Muse betray'd?
 Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!
 May spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
 And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
 Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
 Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root,
 Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit:

Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,
 Had he not strove to blemish Shakespeare's name.
 But, like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,
 Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear :
 The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
 Had been by superfluity destroy'd,
 But that his friend, judiciously severe,
 Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
 On various sounding harps the Muses play'd,
 And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,
 For in those days were giants in the land :
 Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
 And bow with filial awe to Shakespeare's fame;
 The second honours are a glorious name.
 Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
 To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
 Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood ;
 Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,
 She fled, and left her province to the law.
 Her merry sister still pursu'd the game,
 Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
 She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
 And learnt the solemn screw for signs of grace ;
 Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
 By humming to a tabor and a drone ;
 Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
 Both when to wink, and how to turn the white :

Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
Assum'd a cloke, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy shown,
Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She strait pull'd off her satin cap and band;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of sense:
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause.

Restor'd with less success, the Tragic Muse
Had quite forgot her style by long disuse;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime;
'Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,
And sneering sham'd her into sense at last.
But now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minstrelsy may still remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinstate her on the stage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
Their rise and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's measur'd out by time,
Transplant their laurels to another clime.

The

The Grecian Muse once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms ;
The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
The Doric reed, and sung beneath the shade ;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains
T' observe the seasons, and manure the plains ;
Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow ;
Sometimes on flowery beds she lay supine,
And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine ;
Or, in her fable stole and buskins dress'd,
Shew'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome :
Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord reign'd,
Silent theauteous captive long remain'd ;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To study, and refine the language there.
She views with anguish on the Roman stage
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage :
But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which Scipio had revis'd, and Roscius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes
(For Themis then could speak in polish'd prose) :
Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng,
She blest'd the Syren-power of Tully's tongue.
But when, Octavius, thy successful sword
Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
And chose a numerous choir to chant his fame.

First from the green retreats and lowly plains,
 Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;
 His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
 She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
 'Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre,
 And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire.
 By Cæsar's bounty all the tuneful train
 Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign;
 No genius then was left to live on praise,
 Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
 On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
 Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
 The Muse, industrious to record his name
 In the bright annals of eternal fame,
 Profuse of favours, lavish'd all her store,
 And for one reign made many ages poor.

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd swarms
 Invade the Latian coasts with barbarous arms;
 A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
 Rough as their heaven, and barren as their soil.
 These locusts every springing art destroy'd,
 And soft Humanity before them dy'd.
 Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
 With Nature's scenes, nor gave the canvas life;
 Nor Sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath
 Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:
 Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
 Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
 On those twin-sisters such disasters came,
 Though colours and proportions are the same

In every age and clime ; their beauties known
 To every language, and confin'd by none.
 But fate less freedom to the Muse affords,
 And checks her genius with the choice of words :
 To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found
 Of easy grandeur, and harmonious sound.
 Thus when she rais'd her voice divinely great
 To sing the founder of the Roman state ;
 The language was adapted to the song,
 Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong :
 But when the Goths insulting troops appear'd,
 Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard !
 Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams
 She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver Thames.

Long in the melancholy grove she staid, .
 And taught the pensive Druids in the shade ;
 In solemn and instructive notes they sung
 From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung,
 Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
 And in bright order made the planets move ;
 Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
 And comets roll unbounded through the sky ;
 Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
 And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below ;
 Whence the gay spring exults in flowery pride,
 And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd ;
 Whence summer suns imbrown the labouring swains,
 And shivering winter pines in icy chains :
 And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd advance
 So vain a theory as that of Chance.

But

But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
 She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
 And Love and Beauty next became her care.
 Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
 A Venus and a Helen to record;
 A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
 Who match'd the goddesses, and the queen excell'd.
 T' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,
 But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
 Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,
 And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire:
 Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
 Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
 Even Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie,
 Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye:
 Rich was their imagery, till Time defac'd
 The curious works; but Waller came at last.
 Waller, the Muse with heavenly verse supplies,
 Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes;
 "All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
 "Attend his passion, and approve his song."
 But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age
 Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
 To Granville his melodious lute she gave,
 Granville, whose faithful verse is beauty's slave;
 Accept this gift, my favourite youth! she cry'd,
 To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde;
 Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim,
 And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame.

O! would

O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,
 And sing of arms, as late he sung of love!
 His colours and his hand alone should paint
 In Britain's queen the warrior and the saint;
 In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
 Wisdom with power, and piety with state.
 Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,
 Strong and serene, to bless the land below;
 O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
 And the wild rage of tyranny control.
 Her power to quell, and pity to redress,
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine confess;
 Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
 To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread:
 And whilst they sound their great deliverer's fame,
 The Seine retires, and sickens at her name.
 O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,
 Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway;
 And make her memory rever'd by all,
 When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.

Pardon me, friend! I own my Muse too free,
 To write so long on such a theme to thee:
 To play the critic here—with equal right
 Bid her pretend to teach Argyll to fight;
 Instruct th' unerring sun to guide the year,
 And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer;
 Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the seal,
 Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
 Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
 And make harmonious St. John more polite;

Teach

Teach law to Iſla for the crown's ſupport,
 And Jerſey how to ſerve and grace a court;
 Dictate ſoft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
 When Venus and her Loves around him ſtand;
 In ſage debates to Rocheſter impart
 A ſearching head, and ever faithful heart;
 Make Talbot's finiſh'd virtue more complete,
 High without pride, and amiably great,
 Where Nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
 At once to pleaſe and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
 My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
 I lov'd along the laureat grove to ſtray,
 The paths were pleaſant, and the proſpect gay:
 But now my genius ſinks, and hardly knows
 To make a couplet tinkle in the cloſe.
 Yet when you next to Medway ſhall repair,
 And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
 Retiring from the crowd to ſteal the ſweets
 Of eaſy life in Twyſden's calm retreats
 (As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
 And in Campania ſcorn'd the pomp of Rome);
 Where Lambard, form'd for buſineſs, and to pleaſe,
 By ſharing, will improve your happineſs;
 In both their ſouls imperial reaſon ſways,
 In both the patriot and the friend diſplays;
 Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praiſe.
 With bright ideas there inſpir'd anew,
 By them excited, and inform'd by you,

I may

EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE. 287

I may with happier skill essay to sing
Sublimer notes, and strike a bolder string.

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;
But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

A L E T T E R

T O T H E

KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

“——Habet Bibliopola Tryphon.”

MART. Lib. iv.

S I R Knight, who know with equal skill
To make a poem and a pill,
'Twas my misfortune t'other night,
To be tormented with a spright.
On either side his head the hair
Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare;
His garb antique, but on his face
There reign'd a sweet majestic grace;
Of comely port, and in his hand
He decent wav'd a laurel-wand.

On

On the left foot (by which I found
His name was on the stage renown'd)
A sock of curious shape he wore,
With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er;
A purple buskin grac'd the right,
And strong he step'd, yet lovely light.

Thy friendly care, he cry'd, I crave
To give me quiet in my grave:
Tryphon constrains me from the dead,
A wizard whom I hate and dread;
By him to dangle on a post,
I'm conjur'd up—"Alas, poor Ghost!"
A pendulum I there am made,
To move the leaden wheels of trade.
And while each little author struts
In calves-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts;
I, vouching, pass 'em off as dear
As any staple-classic ware.
Peers, parsons, cits, a motley tribe,
Flock there to purchase, and subscribe;
While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,
Chuckles to see them grow polite.

For ends thus infamously low,
It sure wou'd seem as a-propos,
For Dennis at his door to stand,
With a good broomstick in his hand.
Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,
Or blame the price, the tragic Swift
Might have his better parts employ'd,
To criticise them back and side.

TO THE KNIGHT OF THE SHIELD. 289

Or is there none of all his race,
 Whose features would a sign-board grace?
 Oft' in the wizard's cell I've seen
 A forrel man, of awkward mien,
 Prying with busy leer about,
 As if he were the devil's scout.
 I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice,
 But sure those whoreson gloating eyes
 Have travell'd much on love affairs,
 Between the key-hole and the stairs.
 O cheat the gibbet of a sign,
 And with his head commute for mine.

When first I heard his damn'd intent,
 To Tryphon's bed by night I went;
 Where he lay blest with dreams of gain,
 Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain.
 I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said,
 O! take my wit, and spare my head,
 Urge not the wags to sneer, and jape us,
 Just as of old they us'd Priapus.
 But as a whelp starts up with fear
 When a bee's humming at his ear:
 With upper lip elate, he grins,
 Whilst round the little teaser spins;
 But when aloof in air it soars,
 He strait forgets th' alarm, and snores:
 So did his fellow-creature flight
 The fleeting vision of the night.
 My prayers were lost, though while I stay'd
 I smelt they strong impressions made.

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U

There

There is a Knight, who takes the field
With Saxon pen, and fable shield ;
Who doubtless can relieve my ghost,
And disenchant me from the post.
Then I could rest as still as those
Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose ;
As if he traded in the whole,
And with the body kill'd the soul.
To him for aid with speed repair—
“ But soft ! I scent the morning air : ”
Be mindful of my piteous plight,
And to my cause engage the Knight.

Now, gentle Sir, give ear to me,
For I prescribe without a fee ;
From Curll's remove the seat of war,
Encamp on t'other side the Bar :
Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,
Another epic at him pop ;
What though without report it move,
Like the sure darts of death or love ?
I know your powder is so strong,
No mortal sign can stand you long.

But if by magic this oppose
The volley of your verse and prose ;
I'll be your 'squire, and firm ally,
Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy ;
Not all the necromancer's art
Will save it then, beshrew his heart !
What can support a shop, or sign,
When two such perilous wits combine ?

T H E
E L E V E N T H B O O K
O F
H O M E R ' S O D Y S S E Y .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

I N M I L T O N ' S S T Y L E .

“———To th’ Orphean lyre,
“He sung of Chaos and eternal night;
“Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
“The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
“Though hard, and rare.”

PARADISE LOST, B. iii.

WHEN speeding sea-ward, to the fleet we came
That anchor’d nigh the coast, we launch’d our ship
Into the sacred deep: the mast up-rear’d
Bore every sail expanded; whilst aboard
We stow’d devoted victims, and ascend
The vessel, inly griev’d, and silent showers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the fair, of human race divine,
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar
Small need remain’d, the freshening gale suffic’d
Each bellying canvas. On with speed we fare

U 2

Prospe.

Prosperous ; and when the sun careering prone
 Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade
 Sabled the pole, we tilting o'er the waves
 On ocean's utmost bound, approach the realms
 Unblest'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell ;
 (A lamentable race !) of heavenly light
 Unvisited, and the sun's gladsome ray.
 Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach
 We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn
 Along the marsh, till the fated place
 We found, which Circe will'd we should explore.
 Eurylochus and Perimedes guard
 The holy offerings ; I meantime unsheath
 My faulchion, and prepare t' intrench the ground
 A cubit square, and there oblations pour
 To reconcile the shades ; infusing milk
 With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must
 Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store
 Of water ; and with flower of wheat bestrow
 The mix'd ingredients : to the feeble ghosts
 Then vow'd, if Heaven to my dear native land
 Should favour my return, a barren cow
 Of stateliest growth ; and to th' oraculous * seer
 A ram of sable fleece, the leading pride
 Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd
 And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew :
 Forth gush'd the vital purple, and furcharg'd
 The hollow'd trench ; when lo ! from the dun verge

* Tiresias.

Of Erebus, the ghosts promiscuous troop
Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature
Cropt in their spring, who wandering pensive wail'd
The shortness of their date: trembling, and hoar
With age, some slowly pace; others more fierce
Array'd in arms, ensanguin'd o'er with wounds
Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale
I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch
Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam
To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides
The regency of night: sudden I wav'd
My glittering faulchion, from the sanguine pool
Driving th' unbody'd host that round me swarm'd;
Nor deign'd to let them sip, before I saw
Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd
Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse
We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,
Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue
Our voyage: Strait to tender pity mov'd,
With words dissolv'd in tears I cry'd, Relate,
Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd
Sooner than I full-sail'd. He thus reply'd
In accents of much dolour: Me, O King!
The minister of adverse fate malign'd,
Unweeting of mishap; and wrought my doom,
Drench'd with excess of wine: prone from the top
Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones
Disjointing dy'd. But to your pious care
Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names

Of parent, wife, and son (though distant, dear
 To your remembrance), when you re-ascend
 To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains
 Discharge funeral rites; nor let me lie
 Unwept, unbury'd there, lest Heaven avenge
 The dire neglect. While the devouring flames
 Consume my earthy, on the flagrant pile
 My armour cast complete; then raise a tomb
 For my memorial on the foamy strand;
 And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd
 With my associates. Pensive I rejoin,
 Poor Shade! I'll pay the decent rites you crave.

While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
 Such melancholy parley, with brandish'd steel
 Guarding the goary pool, I through th' obscure
 My * mother view'd: her lineage she deriv'd
 From Maia's wingy son, and ceas'd to breathe
 This vital air, since I my legion led
 To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
 Abundant sorrow stream'd; but though regret
 Wither'd my resolution, from the pool
 I made the dear maternal form recede,
 Till I should learn from the grave Theban seer
 The sum of fate. The sage at length advanc'd
 Bearing a golden sceptre, and began:

Son of Laertes, what misfortunes dire
 Compel your progress from th' all-cheering sun,
 And heavenly azure, in this seat of woe
 To roam among the dead? But from the pool

* Anticlea.

Withdraw, and sheath your faulchion, while I taste
 That bloody beverage, then the Fates decree
 Instant I'll utter. Sudden I withdrew,
 Sheathing my faulchion whilst he drank the gore;
 Then thus the seer pronounc'd the Fates decree.

What means may best besit your wish'd return,
 Illustrious Greek! you'd know. The sovereign power
 Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods revere,
 Infidious waits a time to wreak revenge
 For Polypheme, his son; whose visual orb
 You late eclips'd with ever-during shade.
 Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid
 Disasters various, if your mates refrain
 From sacrilegious spoil, when safe they tread
 Trinacria's herby soil: for there the flocks
 And herds of Phœbus o'er the verdurous lawn
 Browse fattening pasture (he the world's great eye
 Views all below his orient beam, nor aught
 Can shun his wakeful ear); with evil hand
 If them they seize, unerring I foretell
 An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm
 Your ship, deep in the nether waves ingulft,
 Shall perish with her crew: you shall regain
 The dry, without surviving friend to cheer
 Your pilgrim-steps: however late and hard,
 You shall revisit your lov'd natal shore,
 Transported in a vessel not your own.
 Much of domestic damage, and misrule,
 Will sadden your return; for in your court
 Suitors voluptuous swarm; with amorous wiles

Studious to win your consort, and seduce
 Her from chaste fealty to joys impure,
 In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they soon
 By stratagem, or our puissant arm,
 To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
 Remote from ocean, who with savoury salt
 Ne'er season their repast, nor vessel view'd
 Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
 And all her tackle trim, with speed repair
 Carrying a taper oar; way-faring thus,
 One journeying obvious will misname that oar
 A corn van; fix it there, and victims slay
 To Neptune reverent; from the fleecy fold
 A ram select; and from the beeves and swine,
 The choicest male entire, of either herd.
 Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare
 For the bright order of the gods, who reign
 Spher'd in empyreal splendors. White with years,
 The balm of life evaporating slow,
 At length, when Neptune points the dart of death*,
 Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land
 With fair abundance blest'd. In these fix'd laws
 Of fate repose affiance, and beware.

I thus reply'd: In this authentic will
 Of fate, O Seer! I acquiesce; but lo!
 Pensive and silent, by the goary pool,
 Abides my mother's shade; nor me vouchsafes
 Language or look benign: Oh! tell me how

* He was killed with the bone of a sea-turtle.

She here may recognize me. He rejoin'd ;
 Whatever ghost by your permission sips
 That sacred purple, will to all your quest
 Without deceit reply ; the rest withdraw
 At your stern interdict. This said, the seer
 To the high capital of Dis retir'd.

Meantime I firm abode, till the dear shade
 Had sip'd the sacred purple ; then her son
 Instant she knew, and wailing thus began :

My son ! how reach'd you these Tartarean bounds,
 Corporeal ? Many a river interfus'd,
 And gulphs unvoyageable, from access
 Debar each living wight ; besides th' expanse
 Of ocean wide to sail. Are you from Troy
 With your associate peers but now return'd ;
 Erroneous from your wife and kingdom still ?

I thus : By strong necessity constrain'd,
 Down to these nether realms I have presum'd
 An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd
 By sage Tiresias ; for since I led
 Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
 To war on Ilium, traversing the main
 Through various perils, I have voyag'd far
 Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,
 By slow consumption through the gates of death
 Prone did you pass ; or by Diana's dart
 Transfix'd, a sudden fate ? My hoary fire !
 Survives he ? Is my bloomy son possess'd
 Of my domain, or groans it now beneath
 Usurping powers, who lord it uncontroll'd,

Thought.

Thoughtless of my return? My consort dear!
 Abides she with my son, of all his rights
 A guardian regent; or, no longer mine,
 Hath she been won to plight connubial vows?

The venerable shade thus answer'd mild:
 Still in your regal dome your spouse abides
 Disconsolate, with ever-flowing eyes
 Wailing your absence; and your son possess'd
 Of principality, with his compeers,
 Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains
 Of social love. Beneath a sylvan lodge,
 Far from the cheerful steps of men, your fire
 Lives inconsolable; on gorgeous beds,
 With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls,
 No more indulging sweet repose; but clad
 In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds
 On the warm hearth he sleeps, when winter reigns
 Inclement, till the circling months return
 New-rob'd in flowering verdure: then, the vines
 High interwove a green pavilion form,
 Where pillow'd on the leaves he mourns for you
 Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age
 Adding corrosive anguish and despair.
 So perish'd I with slow-consuming pile!
 Me nor the silver-shafted goddess slew,
 Nor racking malady; but anxious love
 Of my Ulysses on my vitals prey'd,
 And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave.

She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondness strove
 T' embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,

Delusiv

Delusive as a dream. Anew with grief
Heart-chill'd, I spake ; Why, mother, will you fly
Your son's incircling arms ? O here permit
My duteous love, and let our sorrows flow
Mingling in one full stream ! Or has the queen
Whose frown the Shades revere, to work me woe,
A guileful image form'd ? She thus replies :

Of all mankind, O most to grief inur'd !
Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain
Is here intended, but the essence pure
Of separate souls is of all living touch
Impassive : here no gross material frame
We wear, with flesh incumber'd, nerves, and bone ;
They're calcin'd on the pile : but when we cease
To draw the breath of life, the soul on wing
Fleets like a dream, from elemental dross
Disparted and refin'd. Now to the realms
Illumin'd with the sun's enlivening beam,
Hence journeying upward, to your consort dear
Disclose the secrets of our state below.

Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train
Of nobles near advance their steps, enlarg'd
By radiant Proserpine, daughters and wives
To kings and heroes old : the goary pool
The fair assembly thick surround, to sip
The tasteful liquid : I the fates of each
Desirous to hear storied, wave my sword
In airy circles, while they singly fate
Their appetites ; then curious ask of each
Her ancestry, which all in order told.

Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair
Of great Salmoneus; she with Cretheus shar'd
Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom
Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd:
Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn
Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form
Neptune assum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd
Wandering love-pensive near his amber stream:
Them plunging in the slopy flood receiv'd
Redounding; and to skreen his amorous theft,
On either side the parted waves up-rear'd
A crystal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,
And fated, thus he spake: Hail, royal fair!
Thy womb shall teem with twins (a god's embrace
Is ever fruitful), and those pledges dear
Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend
With a fond mother's care: hence homeward speed,
And from all human ken our amorous act
Conceal: so Neptune bids thee now farewell.
He ceas'd, and diving sudden was ingulph'd
Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons
Th' appointed months discharg'd, by supreme Jove
Both scepter'd. Pelias first; his empire wide
Stretch'd o'er Iölcös, whose irriguous vales
His grazing folds o'erfleec'd: her younger birth,
Neleus, was honour'd through the sandy realm
Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then espous'd,
A fair increase, Æson and Pheres, bore;
And great Amythaon, who with fiery steeds
Oft' disarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.

The daughter of Asopus next I view'd,
 Antiope, boastful that she, by Jove
 Impregnate, had the fam'd Amphion borne,
 And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes,
 Stately with seven large gates, and bulwark'd strong
 Against invading powers. Alcmena fair,
 Amphitryon's consort, then advanc'd to view;
 To heaven's supreme who bore Alcides, bold
 And lion-hearted. Next that lovely shade
 Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,
 By great Alcides spous'd. To her succeeds
 The sheeny form of Epicaste, woo'd
 By Oedipus her son, to whom she deign'd
 Spousal embraces, thoughtless of misdeed,
 He having too (ill-star'd!) destroy'd his sire,
 His lineage with incestuous mixture soil'd,
 Blinded by destiny; but the just gods
 Disclos'd th' unnatural scene. In Thebes he sway'd,
 With various ills by Heaven's afflictive rod
 Discomfited; but she through fell despair,
 Self-strangled, from the stings of mortal life
 Fled to the shades, and her surviving son
 With delegated furies fierce pursued.

An amiable image next appear'd;
 Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty stem
 The youngest bud: in sweet attractive pomp,
 On her the Graces ever waiting smit
 The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
 Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love
 Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful power

Of

Of Periclymenus ; besides a nymph,
Pero, of form divine : her virgin vows
By many a prince was sought, but Neleus deign'd
To none her bed, but him whose prowess'd arm
Should force from Phylace a furious herd
Of wild Thessalian beeves, t' avenge the dower
Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold emprise
A seer accepted ; but, in combat foil'd,
In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,
Deep in a dungeon close immur'd, till found
Divine of fate, by solving problems quaint
Which Iphiclus propos'd, who strait dismiss'd
The captive ; so was Jove's high will complete.

Then Leda, spous'd by Tyndarus, I saw,
Mother of the fam'd twins, Castor expert
To tame the steed, and Pollux far renown'd
On list'd fields for conflict ; who from Jove
Receiv'd a grateful boon like gods to live,
Mounting alternate to this upper orb.

Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
Of great Aloeus, who, in love compress'd
By Neptune, bore (so she the fact avow'd)
Otus and Ephialtes, whom the Fates
Cut short in early prime : their infant years
Nurtur'd by Earth, enormous both attain'd
Gigantic stature, and for manly grace
Were next Orion rank'd ; for in the course
Of nine swift circling years, nine cubits broad
Their shoulders measur'd, and nine ells their height.
Improvident of soul, they vainly dar'd
The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar

Rear'd

Rear'd Ossa, and on Ossa Pelion pil'd,
Torn from the base with all its woods ; by scale
T' assault heaven's battlements ; and had their date
To manhood been prolong'd, had sure atchiev'd
Their ruinous aim : but by the silver dart
Of Phœbus sheer transfix'd, ere springing down
Shaded their rosy youth, they both expir'd.

Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,
And Ariadne, who them both surpass'd
In goddess-like demeanour ; from her fire
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,
Theseus of old convey'd her, with intent
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign :
But stern Diana, by the guileful plea
Of Bacchus won, dissever'd soon their joys,
And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn
In Dia, with circumfluous seas in-girt,
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance
Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair ;
And Eriphyle, whose once radiant charms
A cloud of sorrow dimm'd ; for she, devoid
Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.—

Here let me cease narration, nor relate
What other objects fair, daughters and wives
Of heroes old, I saw ; for now the night
In clouded majesty has journey'd far,
Admonishing to rest, which with my mates,
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves ;
Meantime affianc'd in the gods and you,
To speed my voyage to my native realm.

He

He ceas'd : a while th' attentive audience fate
 In silent rapture ; his persuasive tongue,
 Mellifluous, so with eloquence had charm'd
 Their still insatiate ears ; at length thus spake
 The queen Arete, graceful and humane.

Think ye, Phæacians, that the godlike form,
 The port, the wisdom of this wanderer claim
 Aught of regard ? Peculiar him my guest
 I style ; but since the honour he vouchsafe's,
 Delighted ye partake, give not too soon
 Him signal of departure, but prepare
 With no penurious hand proportion'd gifts,
 Vyeing in bounteous deeds, since Heaven hath shower'd
 Your peerage with abundant favours boon.

Up rose Echeneus then, whose wavy locks
 Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,
 Fraught with maturest counsel, and began
 Addressing his compeers : Rightful and wise
 The queen's proposal is, let none demur
 Obedience to her will : Alcinous best
 By fair ensample may prescribe the rule.

Alcinous from his bed of state reply'd,
 With aspect bland : While here I live enthron'd,
 Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand
 Sways the Phæacian sceptre, will I cheer
 Th' erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts
 Of regal bounty ; but our princely guest
 Must, though impatient, for a time defer
 His voyage, that with due munificence
 Our gifts may be prepar'd : let all accord

Benevolent, and free to furnish stores
Worthy acceptance; me you shall confess
The first in bounty, as the first in power.

He ended, and Ulysses answer'd blithe:
O thou, by kingly virtues justly rais'd
To this imperial eminence! By thee
Were I detain'd, till the revolving sun
Completes his annual circle, in thy will
I acquiesce obedient, till meet stores
For my return be rais'd: then at my realm,
With royal largesses arriving grac'd,
And gay retinue, strait the wondering Greeks
Will dear respect and prompter homage yield.

To whom Alcinous: Your distinguish'd worth
Too plain is character'd in all your port,
To doubt you of those vagrant clans, who roam
Fallacious, and with copious legend take
The credulous ear; you, with severest truth,
Rob'd in rich eloquence, instruct and please,
When (like some bard, vers'd in heroic theme
Attemper'd to the lyre) you sweetly tell
Whate'er in Grecian story was of old
Recorded eminent, or when you speak
Your own disastrous fate. But now proceed,
Say, affable, if while you low sojourn'd
In gross Tartarean gloom, the mighty shades
Of those brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell
By doom of battle; for the lingering night
Hath yet much space to measure, and the hour
Of sleep is far to come: I can attend

With ravishment, to hear the pleasing tale
Fruitful of wonders, till the roseate morn
Purples the East. Ulysses thus reply'd :

Due time, O king, for converse and repose
Is still remaining ; nor will I refuse
With coy denial, what the sacred ear
Of majesty with audience deigns to grace.
Hear next how my associate warriors fell,
O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions and oppress'd
In their own realms by feminine deceit,
To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe.

When, by imperious Proserpine recall'd,
The lady-train dispers'd, the pensive form
Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt,
Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
Ægysthus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,
He recogniz'd me instant, and outstretch'd
His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now
Of all their vital vigour ; with shrill plaints,
Piercing the doleful region far : mine eyes,
Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,
Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I spake :

O king of hosts ! O ever-honour'd son
Of Atreus ! say to what severe decree
Of destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath
Tempesting th' ocean, did you there expire
Whelm'd in the watery abyss ? Or fell you arm'd,
Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast,
To ravage herds and flocks ; or in assault
Of some imperial fortress, thence to win

Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain
Defeated of your seizure? He replied:

I perish'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath,
Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms
Heroic deeds attempting: but receiv'd
From base Ægysthus, and my baser queen,
Irreparable doom, whilst I partook
Refreshment, and at supper jovial fate,
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,
A death most lamentable! Round me lay
An hideous carnage of my breathless friends,
Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board
Of some luxurious noble, or devote
To solemn festival. On well-fought fields
You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,
And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd
Your best of man to view us on the floor
Rolling in death, with viands round us spread,
And ponderous vases bruis'd, while human gore
Flooded the pavement wide. With shrilling cries
Cassandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my side
False Clytemnestra slew: t' avenge her wrong,
I with a dying grasp my sabre seiz'd,
But the curs'd assassin withdrew, nor clos'd
My lips and eyes. O woman! woman! none
Of Nature's savage train have less remorse
In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate,
What beast was e'er a complice? I return'd
Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,

And court-retinue ; but my traitress wife
On female honour hath diffus'd a stain
Indelible ; and her pernicious arts,
Recorded for reproach on all the sex,
Shall wound soft innocence with touch of blame.

I answer'd, O ye powers ! by women's wiles
Jove works sure bane to all th' imperial race
Of Atreus still : for Helen's vagrant lust
Greece mourns her states dispeopled ; and you fell
By your adulterers ! Plaintive he reply'd :

By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith
Unbosom nought momentous ; though she peal
Your ear (by nature importune to know),
Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,
Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills
Will meditate for you by force or guile :
Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
We left in blooming beauty fresh ; your son
Then hanging on her breast ; who now to man
Full grown, with men associates ; your approach
With rapture he will meet, and glad his fire
With filial duty dear ; a bliss to me
Not deign'd ! my son I saw not ere I fell
A victim to my wife : then, timely warn'd,
Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
For your return to Greece But say sincere,
Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides,
In rich Orchomenus, or sandy Pyle ;
Or with my brother lives he more secure

In spacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
He's not inhabitant. I thus rejoin'd:

Vain is your quest, Atrides; whether fate
Permits your son to draw the breath of heaven,
Friendly to life; or whether in these shades
He roams a ghost, I know not; nor with speech
False or ambiguous will beguile your ear.

While mournful thus we talk'd, suffus'd with tears
Of tender sympathy, young Peleus came,
With his associates most in life lov'd,
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious * son
Of Nestor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd
In amicable converse, e'en by death
Uncancel'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd,
And prowess; paragon'd for both to none
But great Achilles: me the goddess-born
Ey'd curious, and at length thus sad began:

What cause, Ulysses, moves thy mind, expert
Of warlike machinations; what emprise
Hath aught of such importance, as to tempt
This dire descent, where we in dolorous night,
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode?

O peerless chief, I cried, of all the Greeks
The foremost name! I hither am constrain'd,
From the wise Theban oracle to hear
Best means reveal'd how to revisit safe
My native realm; by rigid fate repell'd,

* Antilochus.

I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills
 Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
 Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief
 With choicer blessings than the eye of time
 Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold :
 On earth you equal honours with the gods
 From us receiv'd ; nor by the stroke of fate
 Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme
 Reign o'er the shades. He solemn sad replied :

Reign here supreme ! deem not thy eloquence
 Can aught console my doom : rather on earth
 A village slave I'd be, than titled here
 Imperial and august. But say me true,
 Or did my son illustrate his descent
 First in the files of war ; or fled he pale
 A recreant from the fight ? do all our tribes
 In Phthia still revere my father's throne ;
 Or lives he now of regal power despoil'd,
 A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm
 'To hold his sceptre firm ? that arm ! which erst
 Warring for Greece bestrew'd the Phrygian plains
 With many a prowess'd knight ! Would Heaven restore
 The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge
 His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim.

He ceasing, I reply'd : Of Peleus' state
 Fame hath to me been silent ; but attend
 While I th' atchievements of thy glorious son
 Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy
 From Scyros o'er th' Ægean safe I bore,
 'To join th' embattled Greeks : whene'er we fate

In council, to mature some high design,
First of the peerage with persuasive speech
His sentence he disclos'd, by all confes'd
The third from Nestor. But whene'er we mov'd
In battailous array, and the shrill clang
Of onset founded, he, with haughty strides
Advancing in the van, the foremost chief,
Pierc'd through the adverse legions, nor was deem'd
Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,
Which in his country's cause the youth atchiev'd,
Were long to tell; but by his javelin dy'd
Eurypylus, of all th' auxiliary bands
Fam'd after Memnon first; with many a peer
Of Pergamenian race, around him strown.

When in the wooden horse by Epeus form'd
Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale
The rest, shuddering with fear, let round big drops
Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode
Undaunted, undismay'd; no chilling doubt
Frosted his damask cheek, nor silent tear
Cours'd from its crystal sluice, but grasping fierce
His spear and faulchion, for the combat grew
Impatient, menacing decisive rout
To Troy's opponent powers; and when the height
Of Ilion had receiv'd the final stroke
From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil,
To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,
Unmark'd with hostile wound, though round him Mars
With tenfold rage oft' made the battle burn.

X 4

I ended :

I ended : joy ineffable possess'd
 The great paternal shade ; his steps he rais'd
 With more majestic portance o'er the mead
 Verdant with asphodel, elate to hear
 His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.

The rest, a pensive circle, round await
 Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear
 Calamitous and sad ! From these apart
 The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd
 In contest for Achilles' arms, abode
 Sullen with treasur'd wrath ; the fatal strife
 By Thetis was propos'd, and every judge
 Instinct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
 The prize of right. O ! why was I constrain'd
 By honour to prevail, and cause to die
 Ajax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,
 And prowess ; paragon'd for both, to none
 But the great son of Peleus ! Him with speech
 Lenient of wrath I thus accosted mild :

Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface
 The memory of those arms, which Heaven decreed
 Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee
 Their power of strong defence : to mourn thy fall
 The voice of Grief along the tented shore
 Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,
 Divine Achilles, dy'd : nor deem that aught
 Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom,
 But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,
 Cut off its darling hope. O royal shade !

Approach,

Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe
Mild audience, calming thy tempestuous rage.

Vain was my suit ! for with th' unbody'd troop
Of spectres, fleeting to th' interior shade
Of Erebus, he to my friendly speech
Disdain'd reply ; yet to that dark recess
Had I pursu'd his flight, he must have borne
Unwilling correspondence, forc'd by fate,
Impassion'd as he was ; but I refrain'd,
For other visions drew my curious eye.

Intent I saw with golden sceptre grave
Minos, the son of Jove, to the pale ghosts
Dispensing equity ; with faded looks
They through the wide Plutonian hall appear'd
Frequent and full, and argued each his cause
At that tribunal, trembling whilst he weigh'd
Their pleaded reason. Of portentous size
Orion next I view'd ; a brazen mace
Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit
Of those huge mountain savages he slew,
While habitant of earth, whose grisly forms
He urg'd in chace the flowery mead along.

Nor unobserv'd lay stretch'd upon the marle
Tityus, earth-born, whose body long and large
Cover'd nine acres : there two vultures sat,
Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks
For ravine bent, unintermitting goar'd
His liver, powerless he to put to flight
The fierce devourers ! to this penance judg'd
For rape intended on Latona fair,

The

The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd
 To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns;
 Delicious landscape!—In a limpid lake
 Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides:
 Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought
 Incessant pines, while ever as he bows
 To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst
 The guileful water glides. Around the pool
 Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous spread
 Their pamper'd boughs: the racy olive green,
 The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,
 The luscious fig sky-dy'd, the tasteful pear
 Vermilion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet
 In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
 Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
 Of food ambrosial:—when he tries to seize
 The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust
 Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.

Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,
 Drew my regard; he, with distended nerves,
 A ponderous stone rolls up a rugged rock;
 Urg'd up the steep cliff slow with hand and foot
 It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,
 Precipitous adown the slopy side
 The rapid orb devolving back renews
 Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,
 And dew'd with smoking sweat, incessant plies.

I last the visionary semblance view'd
 Of Hercules, a shadowy form; for he,
 The real son of Jove, in heaven's high court

Abides,

Abides, associate with the gods, and shares
 Celestial banquets ; where, with soft disport
 Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome
 Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
 Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing
 Vexatious, while the threatening image stands,
 Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow
 In act to let th' aerial arrow fly.

Athwart his breast a military zone
 Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
 Grim woodland savages, with various scenes
 Of war, fierce-jousting knights, and havoc dire,
 With matchless art pourtray'd : me strait he knew,
 And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus :

O exercis'd in grief, illustrious son
 Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles !
 Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
 Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils
 To groan oppress'd : ev'n I, the seed of Jove,
 Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
 By an inferior wretch (what could he more ?)
 To drag to light the triple-crested dog
 That guards hell's massy portal : I atchiev'd
 The task injoin'd, through the propitious aid
 Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsaf'd
 Their friendly guidance : then without reply,
 To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd.

Meantime for others of heroic note
 I waited, in the lists of ancient fame
 Inroll'd illustrious ; and had haply seen

Great Theseus, and Pirithous his compeer,
 The race of gods; but at the hideous scream
 Of spectres issuing from the dark profound
 I wax'd infirm of purpose, sore dismay'd
 Lest Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd
 With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm
 Stiff with Gorgonian horror: to the ship
 Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates
 To shove from shore: joyous they strait began
 To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas,
 Till the fresh gales reliev'd the labouring oar.

T H E

W I D O W ' S W I L E,

A T A L E.

HA V E you not seen (to state the case)
 Two wasps lie struggling in a glass?
 With the rich flavour of Tokay
 Allur'd, about the brim they play;
 They light, they murmur, then begin
 To lick, and so at length slip in;
 Embracing close the couple lies,
 Together dip, together rise;

You'd

You'd swear they love, and yet they strive
Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd amours, and real hate,
Attend the matrimonial state ;
When sacred vows are bought and sold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.

A nymph there was, who ('tis aver'd
By fame) was born without a beard :
A certain sign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable to boys or men.

But from that æra we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed ;
Which, all love's chronicles agree,
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three ;
For an old sot she call'd her mate,
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.
The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,
Had no more appetites to please ;
That which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie !—It ne'er enter'd in her head.

Yet some prolific planet smil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child ;
Intitl'd by the law to claim
Her husband's chattels, and his name :
But was so like his mother ! She
The Queen of Love, her Cupid he.

This matron fair for spouse deceas'd
Had sorrow'd fore, a week at least ;

And

And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls she now refrain'd,
To a dark room by custom chain'd;
And not a male for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.

The maids, so long in prison pent,
Ask leave to air; she gives consent
(For health is riches to the poor):
But Tom must stay to guard the door.
In reading Sherlock she'd employ
Her solitude, and tend the boy.

When madam sees the coast is clear,
Her spirits mantle and career,
Diffusing ardour through her mien;
Pity they should condense to spleen!
But now by honour she's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind:
And on a masquerading morn
By fix securely could return;
Having, to seal him safe till nine,
With opium drug'd her spouse's wine.
'This the gay world no worse would hold,
'Than had she only chang'd his gold:
'The species answer'd all demands,
And only pass'd through other hands.
But honour now prescribes the law,
The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
For charity forbid to roam,
And not a chitterling at home.

What!

What ! a large stomach, and no meat !
In pity, Love, provide a treat ;
Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,
Like hags on visionary dishes ?
Impossible ! Through walls of stone
Hunger will break, to suck a bone.
Want, oft' in times of old, we read,
Made mothers on their infants feed ;
And now constrain'd this matron mild
To grow hard-hearted to her child.
Her darling child she pinch'd ; he squall'd ;
In haste the favourite footman's call'd,
To pacify the peevish chit ;
For who but he could do the feat ?
He smarting fore, refus'd to play ;
But bade man Thomas beat mamma.
She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame
By various signs that want a name.
The lacquey saw, with trembling joy,
Gay humour dancing in her eye ;
And strait with equal fury fir'd
Began th' attack ; the dame retir'd ;
And haply falling as she fled,
He beat her till she lay for dead ;
But (with new vigour for the strife)
Soon with a sigh return'd to life.

Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son,
For what the naughty man had done ?
She did ; yet, spited with his pain,
He sounds th' alarm to charge again.

But,

But, 'squire, consult your potent ally,
 Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally—
 Yes; blood is hot on either side;
 Another combat must be try'd.
 She knew the foe could do no more,
 Than at the first attack she bore;
 So at his little malice smil'd,
 And cry'd, Come on!—To please the child.

A - L A - M O D E.

MY better self, my heaven, my joy!
 While thus imparadis'd I lie,
 Transported in thy circling arms
 With fresh variety of charms;
 From fate I scarce can think to crave
 A bliss, but what in thee I have.
 Twelve months, my dear, have past, since thou
 Didst plight to me thy virgin vow;
 Twelve months in rapture spent! for they
 Seem shorter than St. Lucy's day:
 A bright example we shall prove
 Of lasting matrimonial love.

Meanwhile, I beg the gods to grant
 (The only favour that I want)
 That I may not survive, to see
 My happiness expire with thee.
 O! should I lose my dearest dear,
 By thee, and all that's good, I swear,

I'd give myself the fatal blow,
And wait thee to the world below.

When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed
Spoke the best things he e'er had read ;
Madam surpris'd (you must suppose it)
Had lock'd a Templar in the closet ;
A youth of pregnant parts, and worth,
To play at picquet, and so forth—
This wag, when he had heard the whole,
Demurely to the curtain stole,
And peeping in, with solemn tone
Cry'd out, O man ! thy days are done :
The gods are fearful of the worst,
And send me, Death, to fetch thee first ;
To save their favourite from self-murder, .
Lo ! thus I execute their order.
Hold, Sir ! for second thoughts are best,
The husband cry'd ; 'tis my request
With pleasure to prolong my life.—
Your meaning ?—Pray, Sir, take my wife.

S A P P H O t o P H A O N,

A L O V E E P I S T L E.

T R A N S L A T E D F R O M O V I D.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,
Before the whole is read, the writer's hand ?
And could you guess from whom this letter came
Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name ?

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Y

Don't

Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyrics, why
The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy ;
I mourn my slighted love ; alas ! my lute,
And sprightly odes, would ill with sorrow suit.
I'm scorch'd, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,
When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire.
To flaming *Ætna* Phaon's pleas'd to roam,
But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.

No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,
Verse best befits a mind devoid of woe.
No more I court the nymphs I once carest,
But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breast.
Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy ;
A fatal face to me, too cruel boy !
Enslav'd to those enchanting looks, that wear
The blush of Bacchus and Apollo's air ;
Assume the garb of either god, in thee
We every grace of either god may see ;
Yet they confess'd the power of female charms,
In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms ;
'Though neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move
With melting airs the rigid soul to love.
To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial fire,
And my soft numbers glow with warm desire ;
Alcæus and myself alike she crown'd,
For softness I, and he for strength renown'd.
Beauty, 'tis true, penurious fate denies,
But wit my want of beauty well supplies :
My shape, I own, is short, but yet my name
Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of fame.

If I'm not fair, young Perseus did adore
 The swarthy graces of the royal * Moor:
 The milk-white doves with mottled mates are join'd,
 And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind:
 But if you'll fly from Love's connubial rites
 Till one as charming as yourself invites,
 None of our sex can ever bless your bed;
 Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.

Yet, when you read my verse, you lik'd each line,
 And swore no numbers were so sweet as mine;
 I sang (that pleasing image still is plain,
 Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
 And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,
 You with fierce kisses stifled what you prais'd.
 Some winning grace in every act you found,
 But in full tides of ecstasy were drown'd;
 When murmuring in the melting joys of love,
 Round yours my curling limbs began to move:
 But now the bright Sicilian maids adore
 The youth, who seem'd so fond of me before:
 Send back, send back my fugitive! for he
 Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
 That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
 The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.

O, aid thy poetess, great Queen of Love,
 Auspicious to my growing passion prove!
 Fortune was cruel to my tender age,
 And still pursues with unrelenting rage.

* Andromeda.

Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,
 To the wide world an helpless orphan left :
 My brother in a strumpet's vile embrace
 Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,
 And doom'd to traffick on the main is tost,
 Winning with danger what with shame he lost ;
 And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
 His conduct, and was careful of his fame :
 And then (as if the woes I bore beside
 Were yet too light) my little daughter dy'd.
 But after all these pangs of sorrow past,
 A worse came on, for Phaon came at last !
 No gems, nor rich embroider'd silks, I wear ;
 No more in artful curls I comb my hair ;
 No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath,
 Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe :
 Why should I put such gay allurements on,
 Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone ?
 Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,
 And he who gave the wound deserves my heart :
 My fate is fix'd, for sure the fates decreed
 That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.
 By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd,
 In vain I call my reason to my aid ;
 The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,
 But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.

Yet is it strange so sweet a youth should dart
 Flames so resistless to a woman's heart ?
 Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd
 Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd :

Chaste

Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,
 For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms ;
 Venus would bear him to her bower above,
 But there she dreads a rival in his love.
 O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor boy,
 Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy !
 Come, on my panting breast thy head recline,
 Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine :
 While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain)
 See how my falling tears the letter stain.

At least, why would you not vouchsafe to shew
 A kind regret, and say, " My dear, adieu !"
 Nor parting kifs I gave, nor tender tear,
 My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear :
 My wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my mind, .
 Are all the pledges Phaon left behind ;
 Nor could I make my last desire to thee,
 Sometimes to cast a pitying thought on me.
 But, gods ! when first the killing news I heard,
 What pale amazement in my looks appear'd !
 Awhile o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
 My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow.
 But when my sense was waken'd to despair,
 I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair :
 As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,
 When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.
 Meanwhile my cruel brother, for relief,
 With scorn insults me, and derides my grief :
 Poor soul ! he cries, I doubt she grows sincere ;
 Her daughter is return'd to life I fear.

Mindless of fame, I to the world reveal
The love so long I labour'd to conceal.
Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me;
All day I dote, and dream all night of thee :
Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,
By Sleep his image to my bed is brought :
Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
Anon I think my arms incircle thine :
Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,
Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break :
Heavens ! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest :
And then ! ah then !—I blush to write the rest.
Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play,
And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay :
With life alone my lingering love must end,
On thee my love, my life, my all depend.

But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,
And I (too soon !) perceive the dear deceit :
In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief ;
The caves and groves afford me no relief.
Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,
And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair.
I find the Shades, which to our joys were kind,
But my false Phaon there no more I find :
With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,
But now his absence withers all the scene :
There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,
Where side by side we once together lay :
I fall where thy forsaken print appears,
And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.

The

The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,
These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing :
Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone
For mangled Itys warbles out her moan ;
Her moan for him trills sweetly through the grove,
While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.

To this dear solitude the Naiads bring
Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring :
The trees that on the shady margin grow
Are green above, the banks are green below :
Here while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,
Thus said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say :
Fly, Sappho, fly ; to cure this deep despair,
To the Leucadian rock in haste repair ;
High on whose hoary top an awful fane,
To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.
This desperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,
For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride ;
Into the waves, as holy rites require,
Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire :
Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdued,
And she who fled the youth, the youth pursued.
Like him, to give thy raging passion ease,
Precipitate thyself into the seas.

This said, she disappear'd. I deadly wan
Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran :
I fly, ye nymphs, I fly ; though fear assail
The woman, yet the lover must prevail.
In death what terrors can deserve my care ?
The pangs of death are gentler than despair.

Ye winds, and Cupid thou, to meet my fall,
Your downy pinions spread ! my weight is small.
Thus rescued, to the god of verse I'll bow,
Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow :
To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute ;
The gift did both the god and giver suit.

But, Phaon, why should I this toil endure,
When thy return would soon complete the cure ?
Thy beauty, and its balmy power, would be
A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.
O harder than the rock to which I go,
And deeper than the waves that war below !
Think yet, oh think ! shall future ages tell
That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell ?
Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast
Bruis'd on the clift, than close to Phaon's prest ?
This breast, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
You made me once believe you did admire ?
O could it now supply me with address
To plead my cause, and court thee with success !
But mighty woes my genius quite control,
And damp the rising vigour of my soul :
No more, ye Lesbian nymphs, desire a song,
Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung.
My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,
(Ah ! yet I scarce forbear to call him—mine.)
Phaon is fled ! but bring the youth again,
Inspiring ardors will revive my vein.
But why, alas ! this unavailing prayer ?
Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air :

My

My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,
But ne'er will waft him to the Lesbian port.

Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong
To let your mistress languish here so long :
Venus for your fair voyage will compose
The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose :
Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,
Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails.
But, if relentless to my prayer you prove,
If still, unkind without a cause, you'll rove,
And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes restore
That object, which her hourly vows implore ;
'Twill be compassion now t' avow your hate ;
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate !
Then, steel'd with resolution by despair,
For cure I'll to the kinder seas repair :
That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try ;
Phœbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and several other Lesbian ladies, fell passionately in love with; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumstances of his story, and to add what I thought proper in the following epistle.

PHAON TO SAPPHO.

I SOON perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
 Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name:
 Such tender thoughts in such a flowing verse,
 Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearse;
 Yet Fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,
 And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms!
 With such concern your passion I survey,
 As when I view a vessel tofs'd at sea;
 I beg each friendly power the storm may cease,
 And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.
 What can I more than wish? for who can free
 The wretched from the woe the gods decree?
 With generous pity I'll repay your flame;
 Pity! 'tis what deserves a softer name:

Which

Which yet, I fear, of equal use would prove
To sooth a tempest, as abate your love.

How can my art your fierce disease subdue?

I want, alas! a greater cure than you :
Benumb'd in death the cold physician lies,
While for his help the feverish patient cries :
Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,
And, listening while my woes I here relate,
Let your soft bosom heave with tender sighs,
Let melting sorrow languish in your eyes ;
Piteous deplore a wretch constrain'd to rove,
Whose crime and punishment is slighted love ;
Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,
A monument of Cytherea's rage.

At Melea born, my race unknown to fame,
With oars I ply'd ; Colymbus was my name ;
A name that from the diving birds I bore,
Which seek their fishy food along the shore.
One summer-eve in port I left my sail,
And with my partners sought a neighbouring vale ;
What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay
Their floral honours to the Queen of May.
At first their various charms my choice confuse,
For what is choice where each is fit to choose ?
But love or fate at length my bosom fir'd
With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd ;
A shepherdes she was, and on the lawn
Sate to the setting-sun from dewy dawn ;
Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the streams
In pearly caves, and shun the burning beams.

I whisper love ; she flies ; I still pursue,
 To press her to the joy she never knew :
 And while I speak the virgin blushes spread
 Her damask beauty with a warmer red.
 I vow'd unshaken faith, invoking loud
 Venus, t' attest the solemn faith I vow'd ;
 Invoking all the radiant lights above,
 (But most the lamp that lights the realm of love)
 No more to guide me with their friendly rays,
 But leave my ship to perish on the seas,
 If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find
 My heart disloyal, or my look unkind.

A maid will listen when her lover swears,
 And think his faith more real than her fears.
 The careful shepherdes secur'd her flocks
 From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,
 Yet fell herself an undefended prey
 To one more cruel and more false than they.
 The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,
 Safe in the friendly silence of the moon ;
 And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day,
 Beneath a shade of flowers in transport lay :
 I rose, and softly sighing, view'd her o'er ;
 How chang'd, I thought, from what she was before !
 Yet still repeated (eager to be gone)
 My former pledges, with a fainter tone,
 And promis'd quick return : the pensive fair
 Went with reluctance to her fleecy care ;
 While I resolv'd to quit my native shore,
 Never to see the late-lov'd Malea more.

Fresh

Fresh on the waves the morning breezes play,
 To bear my vessel and my vows away;
 With prosperous speed I fly before the wind,
 And leave the length of Lesbos all behind :
 Far distant from my Malean love at last,
 (Secure with twenty leagues between us cast)
 I furl my sails, and on the Sigrian shore,
 Adopting that my feat, the vessel moor.
 Sigrium, from whose aerial height I spy
 The distant fields that bore imperial Troy:
 Which, still accurs'd for Helen's broken vow,
 Procure thin crops, ungrateful to the plough.
 I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind,
 What future vengeance will my falsehood find,
 When kings, and empires, no forgiveness gain'd
 For violated rites, and faith prophan'd !

Sea-faring on that coast I led my life,
 A commoner of love, without a wife,
 Content with casual joys ; and vainly thought
 Venus forgave the perjur'd, or forgot.
 And now my sixtieth year began to shed
 An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head ;
 When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame
 (I thought her such) for speedy passage came.
 A palsy shook her limbs ; a shrivel'd skin
 But ill conceal'd the skeleton within ;
 A monument of time : with equal grace
 Her garb had poverty to suit her face.
 Extorting first my price, I spread my sail,
 And steer my course before a merry gale ;

Which

Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside,
When in her lap a golden vase I spy'd;
Around so rich with orient gems enchas'd,
A flamy lustre o'er the gold they cast.
With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,
And failing now secure amid the main,
With felon force I seiz'd the seeming crone,
To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.
To Venus strait she chang'd divine to view!
The laughing Loves around their mother flew:
Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, stood,
Such as she first ascended from the flood.
I bow'd, ador'd.—With terror in her voice,
Thy violence (she cry'd) shall win the prize:
Renew thy wrinkled form, be young and fair;
But soon thy heart shall own the purchase dear.
Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,
For vows attested in the Malean shade.—
Wrapt in a purple cloud, she cut the skies,
And looking down, still threaten'd with her eyes.
My fear at length dispell'd (the sight of gold
Can make an avaricious coward bold),
I seiz'd the glittering spoil, in hope to find
A case so rich with richer treasures lin'd.
The lid remov'd, the vacant space inclos'd
An essence, with celestial art compos'd;
Which cures old age, and makes the shrivel'd cheek
Blushy as Bacchus, and as Hebe sleek:
Strength to the nerves the nectar'd sweets supply,
And eagle-radiance to the faded eye.

Nor

Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age, have power
T' invade that vigour, and that bloom deflower.

Th' effect I found, for, when return'd to land,
Some drops I sprinkled on my sun-burnt hand ;
Where'er they fell, surprising to the sight,
The freckled brown imbib'd a milky white :
So look the panther's varied sides ; and so
The pheasant's wing, bedropt with flakes of snow.
I wet the whole, the same celestial hue
Tinctur'd the whole, meander'd o'er with blue.
Struck with amazement here, I pause a space ;
Next with the liquid sweets anoint my face :
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,
And in the waves my changing visage view.
Strait with my charms the watry mirror glows,
Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose !
Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.
My waist, and all my limbs, I last besmear'd,
And soon a glossy youth all o'er appear'd.

Long wrapt in silent wonder, on the strand,
I like a statue of Apollo stand :
Like his, with oval grace my front is spread ;
Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red ;
Like his my limbs are shap'd ; in every part
So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art :
And golden curls adown my shoulders flow ;
Nor wants there aught, except the lyre and bow.
Restor'd to youth, triumphant I repair
To court ; to captivate th' admiring fair :

My

My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore,
Avow their flames, weep, sigh, protest, implore.
There feel I first the penance of my sin;
All spring without, and winter all within!
From me the sense of gay desire is fled,
And all their charms are cordial to the dead.
Or, if within my breast there chance to rise
The sweet remembrance of the genial joys;
Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam,
That gilds the surface of a freezing stream.
Meantime with various pangs my heart is torn,
Hate strives with Pity, Shame contends with Scorn:
Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range
In savage wilds; and curse my penal change.
The Phoenix so, restor'd with rich perfumes,
Displays the florid pride of all his plumes;
Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,
In barren solitude, a foe to love.
But in the calm recess of woods and plains,
The viper Envy revel'd in my veins;
And ever when the male caress'd his bride,
Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.
In river, mead, and grove, such objects rose,
T' avenge the goddess, and awake my woes:
Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,
Bless'd and rever'd the blissful powers of Love.

What can I do for ease? O, whither fly?
Resume my fatal form, ye gods, I cry:
Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay;
And let me live transform'd to weak, and gray!

By

By change of clime, my sorrows to beguile,
 I leave, for Sicily, my native isle :
 Vain hope! for who can leave himself behind,
 And live a thoughtless exile from the mind ?
 Arriving there, amidst a flowery plain
 That join'd the shore, I view'd a virgin-train,
 Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' flame,
 And strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.
 Me soon they saw, and, fir'd with pious joy,
 He comes, the godlike Acis comes, they cry:
 Fair pride of Neptune's court ! indulge our prayer ;
 Approach, you've now no Polypheme to fear.
 Accept our rites : to bind thy brow, we bring
 These earliest honours of the rosy spring :
 So may thy Galatea still be kind,
 As we thy smiling power propitious find !
 But if—(they read their error in my blush ;
 For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush.)
 But if of earthy race, yet kinder prove ;
 Refuse all other rites but those of love.
 That hated word new-flabs my rankling wound ;
 Like a stuck deer I startle at the sound :
 Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,
 And leave them all abandon'd to despair.

So frighted by the swains, to reach the brake
 Glides from a sunny bank the glittering snake ;
 And whilst, reviv'd in youth, his wavy train
 Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain ;
 He darts malignance from his scornful eye,
 And the young flowers with livid hisses die.

Let my sad fate your soft compassion move,
 Convinc'd that Phaon would, but cannot love :
 To torture and distract my soul, are join'd
 Unfading youth, and impotence of mind.
 The white and red that flatter on my skin,
 Hide hell ; the grinning furies howl within ;
 Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate, inhabit there,
 And the black child of Guilt, extreme Despair :
 Nor of less terror to the perjur'd prove
 The frowns of Venus, than the bolts of Jove.

When Orpheus in the woods began to play,
 Sooth'd with his airs, the leopards round him lay :
 Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd ;
 But when the lyre was mute, their rage return'd :
 So would thy muse and lute a while control
 My woes, and tune the discord of my soul :
 In sweet suspense each savage thought restrain'd ;
 And then, the love I never felt I feign'd.
 O Sappho, now that muse and lute employ ;
 Invoke the golden goddess from the sky :
 From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress,
 In love, Apollo boasts no sure success :
 Let him preside o'er oracles and arts ;
 Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.
 O, let the warbled hymn * delight her ear ;
 Can she when Sappho sings refuse to hear ?
 Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,
 While flowers and burning gums perfume her fane.

* Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

And when, descending to the plaintive sound,
 She comes confess'd with all her Graces round,
 O, plead my cause! in that auspicious hour,
 Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful power.
 Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air
 She cries, I give my Phaon to thy prayer;
 And, from his crime absolv'd, with all his charms
 He long shall live, and die in Sappho's arms.—
 Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove,
 I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love:
 Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread
 Incessant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.
 And while in pomp at Cytherea's shrine,
 With choral song and dance, our vows we join;
 Her flaming altar with religious fear
 I'll touch, and, prostrate on the marble, swear
 That zeal and love for ever shall divide
 My heart, between the goddess and the bride.

A T A L E,

Devised in the pleasant Manere of

GENTIL MAISTER GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

W HYL OM in Kent there dwelt a clerke,
 Who wyth grete cheer, and litil werke,
 Upswalen was with venere:
 For meagre Lent ne recked he,

Z 2

Ne

Ne saincts daies had in remembraunce,
 Mo will had he to daliaunce.
 'To ferchen out a bellamie,
 He had a sharp and licorous eie;
 But it wold bett abide a leke,
 Or onion, than the fight of Greke;
 Wherefore, God yeve him shame, Boccace
 Serv'd him for Basil and Ignace,
 His vermeil cheke that shon wyth mirth,
 Spake him the blithest priest on yearth;
 At chyrch, to shew his lillied hond,
 Full fetously he prank'd his bond;
 Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
 And Isaac Wever was he nempt.

Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,
 For a young damosell did pyne,
 Born in East-Cheap; who, by my fay,
 Ypert was as a popinjay:
 Newit ne wordes did she waunt,
 Wele cond she many a romaunt;
 Ore muscadine, or spiced ale,
 She carrold foote as nightingale:
 And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,
 Withouten speche; a speciall signe
 She lack'd fomdele of what ech dame
 Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name:
 So was eftsoons by Isaac won,
 To blisful consummation.

Here mought I now tellen the festes,
 Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the ghestes;

But

But withouten such gawdes, I trow
 Myne legend is prolix ynow.
 Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's song,
 A tale shold never be too long;
 And fikerly in fayre Englund
 None bett doeth taling understond.

She now, algates full sad to chaunge
 The citee for her husbond's graunge,
 To Kent mote; for she wele did knowe
 'Twas vaine ayenst the streame to rowe.
 Sa wend they on one steed yfere,
 Ech cleping toder life and dere;
 Heven shilde hem fro myne Bromley host,
 Or many a groat theyr meel woll cost.

Deem next ye maistress Wever sene
 Yclad in fable bombasine;
 The frankleins wyves accost her blythe,
 Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;
 And yeve honour parochiall
 In pew, and eke at festivall.
 Worschip and wealth her husbond hath;
 Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith:
 Kepes bull, bore, stallion, to dispence
 Large pennorths of benevolence.
 His berne ycrammed was, and store
 Of poultrie cackled at the dore;
 His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
 And was astonied at the cocke;
 That, in his portaunce debonair,
 On everich henn bestow'd a share

Of plesauce, yet no genitours
 She saw, to thrill his paramours :
 Oftfithes she mokel mus'd theron,
 Yet nist she howgates it was don.

One night, ere they to sleepe went,
 Her Isaac in her arms she hent,
 As was her usage ; and did saie,
 Of charite I mote thee praie,
 To techen myne unconnyng wit
 One thing it comprehendeth niet :
 And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
 If in myne quest thou falsen me.

Our Chaunticlere loves everich hen,
 Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten ;
 Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,
 Ne ken I what he fwinks wythall.
 But on ech leg a wepon is,
 Ypersent, and full starke I wys ;
 Doth he with hem at Pertelote play ?
 In sooth theres werk inough for tway.

Qd. Isaac, certes by Sainct Poule,
 Myne lief thou art a simple soule ;
 Foules fro the egle to the wren,
 Bin harness'd othergise than men :
 For the males engins of delite
 Ferre in theyr entrails are empight ;
 Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment
 Emong the breers mought fore be shent.
 Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
 Love of venereal jouisaunce :

And

And in one month, the trowth to fayne,
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twaine.

O Benedicite! qd. she,
If kepyng hote so kindlych be,
Hie in thyne boweles truvs thyne gere,
And eke the skrippe that daungleth here.

Ne dame, he answer'd, mote that bene;
For as I hope to be a dene,
Thilke Falstaffe-bellie rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale and pig:
Ne in it is a chink for these, ð
Ne for a wheat-straw, and tway pease.

Pardie, qd. she, syth theres nat room,
Swete Nykin! chafe hem in myne woom.

T O

M R. P O P E.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER.

In which the Poet supposeth Apollo to have given this
answer to one who inquired who was the author of the
ILIAD.

Ἥειδον μὲν Ἐγὼν, ἰχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὀμηρος.

Hæc modulabar ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.

WHEN Phœbus, and the nine harmonious Maids,
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befits these harps to sound, and thee to hear?

Z 4

Reply'd

Reply'd the god, Your loftiest notes employ
 To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy.
 The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,
 Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.
 He answer'd with a frown; I now reveal
 A truth that Envy bids me not conceal.
 Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,
 I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,
 Which, unobserv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,
 Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
 And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
 From me the god of wit usurp'd the bays.

But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
 Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
 Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
 And the White Isle with female power is blest,
 Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 And the translator's palm to me transfer;
 With less regret my claim I now decline,
 The world will think this English Iliad mine.

T H E

P L A T O N I C S P E L L . *

WHENE'ER I wed, young Strephon cry'd,
 Ye powers that o'er the noose preside,
 Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,
 Or let me still a rover live:

* This poem, with some variations, may be found in Stepney, vol. XVII. under the title of "The Spell."

But if all these no nymph can share,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair.

Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood;
And, tapping him, said, Youth be wise,
And let a child for once advise.
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and riches, rarely meet:
But if a beauty you'd obtain,
Court some bright Phillis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.

But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, in song, and sonnet,
Their beauty's but a spell, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring.
Ere the sack-posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem'd to suck her springing soul;
These, and the rest you doated on,
Are nauseous, or insipid grown;
The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan.

M A R U L-

MARULLUS TO NEÆRA,

I M I T A T E D.

ROB'D like Diana, ready for the chace,
 Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,
 Young Sylvia stray'd beneath the dewy dawn
 To course th' imperial stag o'er Windsor lawn.
 There Cupid view'd her spreading o'er the plain,
 The first and fairest of the rural train;
 And, by a small mistake, the power of love,
 Thought her the virgin-goddess of the grove:
 Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her sight
 He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight:
 Though pleas'd, she blush'd; and, with a glowing smile,
 Pursu'd the god, and seiz'd the golden spoil.

The nymph, resitless in her native charms,
 Now reigns, possess'd of Cupid's dreaded arms;
 And, wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes,
 Unerring in its speed each arrow flies.
 No more his deity is held divine,
 No more we kneel at Cytherea's shrine;
 Their various powers, complete in Sylvia, prove
 Her title to command the realms of love.

KISSES.

K I S S E S.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

B A S I U M I.

WHEN Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,
 A violet couch for young Ascanius made,
 Their opening gems th' obedient roses bow'd,
 And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud :
 While the bright goddess, with a gentle shower
 Of nectar'd dew, perfum'd the blissful bower.
 Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms,
 Till her soft breast rekindling ardour warms ;
 New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,
 And all Adonis rusheth on her soul :
 Transported with each dear resembling grace,
 She cries, Adonis !—sure I see thy face !
 Then stoops to clasp the beauteous form, but fears
 He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears ;
 Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze,
 Kissing each flowering bud that round her plays :
 Swell'd with her touch, each animated rose
 Expands, and strait with warmer purple glows ;
 Where infant kisses bloom, a balmy store !
 Redoubling all the bliss she felt before.

Sudden her swans career along the skies,
 And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies ;

Then,

Then, as where Ceres past, the teeming plain
 Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
 So fruitful kisses fell where Venus flew,
 And by the power of genial magic grew;
 A plenteous harvest! which she deign'd t' impart,
 To sooth an agonizing love-sick heart.

All hail, ye roseate kisses! who remove
 Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
 Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays,
 Bless your kind power, enamour'd of your praise;
 Lays! form'd to last, till barbarous time invades
 The Muses' hill, and withers all their shades.
 Sprung from the * guardian of the Roman name,
 In Roman numbers live, secure of fame.

B A S I U M II.

AS the young enamour'd vine
 Round her elm delights to twine,
 As the clasping ivy throws
 Round her oak her wanton boughs,
 So close, expanding all thy charms,
 Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
 Closer, my Chloris, could it be,
 Would my fond arms incircle thee.

The jovial friend shall tempt in vain
 With humour, wit, and brisk champaigne;

* Venus.

In

In vain shall Nature call for sleep,
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep :
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
Dissolving in excess of joy,
Till fate shall with a single dart
Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And seek the blest Elysian groves ;
Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains :
There, lovers of heroic name
Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In shining pomp to form the dance,
Or sing of love and gay desire,
Responsive to the warbling lyre ;
Reclining soft in blissful bowers,
Purpled sweet with springing flowers ;
And cover'd with a filken shade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made :
Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom ;
Through which the whispering zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's sigh.

When we approach those blest retreats,
Th' assembly strait will leave their seats,
Admiring much the matchless pair,
So fond the youth, the nymph so fair !
Daughters and mistresses to Jove,
By Homer fam'd of old for love,

In

In homage to the British Grace,
 Will give pre-eminence of place.
 Helen herself will soon agree
 To rise, and yield her rank to thee.

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

T H O M A S L A M B A R D, E S Q.

“Omnia me tua delectant; sed maximè, maxima cùm
 “fides in amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia;
 “tum lepos, humanitas, literæ.”

CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

SLOW though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
 Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,
 Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
 That favourite verse to Lambard I decree:
 Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prove
 A pledge and monument of lasting love!

Meantime intent the fairest plan to find,
 To form the manners, and improve the mind;
 Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
 By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease;
 Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace
 With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.

Now Truth's bright charms employ my serious thought,
 In flowing eloquence by Tully taught :
 Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
 And studious wander in the Grecian grove ;
 While wonder and delight the soul engage
 To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page ;
 Where Science in attractive fable lies,
 And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
 Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain
 Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
 Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,
 And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
 As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
 The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid ;
 As weary'd hinds accuse the lingering sun,
 And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one :
 So dull to Horace * did the moments glide,
 Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd
 To combat vice, and follies to expose,
 In easy numbers near ally'd to prose :
 Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him sing,
 He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
 With such a graceful negligence express'd,
 Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test :
 But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
 And from gross images would merit praise,
 When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,
 Affects to polish copper in Peru :

* Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
 The saltness of their waves offend the taste;
 But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
 In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
 Reviveth the fainting flowers, and swell the meager grain. }

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
 Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
 Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime
 In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
 To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
 And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
 Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
 Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
 And Death perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
 Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:
 His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
 For the smooth cadence of a golden line:
 Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man
 To run the trifling race the boy began,
 Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
 My circle end in second infancy.
 I might ere long an awkward humour have,
 To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
 Or round my room alternate take a course,
 Now mount my hobby, then the Muses' horse:
 Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
 With sage decorum in my easy chair;
 Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,
 Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.

A nobler

A nobler task our riper age affords
 Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.
 To make his hours in even measures flow,
 Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow ;
 Still equal in himself, and free to taste
 The Now, without repining at the Past ;
 Nor the vain prescience of the spleen t' employ,
 To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy ;
 To live tenacious of the golden mean,
 In all events of various fate serene ;
 With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
 Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay :
 These arts, my Lambard ! useful in their end,
 Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise, •
 In the calm walks of Truth his bloom enjoys ;
 With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
 Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast !
 Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
 Nor the gay servitude of courts enthrals,
 Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
 With a false cringe, or undermining smile ;
 His manners pure, from affectation free,
 And prudence shines through clear simplicity.
 Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,
 Nor the nice sculptor's art adorn his room,
 Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
 And innocence the want of down supplies ;
 Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
 Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford :

Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
 Himself unseen he sees the labouring crowd,
 Where all industrious to their ruin run,
 Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
 Some, by the fordid thirst of gain controll'd,
 Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold,
 Preserve the precious bane with anxious care
 In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir :
 Others devour Ambition's glittering bait,
 To sweat in purple, and repine in state ;
 Devote their powers to every wild extreme
 For the short pageant of a pompous dream :
 Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
 The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
 But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
 Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade :
 So while the Night her ebon sceptre sways,
 Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant * displays ;
 But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
 Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
 And tempt the man to make the rash career.
 Fame, Power, and Wealth, which glitter at the goal,
 Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul ;
 For these are ease and innocence resign'd,
 For these he strips ; farewell the tranquil mind !
 Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,
 And gray experience (but too late !) prevails :

* The nure-tree.

But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
 When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
 When joy and blusky youth forsake his face,
 Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;
 No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
 Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain;
 To him what healing balm can art apply,
 Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die?
 In that last scene, by Fate in fables drest,
 Thy power, triumphant Virtue! is confess'd;
 Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light
 Through Death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;
 Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
 When the gay toys of flattering Fortune fail.
 Such, happy Twisden! (ever be thy name
 Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless fame!)
 While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
 Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own:
 So cassia bruise'd exhales her rich perfumes,
 And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

Most spoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd to impart,
 By too much varnish, or by want of art;
 By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
 Like gems new polish'd, and with gold enchas'd.
 Votes to th' unletter'd 'squire the laws allow,
 As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
 But arts, address, and force of genius, join
 To make a Hanmer in the senate shine.
 Yet one presiding power in every breast
 Receives a stronger sanction than the rest;

And they who study and discern it well,
 Act unrestrain'd, without design excel,
 But court contempt, and err without redress,
 Missing the master-talent they possess.
 Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,
 But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
 In sweet assemblage every blooming grace
 Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
 With which her faultless shape and air agree,
 But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
 And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
 Lest Envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.
 By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
 Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
 Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite!)
 He fish!—Because the man attempts to write.
 Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
 But those the Muses bathe in Helicon:
 In what far distant age would Belgia raise
 One happy wit to net the British seas!

Nature permits her various gifts to fall
 On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:
 The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
 And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year;
 But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
 To raise the jasmine, or the coy jonquil?
 Who finds the peach among the savage sloes,
 Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose?
 Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
 And there the vine her racy purple yields.

High

High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
 Proud to survey the seas her power defends ;
 Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,
 Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,
 Apply we to the culture of the mind.
 This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
 The seeds of gentle science best will bear ;
 That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
 With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fir'd ;
 Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
 But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
 If these from Nature's genial bent depart,
 In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part ;
 Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall ;
 Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball ;
 Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
 And in heroics only murder men ;
 Should the soft fop forsake the lady's charms,
 To face the foe with inoffensive arms ;
 Each would variety of acts afford,
 Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

Whither, you cry, tends all this dry discourse ?
 To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
 I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay
 To frisk my fancy with ; but, sooth to say !
 From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,
 And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.
 Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear ;
 When a friend reads, in honour you must hear :

For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue :
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burges on his Tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the saints began to snore.

To lead us safe through Error's thorny maze,
Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays ;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active powers to rest ;
Though on that magazine no fevers seize,
To calcine all her beauteous images :
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne :
Or, to known good preferring specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the will :
Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way ;
And in life's voyage like the pilot fares
Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
To steer by meteors, which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path pursues ;
And seldom is one wretch so humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own :
The boldest they, who least partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.

Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
 But what became our choice we call our fate.
 Villain, said Zeno to his pilfering slave,
 What frugal Nature needs, I freely gave;
 With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
 What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?
 Sit, blame the stars, felonious culprit cry'd:
 We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd.
 If their strong influence all our actions urge,
 Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:
 The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,
 As powerful Destiny prevail'd with thee.

This heathen logic seems to bear too hard
 On me, and many a harmless modern bard:
 The critics hence may think themselves decreed
 To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
 Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
 As monkeys draw their pedigree from man;
 To which (though by the breed our kind's disgrac'd)
 We grant superior elegance of taste:
 But in their own defence the wits observe
 That, by impulse from heaven, they write and starve;
 Their patron-planet, with resistless power,
 Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
 Engendering in his head a solar heat,
 For which the college has no sure receipt,
 Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
 And leave the rats to revel in the straw.

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
 As Flattery's smooth insinuating bane:

'She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
 While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
 And Reason oft submits when both invade,
 Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
 When Flattery's magic mists suffuse the sight,
 The don is active, and the boor polite;
 Her mirror shews perfection through the whole,
 And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
 Each character in gay confusion lies,
 And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:
 Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,
 Though praise to venom turns if wrong apply'd.
 Me thus she whispers while I write to you:
 " Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review!
 " Then every Muse invoke thy voice to raise,
 " Arms and the man to sing in lofty lays:
 " Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
 " Such as the son of Thetis * sung at Troy;
 " When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd,
 " To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
 " Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
 " At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
 " By France the genius of the fight confest,
 " For which our patron faint adorns his breast."—
 Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
 Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
 And never any scene of slaughter saw,
 But those who fell by physic or the law?

* Iliad ix.

Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
 Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
 O often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
 Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
 On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
 Which only can belong to great Argyll.

But most among the brethren of the bays,
 The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
 In the sly commerce of alternate praise. }
 If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
 Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
 And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
 Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode;
 Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,
 And goddesses descend in ivory cars:
 Is it for me to prove in every part
 The piece irregular by laws of art?
 His genius looks but aukward, yet his fate
 May raise him to be premier bard of state;
 I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
 Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
 Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
 'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!
 He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
 And courteous, with increase the debt repays:
 Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
 And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee!
 Both ravish'd, sing Te Phœbum for success;
 Rise swift, ye laurels! boy! bespeak the press.—

Thus

Thus on imaginary praise we feed ;
 Each writes till all refuse to print or read :
 From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
 To * Brisquet's calendar, a rubrick afs.

Few, wondrous few ! are eagle-ey'd to find
 A plain disease, or blemish in the mind :
 Few can, though wisdom should their health insure,
 Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
 In youth refus'd t' obey the needful rein,
 Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
 We sate the kind desire of every sense,
 And lull our age in thoughtless indolence :
 Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
 Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,
 Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
 The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.
 By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
 Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
 I scarcely think his picture would have power
 To make him fight the champions of the Tower ;
 Though lions there are tolerably tame,
 And civil as the court from which they came.
 But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
 Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts ;
 Imagines he alone is amply fit
 To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit :

* Brisquet, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
Th' aerial songsters listening to the lays,
By silent ecstasy confess her praise.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane :
To his protectress there reveals the case ;
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone :

My favourite bird ! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd :
The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their strong pounces claim a regal right ;
The swan, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the fishy river rows in state :
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck ;
But the poor nightingale in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
These various bounties were dispos'd above,
And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove :
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore ;
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.

T O T H E

Q U E E N,

O N H E R M A J E S T Y ' S B I R T H - D A Y .

FROM this auspicious day three kingdoms date
 The fairest favours of indulgent Fate :
 From this the months in radiant circles run,
 As stars receive their lustre from the sun.

To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,
 The victor those revere, and these the friend ;
 Your silken reins the willing nations crave,
 For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to save.
 Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows
 On you renown, and freedom on your foes ;
 Observant of your will, the goddess brings
 Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But, as the brightest beams and gentlest showers
 Were once reserv'd for Eden's opening flowers ;
 So, though remoter realms your influence share,
 Britannia boasts to be your darling care.
 By your great wisdom and resistless might,
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite :
 Nature had join'd the lands ; but you alone
 Make their affections and their councils one ;
 You speak—the jarring principles remove,
 And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

}
 What

What power would now forbid the warrior-queen
To wave the red-cross banners o'er the Seine ?
Others for titles urge the soldier's toil,
Or meanly seek the foe, to seize the spoil :
But you for right your pious arms employ,
And conquer to restore, and not destroy ;
Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foes,
You long to give the labouring world repose ;
Concurring justice waits from you the word,
Pleas'd, when you fix the scales, to sheath the sword.

From this propitious omen we presage
Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age ;
Establish'd Faith, the daughter of the skies,
Shall see new temples by your bounty rise ;
Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,
Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive ;
Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain,
And sing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilst offended Heaven exerts its power,
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
But, when our incense reconciles the skies,
Again the radiant beams begin to rise ;
Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day ;
The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,
And golden Plenty covers all the plains.

A N O D E

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

I.

O'ER Winter's long inclement sway,
 At length the lusty Spring prevails;
 And, swift to meet the smiling May,
 Is wafted by the western gales.
 Around him dance the rosy hours,
 And damasking the ground with flowers,
 With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
 With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
 A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
 Where Philomel laments forlorn.

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
 To hail the coming god prepares;
 And tempts me to resume the lyre,
 Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
 Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign,
 For me, the meanest of your train,
 Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat;
 Where Horace wantons at your spring,
 And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
 Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or

III.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides
 Slow through the vale in silver volumes play ;
 Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
 Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day :

Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
 Ye bright harmonious nymph repair,
 To swell the notes I feebly raise :
 So with inspiring ardors warm'd,
 May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
 To listen to my lays.

I.

Beneath the Pole on hills of snow,
 Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
 To dint of sword defies the foe ;
 In fight unknowing to recede :
 From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar
 Leads forth his furry troops to war ;
 Fond of the softer southern sky :
 The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast ;
 But soon the miscreant moony host
 Before the victor-crofs shall fly.

II.

But here no clarion's shrilling note
 The Muse's green retreat can pierce ;
 The grove, from noisy camps remote,
 Is only vocal with my verse :
 Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
 Let the soft hours that o'er me fly

Drop

Drop freedom, health, and gay desires :
 While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
 With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
 And wit and social mirth inspires.

III.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
 (The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
 Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
 Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain :

There secret in her sapphire cell
 He with the Nais wont to dwell ;
 Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove :
 And where her mazy waters flow,
 He gave the mantling vine, to grow
 A trophy to his love.

I.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
 With blind opinion for his guide ;
 And, rebel to her rightful sway,
 Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd ?
 Fool ! Time no change of motion knows ;
 With equal speed the torrent flows,
 To sweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away :
 The past is all by Death possess'd ;
 And frugal Fate that guards the rest,
 By giving, bids him live to-day.

II.

O Gower ! through all that destin'd space
 What breath the powers allot to me
 Shall sing the virtues of thy race
 United, and complete in thee.

O flower

ODE TO LORD GOWER. 369

O flower of ancient English faith,
Pursue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone :
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

III.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume ;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.

There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the Muse the temple grace :
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

T H E D R E A M.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III. ELEGY III.

TO green retreats, that shade the Muses' stream,
My fancy lately bore me in a dream ;
Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I strung,
And Blenheim's field, and fam'd Ramillia sung :
Fast by that spring, where Spenser sat of old,
And great exploits in lofty numbers told.
Phœbus in his Castalian grotto laid,
O'er which a laurel cast her filken shade,

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B b

Spy'd

Spy'd me, and hastily when first he spy'd,
Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd :

What strange ambition has misplac'd thee there?
Forbear to sing of arms, alas forbear !
Form'd in a gentle mould, henceforth employ
Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy.
Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,
Prefer'd to grace the toilets of the fair :
When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,
In reading thee they'll pass the hours away :
And, when they'd make their melting wishes known,
Repeat thy passion to reveal their own.
Then haste, the safer shallows to regain,
Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main.

Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god
A mossy path, but lightly beaten, show'd :
A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone
Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown ;
With tymbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,
And earthen gods on either side were plac'd.
Silenus, and the Muses' virgin-train,
Stood here, with Pan the poet of the plain :
Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team
Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.

Nine lovely nymphs a several task pursu'd,
For ivy one was sent to search the wood ;
This to soft numbers join'd harmonious airs,
And fragrant rosy wreaths a third prepares.
Me thus the bright Calliope address'd
(Her name the brightness of her form confess'd) :

The silver swans of Venus wait to bear
 Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air.
 Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, strait recal
 Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul.
 Harsh sounds the trumpet in the Muses' grove,
 But sweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.
 No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream,
 Let love for ever be the tender theme.
 And in thy verse reveal the moving art,
 To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart.
 The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,
 My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er,
 Fetch'd from the fountain, by whose flowery side
 Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

LET others boast the nine Aonian maids,
 Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades;
 Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearse,
 And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse.
 In vain! Nor Phœbus, nor the boasted Nine,
 Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
 None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
 And love with vocal art informs the lyre.

B b 2

When

When Waller, kindling with cœlestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces fung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast:
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender powers of love:
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker, and model, of melodious verse!
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.

In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley! view
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you.

To

To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.

Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime ;
Still kindling rapture, see ! she moves in state ;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white ;
How bright, and chaste, the poet and his theme ;
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.

A fainted virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains, that ravish'd here the martyr-king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame ;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name :
Thus Eden's rose without a thorn display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd ;
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound :
Fancy pursu'd the paths where beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd ;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
Breath'd in a flower, or sparkled in a star.

To

B b 3

Bright

Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers
Where spring resides in soft Elysian bowers ;
While these the bowers adorn, and they the sphere,
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame ;
When you to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape, and Gloriana's eyes ;
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien ;
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene :
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd,
To language, mode, and manners more refin'd !
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd morn awakes the May,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow !
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow :
Her Titian tints the painter-nymph resumes ;
The canvas warm with roseate beauty blooms :
Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile ;
Proud to receive the form, by fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear the Muse's heavenly voice !
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice :
Attend, ye gales ! to Margaretta's praise,
And all ye listening Loves record the lays !
So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,

O'er

O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign ;
The first, the brightest of the starry train.

What favourite youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize ?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies, atchiev'd on Gallia's viny plains ;
Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,
The Patriot's olive, and the Poet's bays :
Adorn, ye fates ! the favourite youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind :
In merit make him great, as great in blood ;
Great without pride, and amiably good ;
His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd ;
Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps, in council, and retreat,
Wife, brave, and studious to support the state.
With candour firm ; without ambition bold ;
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.
That Heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you.

P R O L O G U E

T O

S O U T H E R N E ' S S P A R T A N D A M E .

WHEN realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,
 Each bosom with heroic ardour glows ;
 Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
 Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids ;
 But active in the foremost ranks appear,
 And leave young smock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.
 So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,
 Our veteran bard resumes his tragic rage :
 He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
 And calls for Englishmen to judge the field :
 Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,
 Messieurs ! lay down your minstrels and grimace :
 The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
 When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.
 Yet what avails the champion's giant size,
 When pigmies are made umpires of the prize ?
 Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)
 Disdain'd the mummary of foreign strollers :
 By their examples would you form your taste,
 The present age might emulate the past.
 We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you ;
 But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you :

The

The Muses blush'd, to see their friends exalting
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting :
So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to dote
On nonsense, gargled in an eunuch's throat :
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monsters speak,
As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.
Such light ragoûts and mushrooms may be good,
To whet your appetites for wholesome food :
But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines
Without substantial haunches and furloins.
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour ;
Cressy was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.
Instead of light desserts and luscious froth,
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth ;
To which, as well as all his former feasts,
The ladies are the chief-invited guests.
Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,
That bloom amid the winter of his days,
He comes, ambitious in his green decline
To consecrate his wreath at beauty's shrine.
His Oroonoko never fail'd t' engage
The radiant circles of the former age :
Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow,
And sympathize with Isabella's woe :
But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brightest audience for the Spartan Dame.

O N T H E

F I R S T F I T O F T H E G O U T.*

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of four-
 score,
 Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
 T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
 Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
 And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;
 Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
 And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
 Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
 And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state;
 Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
 And warn'st the judges how they tread awry;
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
 Emphatically urge the pains below;
 Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace;
 Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee,
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
 Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free;
 Whence comes this unfought honour unto me?
 Whence does this mighty condescension flow?
 To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!

* The compilers having omitted some pretty verses, I have put them in here.

DR. JOHNSON.

As

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT. 379

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed ;
Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ;
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the God of Wine)
My humble suit !—And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

I M I T A T E D.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES.*

SINCE the hills all around us do penance in snow,
And winter's cold blasts have benumb'd us below ;
Since the rivers chain'd up flow with the same speed
As criminals move tow'ards the Psalm they can't read ;
Throw

* Which were thus dedicated, by Mr. Fenton, to Lionel earl of Dorset and Middlesex :

“ My Lord, I hope, on your return from having been admired in foreign Courts to adorn our own, you will not be surpris'd with a privilege the Poets assume, of being troublesome to persons of your rank. But they have more particularly applied themselves to your Lordship's family, in which a continued race of Genius has both advanced their art, and encouraged its professors. We owe the rise of our English Tragedy to one of your Lordship's ancestors, who fix'd us second to the Greek stage before Shakespeare

Throw whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves on the
fire,

To keep out the cold, and new vigour inspire ;

Ne'er

speare wrote. And, my Lord, your father came the nearest of all the moderns to Horace, in the sweetness and gallantry of his Lyrics, and equalled him in Satire. Thus the stream flows pure in its descent, to receive a farther increase from your Lordship. We read of a Scipio and a Mæcenas, who used to soften the troublesome honours of state by conversing with the Muses; and cherished those arts of which they themselves were masters: yet as single instances of this kind are not frequent, so the vein is very seldom found to have continued a second generation. But, in your Lordship's line, Nature seems industrious to preserve the genius of Poetry, by successively uniting delicacy of taste, and brightness of wit, with the greatest abilities for council and action. Thus she reconciles the Seasons in her most generous productions, by allowing them to bear fruit and blossoms together, and both in perfection. These shining qualities made your Father the delight and wonder of his age; and had he not survived himself in your Lordship, he had been the envy of ours. The praises which he received from the most refined wits of our nation have proved real prophecies of you; and it is with pleasure we foresee that posterity, to deserve the highest characters, will form themselves on the model of your family, and copy from my Lords of Dorset as the finest originals. But, my Lord, I am afraid I shall forfeit all hopes of your patronage, by violating your modesty; and therefore I only beg leave to add, that as the Cabinet and the Field have been happily supplied, to render her Majesty's reign, at least, a rival to her virgin predecessor's; so, to complete the parallel, it was necessary that you, my Lord, like another Sidney, should arise, to receive the softer arts into your protection; to excite the young writers of this age to attempt those actions in verse, which will shine so fairly distinguished in our British story. My Lord, I am your Lordship's most humble, and most obedient servant,

E. FENTON."

IMITATION OF HORACE. 381

Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge and pursue the grand business of drinking.
Come, pierce your old hogheads, ne'er stint us in sherry,
For this is the season to drink and be merry ;
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
We may brave the loud storms, and defy the cold weather.

We'll have no more of business; but, friend, as you
love us,
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Whilst your appetite's strong, and good-humour remains,

And active brisk blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the sweet minutes in scenes of delight,
Let your friend have the day, and your mistress the
night :

In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
The night for intriguing was ever design'd ;
Though she runs from your arms, and retires to a shade,
Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy maid :
All trembling you'll find then the poor bashful sinner,
Such a trespass is venial in any beginner ;
But remember this counsel, when once you have met her,
Get a ring from the fair-one, or something that's better!

C A T U L -

CATULLUS, EPIG. V.

TRANSLATED.

LET's live, my dear, like lovers too,
 Nor heed what old men say or do.
 The falling sun will surely rise,
 And dart new glories through the skies.
 But when we fall, alas! our light
 Will set in everlasting night.
 Come then, let mirth and amorous play
 Be all the business of the day.
 Give me this kiss—and this—and this!
 A hundred thousand more.—Let's kiss
 Till we ourselves cannot express,
 Nor any lurking spy confess,
 The boundless measure of our happiness.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who all his days does pass
 In the paternal cottage of his race;
 Where first his trembling infant steps he try'd,
 Which now supports his age, and once his youth employ'd.
 This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
 It saw his birth, shall see his burial too;

Une-

Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
 Are things experience never taught him yet.
 Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,
 Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native shore.
 Free from all anxious interests of trade,
 No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head :
 He never battle's wild confusions saw,
 Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.
 A stranger to the town and town-employs,
 Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and noise ; }
 He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys.
 Nor does the year by change of consuls know,
 The year his fruit's returning seasons show ;
 Quarters and months in Nature's face he sees,
 In flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his trees.
 The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,
 Point out the hourly courses of the sun.
 Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
 Whose tender fetts his infancy beheld.
 Of distant India, Erythræan shores,
 Benacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,
 (Alike unseen) from common fame has heard,
 Alike believes them, and with like regard.
 Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire
 The health and vigour of their brawny sire.
 The spacious globe let those that will survey,
 This good old man, content at home to stay, }
 More happy years shall know, more leagues and
 countries they.

M A R T I A L,

L I B. X. E P I G. XLVII.

WOULD you, my friend, in little room express
 The just description of true happiness;
 First set me down a competent estate,
 But rais'd and left me by a parent's sweat;
 ('Tis pleasure to improve, but toil to get :)
 Not large, but always large enough to yield
 A cheerful fire, and no ungrateful field.
 Averse to law-suits, let me peace enjoy,
 And rarely pester'd with a town-employ.
 Smooth be my thoughts, my mind serene and clear,
 A healthful body with such limbs I'd bear
 As should be graceful, well-proportion'd, just,
 And neither weak nor boorishly robust.
 Nor fool, nor knave, but innocently wise;
 Some friends indulge me, let a few suffice:
 But suited to my humour and degree,
 Not nice, but easily pleas'd, and fit for me;
 So let my board and entertainments be.
 With wholesome homely food, not serv'd in state,
 What tastes as well in pewter as in plate.
 Mirth and a glass my cheerful evenings share,
 At equal distance from debauch and care.
 To bed retiring, let me find it blest
 With a kind modest spouse and downy rest:

Pleas'd

Pleas'd always with the lot my fates assign,
 Let me no change desire, no change decline;
 With every turn of Providence comply,
 Not tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

H O R A C E,

B O O K III. O D E III.

AN honest mind, to Virtue's precepts true,
 Contemns the fury of a lawless crew:
 Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,
 And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his commands.
 Him loudest storms can't from his centre move,
 He braves th' almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.
 If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
 Should dash in pieces, and should crush the world;
 Undaunted he the mighty crash would hear,
 Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear.

Pollux and wandering Hercules of old
 Were by such acts among the Gods enroll'd.
 Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,
 By all th' immortal deities carefs'd;
 He shares with them in their ethereal feasts,
 And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests.
 'This was the path the frisking tigers trod,
 Dragging the car that bore their jolly God,
 Who fix'd in heaven his crown and his abode.

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Cc

Romulus

Romulus by Mars through this blest path was shown,
 And 'scap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron.
 In Virtue's rugged road he took his way,
 And gain'd the mansions of eternal day;
 For him ev'n Juno's self pronounc'd a word,
 Grateful to all th' ethereal council-board.

O Ilion! Ilion! I with transport view
 The fall of all thy wicked perjur'd crew;
 Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
 To that curst shepherd, that incestuous judge;
 Nay, ev'n Laomedon his Gods betray'd,
 And basely broke the solemn oath he made.
 But now the painted strumpet and her guest
 No more are in their pomp and jewels drest;
 No more is Hector licens'd to destroy,
 To slay the Greeks, and save his perjur'd Troy.
 Priam is now become an empty ghost,
 Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.
 The God of Battle now has ceas'd to roar,
 And I, the Queen of Heaven, pursue my hate no more,
 I now the Trojan priestess' son will give
 Back to his warlike fire, and let him live
 In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use
 Ambrosia and the nectar's heavenly juice;
 To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,
 And wear the easy order of the Gods.
 In this blest state I grant him to remain,
 While Troy from Rome's divided by the main;
 While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,
 And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.

Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land,
 And let the Capitol triumphant stand,
 And all the tributary world command.
 Let awful Rome, with seven refulgent heads,
 Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes.
 With conquering terror let her arms extend
 Her mighty name to shores without an end;
 Where mid-land seas divide the fruitful soil
 From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.
 Let them be greater by despising gold,
 Than digging it from forth its native mould.
 To be the wicked instrument of ill,
 Let sword and ruin every country fill,
 That strives to stop the progress of her arms;
 Not only those that sultry Sirius warms;
 But where the fields in endless winter lie,
 Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays decay.
 But yet on this condition I decree
 The warlike Romans happy destiny;
 That, when they universal rule enjoy,
 They not presume to raise their ancient Troy:
 For then all ugly omens shall return,
 And Troy be built but once again to burn;
 Ev'n I myself a second war will move,
 Ev'n I the sister and the wife of Jove.
 If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall,
 And all of brass, yet thrice the work should fall,
 Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again
 The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,
 And mourn their children and their husbands slain.

}

}

But whither would'st thou, soaring Muse, aspire!
 To tell the counsels of the heavenly choir?
 Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,
 To sing in humble notes such mighty things:
 No more the secrets of the Gods relate,
 Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great.

T H E

R O S E.

SEE, Sylvia, see, this new-blown rose,
 The image of thy blush,
 Mark how it smiles upon the bush,
 And triumphs as it grows.
 "Oh, pluck it not! we'll come anon,"
 Thou say'st. Alas! 'twill then be gone.
 Now its purple beauty's spread,
 Soon it will droop and fall,
 And soon it will not be at all;
 No fine things draw a length of thread.
 Then tell me, seems it not to say,
 Come on, and crop me whilst you may?

EPIGRAM,

E P I G R A M,

OUT OF MARTIAL.

MILO's from home ; and, Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a son :
Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field?
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

T O A

Y O U N G L A D Y,

W I T H

F E N T O N ' S M I S C E L L A N I E S.

B Y

W A L T E R H A R T E *, M. A.

THESE various strains, where every talent charms,
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms ;
(Strains, where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)

Attend

* Son of the Rev. Walter Harte, who died at Kentbury in Bucks, Feb 10, 1736, aged 85, and who had been fellow of

Attend their doom, and wait, with glad surprise,
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.

The

Pembroke College, Oxford, prebend of Wells, and canon of Bristol, but resigned at the Revolution. The son first distinguished himself by a volume of "Poems on several Occasions," 1727, 8vo. inscribed to the earl of Peterborough, and written before he was nineteen. These were followed by his "Essay on Reason, 1727," folio, a very fine poem, which was much laboured, and went through Mr. Pope's hands. In a letter to Mr. Pattison (printed in the Memoirs of that writer, prefixed to his Poems, 1728) Mr. Harte very frankly gives his sentiments on a projected new version of Ovid's Epistles, and says, "I have studied his manner much, and have often endeavoured to make a sort of mixed writing from him and Statius." He took the degree of M. A. January 20, 1730; and published that year "An Essay on Satire, particularly the Dunciad," 8vo. He published also two Sermons, one called, "The Union and Harmony of Reason, Morality, and Revealed Religion," preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, Feb. 27, 1736-7, which went through at least five editions; the other, a Fast Sermon, preached at the same place, Jan. 9, 1739-40. He was afterwards vice-principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, a tutor of great reputation there, and was much patronised by Mr. Pope and Mr. Lyttelton, who recommended him to Lord Chesterfield as a fit preceptor to his natural son Mr. Stanhope, with whom he travelled from 1746 till 1750. Mr. Harte is described by the noble Lord as "a man of consummate erudition;" but was ill qualified to polish the manners of his pupil. He was awkward in his person and address, had an unhappy impediment in his speech, and a total want of ear; yet he so well performed his office, that Lord Chesterfield rewarded him with a canonry of Windser,

The party slave will wound them as he can,
 And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
 Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
 Bless'd in each strain, in every art renown'd;
 Miss'd by pride, and taught to sin by power,
 Still search around for those they may devour;

Windfor, "procured with great difficulty;" a difficulty which certainly arose from his college connections; as St. Mary Hall, of which Dr. King was principal, was at that time noted for Jacobitism. The materials of his "History of Gustavus Adolphus, 1759," two volumes 4to. are excellent; but he has marred his book by a strange affected style, "full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanicisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms." He dedicated it to his patron, who says, "I was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon me, and yet have left enough to satisfy a reasonable man." The success of the History being unequal to his hopes, his health was sensibly affected by it. He published however an improved edition of it in 8vo. in 1763; but continued at Bath dejected and dispirited, between real and imaginary distempers, till in November, 1766, he had a stroke of the palsy, which deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech, and in some degree his head. In October, 1768, he had entirely lost the use of his left side; and in that melancholy condition lived till 1773. He published a Treatise on Agriculture in 1764, "in good and elegant English, and scattered such grace upon his subject, that in prose he came very near Virgil's "Georgics in verse." His "Essay on Painting," his "Essay on Reason," and his "Vision of Death," appeared in "The Amaranth, 1767," the "great poetical work" alluded to by Lord Chesterfield in his "Letters to his Son," Lett. 341, 377. N.

Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair :
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ ;
Smiling they wound and praise but to destroy.
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the best of poets hope for praise ?

How small a part of human blessings share
The wise, the good, the noble, and the fair !
Short is the date unhappy wit can boast,
A blaze of glory in a moment lost.
Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend, ye Britons, in so just a cause.
'Tis sure a scandal to withhold applause ;
Nor let posterity reviling say,
Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away !
Yet if the Muse may faith and merit claim
(A Muse too just to bribe with venal fame),
Soon shalt thou shine “ in majesty avow'd,
“ As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud *.”
Fame, like a nation-debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty interest must at last be paid.

* Fenton's Epistle to Southerne. H.

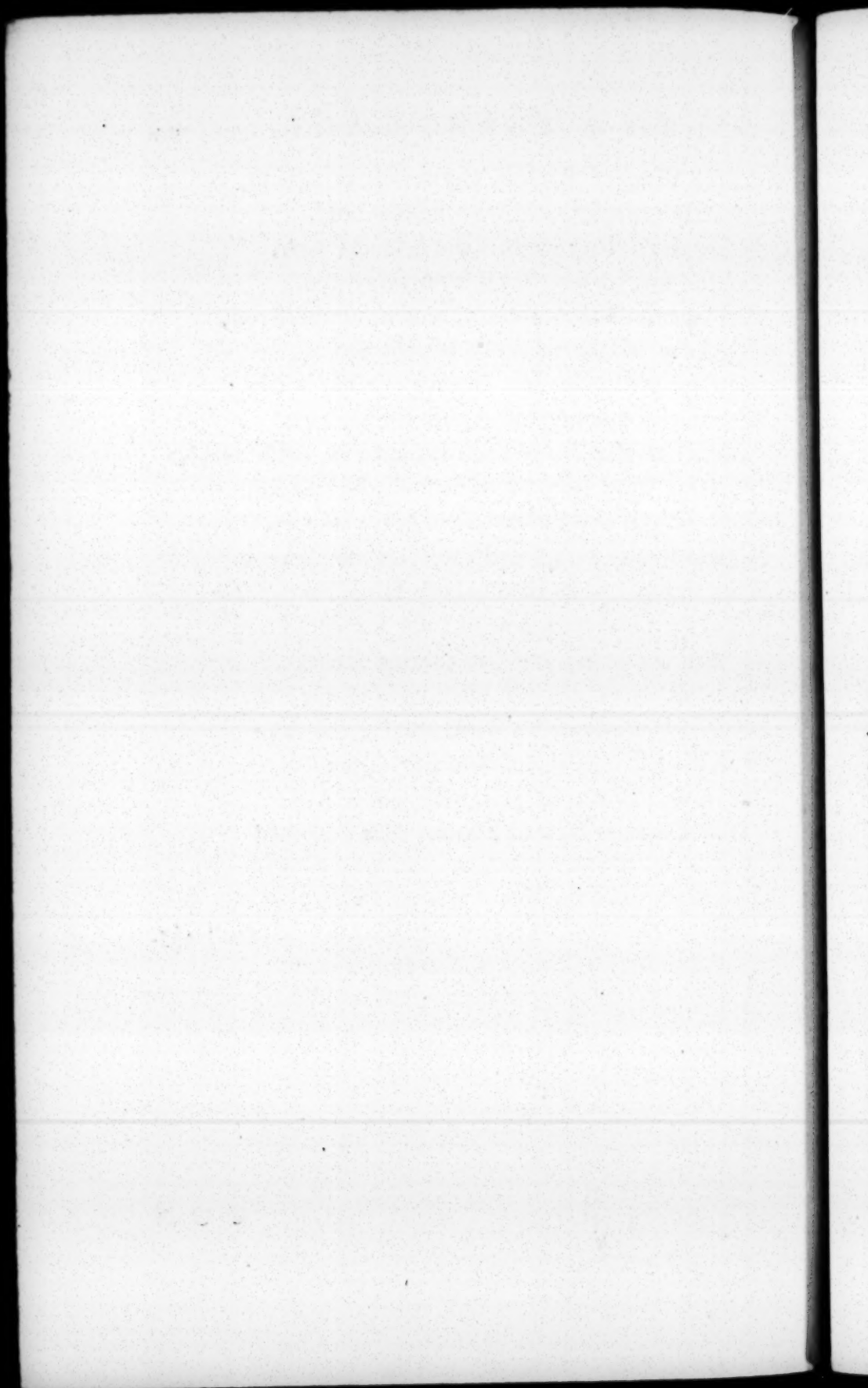
Like Vinci's* strokes, thy verses we behold,
 Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
 At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
 And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.
 Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
 Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
 There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
 With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.

Muse! at that name each thought of pride recal,
 Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall.
 What though the Sisters every grace impart,
 To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart:
 What though your charms, my fair Cleora, shine
 Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine;
 Yet shall the verses and the charms decay,
 The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!
 Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
 Of wasting Envy, and devouring Age:
 One mingled heap of ruin now we see;
 † Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be!

* Leonardi da Vinci. N.

† Evidently borrowed from Pope's "Essay on Criticism," 485.

"And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be."



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